

THE

HAPPY HOME,

AND

PARLOR MAGAZINE.


REV. WILLIAM M. THAYER, EDITOR.

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A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

WORDS BY E. P. D.

MUSIC BY B. F. BAKER.

Andantino.

Fine.

1. The years— The years—they are roll - ing by; The old year goes and the new year comes;
 2. We greet, with pleas - ure, the lov - ing sire, Who sits at eve with his charm - ing wife,

We brush the tear from our moistened eye, And smile once more on the Hap - py Homes, Where
 And piles the wood on the blaz - ing fire, While cheer - ful chil - dren as dear as life Are

A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR. Concluded.

D. C.

The musical score is written on three staves. The first staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics: 'love has build - ed his sport - ing at will in their down - y nest, And joy and glad-ness are wont to rest. On new year's night, by their Father's knee.' The second and third staves contain piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score concludes with a double bar line and a 'D. C.' (Da Capo) instruction.

We greet the mother, who, full of care
 Finds time to ponder our printed page,
 And teach her daughters, while young and fair,
 The wisdom suited to early age :—
 We bring a lesson for old and young,
 In truths which fall from a careful tongue.

But hark ! a voice ! It salutes the ear—
 O list ! It comes from the depths of air ;
 'Tis the voice, — 'tis the voice of the new born year.
 It calls to duty :— it calls to prayer,—
 Give heed,—give heed, to its earnest call :
 It speaks to you, and to me, and all.

EDITOR'S ADDRESS.

It is with considerable distrust of personal ability for such a work that we assume the editorial department of the "Happy Home" and "Mother's Assistant." Two things combine to render such a feeling inevitable. One is, the high character which these magazines have already attained, in consequence of which the best endeavors will be required to sustain them at their present elevation. The other is the difficulty of making a family magazine exactly what it should be. It is far less difficult to prepare and sustain a literary or scientific journal. Hence, we often hear individuals, who are satisfied with journals and magazines filling other departments, say, "there is no family magazine that exactly attains to my ideas of a model." This has been repeatedly said to the writer. The feeling is quite general. After all the endeavors of the editors and writers to furnish just the work that is needed for the fireside, there is still a prevailing feeling that complete success has not crowned their efforts. It is, of course, a rather discouraging field of labor for the inexperienced to enter. We come to the work, therefore, timidly yet hopefully. We make no promises to beget high expectations that may not be realized. Yes, we will make a single promise, which is *to do the best we can*. No labor will be spared to render the magazines entertaining and useful to all the members of the household. And yet we may fail. We shall fail, however, if we must fail, *trying*.

While these magazines have, hitherto, sustained a high character, many have felt that they needed to be made more practical, at least upon a single point; viz., FAMILY DISCIPLINE. We have participated in this feeling to some extent, and therefore shall aim to advance them somewhat in this respect. By bringing to our assistance some able pens, we hope to be successful in the attempt.

Our first number ought not to be regarded the best that will be furnished. Experience may increase editorial ability from month to month, so that the last number of the year

may be better than the first. This ought to be the case, if there is any truth in the maxim that "practice makes perfect." We make no promise to this effect, however. The months will rapidly succeed each other, and the result will soon appear.

We are happy to make the reader's acquaintance. We trust that it may not be altogether a profitless acquaintance. May it ripen into mutual confidence and good will. May the last end of it be far better than the beginning.

WILLIAM M. THAYER.

***FAMILY SCENES IN THE BIBLE.**

NO I.

WHAT CHRISTIANITY HAS DONE FOR CHILDREN.

EDITORIAL.

The Saviour's Advent was the "turning point of the world's history." It heralded a new order of things; and set the brightest star in the firmament of hope—the star of Bethlehem. The predictions and promises of four thousand years terminated with his birth, and the hopes of thousands of years to come, sprung from his new and glorious life. It opened the gates of immortality to dying men. The angels saw it, and their songs of joy echoed over the sacred plains, to the wonder of watching shepherds. "Suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men!" Henceforth Christianity began its mission of mercy to mankind.

It is not our object, however to speak of the blessings of the Gospel to mankind in general, but to show what it has done for children. It has performed a kind mission to these members of the family, and created many a picture of beauty among the home-scenes of this sinful world.

How tender and sweet are the words of Jesus in behalf of childhood! Yea, sweeter than honey and the honeycomb. As if this golden period of life were too little prized by men, and the "little ones" were out of their true sphere in human

thoughts, the Saviour seems to have taken special pains to call attention to them. On one occasion, when parents brought their infants to him, "that he should put his hands on them, and pray," we are told that "the disciples rebuked them." But Jesus turned to the reprovers, and said, "Suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto me ; for of such is the kingdom of heaven. And he laid his hands on them and departed hence." At another time, "the chief priests and scribes" heard the "children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the son of David," and "they were sore displeased." But Jesus chided them for their singular views, in the following words, "Have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?" On still another occasion, after the disciples had been disputing, on their way to Capernaum, about "who should be the greatest," the Saviour took up a child, who was probably playing about the room where he was, "and when he had taken him in his arms, he said unto them, Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name, receiveth me." This must have been a touching scene to all beholders, and it is still illustrative of the tender regard of Christ for helpless childhood.

There are other examples of similar interest and tenderness in behalf of children, in the Saviour's life ; but the foregoing are sufficient to illustrate the point before us. His advent directed attention more particularly to this class as future co-workers with himself, and heirs of immortality. "What manner of child shall this be?" has ever since been asked with more solicitude of every babe that has been born. A diviner life seems to be theirs under the new dispensation, and they become more truly invested with celestial beauty. With more emphasis we ask, "What is a child?" With more definiteness we answer, not a plaything, nor a mere object of affection to which the heart may cling with the grasp of death ; but an heir of immortal life — a new-born soul that will live in bliss or woe, when the stars are quenched in night — a young spirit to be educated in the school of Christ, for a life of usefulness on earth, and a throne of glory in the skies.

Thus Christianity invests the child with the highest and holiest considerations.

Turn to lands of pagan darkness. There, children have always been the subjects of cruel sacrifice. Thousands and millions of them have been destroyed in various ways, to appease idol gods. They have been cast to hungry crocodiles, slain on bloody altars, and left to perish in dreary solitudes. One of the darkest features of the heathen world is the sacrifice of children. More cruelty and want of natural affection appear in the treatment of this class than it is possible to portray. The remark of a pagan in reply to a missionary who rebuked him for sacrificing an infant, illustrates the little importance which paganism attaches to childhood. "*It is only a child,*" he exclaimed, as if this announcement were sufficient to silence the reproving missionary. "*It is only a child.*" The expression tells a sad tale of childhood in benighted lands. There, children are convenient things to sacrifice in bloody rites, but encumbrances in the family.

Dr. Duff says, "In India, the birth of a female seldom occasions any greeting congratulatory to the mother — any kind of inquiries respecting the welfare of her new-born babe. It is the commonest expression on the lips of the men, 'Cursed be the day when a female was born in my house!'" The same is true in other countries. Female infants are usually regarded with less interest than males. If they are not destroyed, no provision is made to educate them, and they grow up to become menials — slaves.

Many interesting facts upon this subject might be cited. Mr. Williams relates of a mother in the South Sea Islands, that in her dying hour she sent for him, and, as he entered her room, she exclaimed "O servant of God! come and tell me what I must do." He inquired the cause of her distress, when she replied, "I am about to die — I am about to die." "Well," said Mr. W., "if it be so, what creates this agony of mind?" "O, my sins, my sins!" she cried; "I am about to die." He enquired what particular sins burdened her soul. "O, my children, my murdered children!" she exclaimed, "I am about to die, and I shall meet them at the judgment

seat of Christ." Upon this, the missionary inquired how many she had destroyed; and to his amazement she replied "I have destroyed *sixteen*! and now am about to die."

At a public meeting for the examination of school children in the same islands, many parents were heard to say, "What a mercy it is that we spared our dear girl!" Others lamented with tears that they had not saved theirs. Some confessed that *all* their children were destroyed. An old chief, venerable with age, arose, and said, "Let me speak; I must speak!" Permission was granted, and he continued, "O, that I had known that the Gospel was coming! O, that I had known that these blessings were in store for us! then I should have saved my children, and they would have been among this happy group. But, alas! I destroyed them all, and have not *one* left." Then he turned to the chairman of the meeting and added, "You, my brother, saw me kill child after child, but you never seized my murderous hand, and said, stay, brother, God is about to bless us, the Gospel of salvation is coming to our shores." He cursed the gods which they formerly worshipped, and concluded with these words to them, "It was you that infused this savage disposition into us, and now I shall die childless, although I have been the father of *nineteen children*." He sat down, and gave way to his grief in a flood of tears.

When heathen children are not sacrificed, they are often subjected to the most cruel treatment. In Siam, they are sold by their parents for slaves. Hundreds are sold daily into bondage, in that land of moral darkness.

How delightful are the sentiments and feelings that Christianity enjoins toward childhood in contrast with such barbarity! "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me," is the language it utters. Wherever its divine teachings spread, childhood has peculiar charms, and in every little bosom burns a celestial spark. All such forms of cruelty disappear wherever the missionary of the cross bears the tidings of salvation. It restores the child to its appropriate place in the affections, and elicits the proper exertions for his temporal and eternal welfare.

Let the reader now turn to the engraving in this number, and take another view of the guardianship which Christianity extends to childhood. There we have a view of the Holy Family just after the birth of Jesus. "The angel of the Lord appeared unto Joseph in a dream, and said, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt." The cause of this direction was, "Herod will seek the young child to destroy him." The angelic counsel was heeded at once, and the sinless babe was preserved. That guilty king, in order to end the life of the child, doomed all the babes of Bethlehem to immediate death. He sent his messengers of cruelty forth, from place to place, and house to house, with orders not to stay destruction, till the voice of every child, "two years old and under," ceased to be heard.

This scene is a true emblem of what is now a stern and fearful reality. It symbolizes the moral perils of childhood in this world of sin, and the kind protection which the Gospel offers the young from the wiles of many destroyers. True, no malignant Herod dooms the children of the land to death; but his spirit is abroad in the world, in the temptations and vices, the sinful customs and pleasures, that abound on every hand. These threaten to ruin the young of every name, and will widely accomplish this purpose, if Christianity does not bear them away in its blessed arms to a place of safety. The tender care and solicitude of Joseph and Mary for the babe fitly emblemize the provision of the Gospel for this morally endangered class. Especially is this seen in the place which the Christian religion assigns to a MOTHER'S LOVE. How much importance it attaches to this in the moral culture and final salvation of the child! In pagan lands, Maternal affection is another thing, and scarcely deserves the sweet appellation — love. But here, under the influence of the Gospel, it is an indispensable and important agency in educating the young for God.

"And if I e'er in heaven appear,
A mother's holy prayer,
A mother's hand, and gentle tear,
That pointed to a Saviour dear,
Have led the wanderer there."

The Christian mother is emphatically a deputed agent of Christianity to train up her child for heaven. She is another Mary, appointed for its guardianship, when the spirit of Herod pervades the maxims and policy of the world. The reward of her fidelity is, that the child will finally become a jewel in her crown of Glory above.

Christianity stigmatizes, not only cruelty to children, but even the smallest neglect of their temporal and eternal welfare. The little rag-picker, who treads the streets of a populous city, it places side by side, in a spiritual sense, with the child of a royal family. It teaches those who have enough and to spare, to remember kindly these homeless wanderers, and provide both for their bodies and their souls. It demands in their behalf, the exercise of enlarged benevolence, to lift them up, and train them to be the sons and daughters of the Lord Jesus. All "Homes for Friendless Children," all "Asylums for Orphans" and "Childrens' Aid Societies," are the legitimate offspring of Christianity. These noble agencies were unknown before the birth of Christ, and they are still unknown where neither men nor angels have proclaimed the advent of the babe of Bethlehem.

The death of a heathen child is an event of no special interest or grief, because "*it is only a child.*" But the Christian mother beholds in its exit the departure of a deathless spirit to the realms of light. She hears the call of the good Shepherd, who, "gathers the lambs with his arms and carries them in his bosom." Tears may bedim her eyes, but hope inspires her heart. For Christianity prepares bright mansions for the "little ones," far away from sorrow, perils, and death. It makes them harpers among the ransomed of the Lord.

"My Lord hath need of these flowerets gay,"

The reaper said and smiled;

"Dear tokens of the earth are they

Where he was once a child.

"They all shall bloom in fields of light,

Transplanted by my care;

And saints upon their garments white

These sacred flowerets wear.

"And the mother gave, with tears and pain,

The flowers she most did love;

But she knew she should find them all again

In the fields of light above."

THE INFANT AND THE SUNBEAM.

BY REV. G. W. BETHUNE, D. D.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"I heard a gentle murmuring,
 'Twixt laughter and a tune,
Or like a full brook gurgling
 Through the long grass in June.

I traced the sound — an infant lay
 There in his cradle-bed,
And through the curtains shone a ray
 Of sunshine on his head ;

It flashed from off each golden tress,
 Like the glory painters see,
Round young John in the wilderness,
 Or Christ on Mary's knee.

The child put up its little hand,
 He waved it to and fro,
And words I could not understand,
 Seemed from his lips to flow ;

Words in which joy and love would blend,
 As though he thought the while,
The light to be a pleasant friend,
 A friend with a pleasant smile.

Thus, till the sunny ray grew dim,
 As it passed the window pane,
He murmured on his happy hymn,
 Then fell asleep again.

O, God ! I thought that I could be
 Like that meek little child,
To greet that truth which shines on me,
 With brow as undefiled.

And then with lips as innocent,
 And heart as free from guile,
Sing of thy love in glad content,
 Look up and see Thee smile."

CAN A LITTLE CHILD REASON?

EDITORIAL.

Parents differ somewhat in their opinions about the time of beginning to correct a child for wrong doing. The settlement of the question depends very much upon the answer that is given to another, viz.: Can a little child reason? By this we mean, Is he capable of reflection, and of drawing legitimate inferences from certain data? That he is, to a certain extent, facts abundantly prove. Even the little "tot" sometimes evinces a disposition to reason. A writer says, "Those who do not govern well, say, first, they are too young to begin now. What does this little thing know? You would not punish such a child! Let him alone till he is bigger, then he will know what you mean. Soon he is bigger, with an unsubdued temper, obstinate and wilful. He does as he chooses, regardless of father or mother. He is *too big* now. "Let him alone," they cry: "He will soon be a young man, and then he will be ashamed of such conduct." Now if you will not think it egotism, I will give you a few words as to our experience:— We both were waiting to begin right with our children. My time to easily bend the twig was from *eight to ten months old*. My wife thought it too young, yet in no way resisted. All moved on well; our little fellows calmly submitted, and when once bent, easily continued so by a careful management. One day, my wife, forgetting herself, said: "Strange how young a child will learn! If a light is kept up in the room the first two nights of its life, and the third night it is put out, the little thing will kick and cry most piteously." "Well," I replied, "you are ahead of me! my time was from eight to ten months; yours is the first two nights of its life." So we thenceforward acted together.

If we accept this incident with considerable modification, it is still important as showing that very little children often exhibit a degree of intelligence which appears much like reasoning. Let the parent closely observe the child six months old as it sits or plays upon the floor; and he will be impressed

with the evidence of thought, reflection and reasoning, on the part of the little one. A father was once noticing a little boy thus, who was playing with a ball on the floor. The child was six months old. The ball rolled away from him, and as he was unable to creep, it seemed to be a question with him how he should get it. He tried in vain to reach it. He looked thoughtfully, as if deliberating how to recover the ball, and then, arriving at a conclusion, he seized a whalebone that lay on the floor beside him, (it was about one and a half feet long) and with it he soon brought the ball to himself. Here was reflection and reasoning. He evidently concluded that he could accomplish his purpose by using the stick.

Might not such a child understand the meaning of correction properly administered? And especially when this is accompanied by the telling expressions of disapprobation on the countenance? Some one has said, "A child is old enough to understand correction when it is old enough to set up its little will in doing wrong." Whether this is at one, three, six, or ten months old, depends of course upon the child's forwardness. There is no doubt that reason is exercised by the child much earlier than parents generally suppose, and that correction is very early understood. A disbeliever in this early discipline of children, one who had often disputed with her husband upon this point, and said, "he is too young to understand," was justly rebuked by her child responding to a certain correction, "*me too young to un'er'tand.*"

There is another topic upon which this question of juvenile reasoning has an important bearing. It relates to the time of commencing *religious* instruction. There is a diversity of opinion in this regard. We once knew a mother who refused to send her son, at five years of age, to the Sabbath School, on the ground that he was too young to comprehend the lessons taught there. She thought it was safer to wait until he was old enough to understand, and then commence properly with him. How does this theory agree with such facts as the following? Dr. Beattie tested his little son upon this point at as early an age as that. He went into the garden, in the spring of the year, when the ground was mellow, and wrote his

child's name, with his finger, in the soil. In the furrows thereof he sowed garden cresses, which were up, green and flourishing, in a few days. It was not long before his son came running to him, and, with great earnestness, said that his name was growing in the garden. Dr. B. appeared to be incredulous, but consented to go and see. "Sure enough," said he, "your name is growing here: but what is there in this worthy of notice? Is it not mere chance?" "It cannot have happened by chance," replied the boy, "somebody must have contrived matters so as to produce it." "So you think," continued the Doctor, "that what appears as the letters of your name cannot be by chance?" "Yes," he replied, "I think so." "Look at yourself," added his father, "and consider your hands and your fingers, your legs and feet, and other limbs; are they not regular in appearance and useful to you?" He replied in the affirmative. "Came you then hither by chance?" "No," replied the boy, "that cannot be: something must have made me." Here was conclusive reasoning. Could not such a boy understand appropriate religious instruction?

A boy, five years old, found a question in his Sabbath School lesson relating to the soul. "What is the soul, father?" he asked. He was told that the soul is that which thinks within him. "Has everybody a soul?" he inquired. "Yes; the soul enables us to move and walk about. When the soul leaves the body, then the body is lifeless, dead, just like little Charley whom you saw in his coffin." "Did Charley's soul make him live?" with still more earnestness, he asked. "Yes; when God took his soul, then he was dead." "Has our horse a soul?" he continued. "No, horses have no souls." "How then can a horse live?" he finally asked with some surprise. Is there not here a clear exercise of the reasoning powers? Such a child can understand almost any lesson about God it is important for him to know.

A child, four years old, called with his father to see a cripple. When they left the house, the little fellow inquired, "Why can't that lady walk?" "Because she is lame," an-

swered his father. "What made her lame?" "God made her lame, my son." "What did God make her lame for?" "Perhaps he did it to make her good," replied his father. "Couldn't she be good without being lame?" was his next interrogative. There can be no question as to the ability of such a child to understand almost any appropriate religious instruction.

Such exercise of the reasoning powers is very common among children even under six years of age. They show that a child will draw legitimate conclusions from given premises, and that he possesses more ability in this regard than is usually accorded to him. An observant parent will notice enough in his children daily, to convince him they are not such simpletons that they cannot understand suitable religious lessons at the fireside, and in the Sabbath School. If they exercise their reflective and reasoning faculties about other things, they can do the same in the holier matters of religion.

BABY-TALK.

It is both amusing and painful to hear the unmeaning talk often addressed to the child in the nursery. We refer to what is commonly called "baby-talk." Nearly all parents indulge in it more or less; but some pursue it to a painful extreme. We have known several parents who carefully avoided this gibberish on account of its influence upon the child. They say that children, at an early age, are catching the sound of their words, and, as soon as they can talk, their pronunciation. If they hear incorrect words and expressions, they will imitate them, and thus form the habit of speaking incorrectly or loosely. There is no doubt that some importance should be attached to this consideration. All must have noticed that children grow up to pronounce words nearly as they have been wont to hear them. Hence, we meet with certain peculiar expressions and pronunciations in certain districts. All persons therein adopt them. The reason is, that the children hear them daily, and they come to adopt

them as a matter of course, so that when they become men and women the habit of incorrect pronunciation is fixed.

A few years since, we saw a youth sixteen years of age, whose mind was impaired in childhood by fits. Though not an idiot, some things about him denoted a tendency in that direction. He is now twenty four or five years of age, and is unable to care for himself, as children eight or ten years of age, will do. But, when we saw him, at sixteen, his pronunciation and selection of words, in conversation, were as correct and elegant as those employed by well educated young men at twenty one. The reason of it was that, from childhood, he was under the guardianship of a lady who was extremely watchful of the language he employed. Unless every word was spoken correctly, he was required to repeat it. At the same time he had her constant example of correctness and elegance to mould him. The fact is important, as showing the need and advantage of some care in the nursery in this particular.

The following illustration of "baby talk" is a fair specimen of much that is heard in nurseries, and it is quoted here to show how foolish and ridiculous it is.—ED.

"Muddy's baby was hungry, Dat was what ails muddy's darling, thweety ones. Was cho hungry, an' body would givey litty darling any sings 'tall for caty. (Loosing her frock bosom, offers the breast to the child, who rejects it, kicks, and screams worse than ever.)

"Hush you little brat! I believe it is nothing but crossness. Hush! (striking it) hush, I tell you. (Child cries to the ne plus ultra.) Why, surely a pin must stick in the child. Yes, was a bad pin did tickey chilluns. Let muddy see where de uggy pin did ticky dear prettons creter. (Examining.) Why no, it isn't a pin. What can be the matter with the child! It must have the colic, surely. Rose, go bring me the paregoric off the mantle piece. Yes, muddy's baby did hab e tolic; (pressing it to her bosom and rocking: child cries on.) Paregoric was administered, but the child cries on. "Hush, my baby (singing the Coquette,) don't you cry, your sweetheart will come by'm by; te de dum, dum dum dey, de de dum diddle, dum dum dey. (Child cries on.) Oh dear! something is the matter with it. (Laying the child on her lap and feeling its arms to see whether it flinches at the touch of any particular part; but the child cries less while she is feeling of it than before.

“ Yes, dat was it ; wanted litty yarms yubbed. Mud will yub its sweet little arms. (Child begins again.)

“ What on earth makes my baby cry so? (Rising walks to the window. Stops at the window and child hushes.)

“ Yes, dat was it ; did want to look out e window: See the pitty chickens, O-o-o-h ! look at the beauty rooster ! Yonder’s old Aunt Betty. See old aunt Betty pickin up chips, Yes, de aunt Betty fo’ bake bisky fo’ good chilluns. Good Aunt Betty fo’ make bisky fo’ sweet baby’s supper. (Child begins again)

“ H-o-o-o-j see de windy ! (Knocking on the window, child screams.)

A WINTER SERMON.

Thou dwellest in a warm and cheerful home,

Thy roof in vain the winter tempest lashes ;

While houseless wretches round thy mansion roam,

On whose unshelter’d heads the torrent plashes.

Thy board is loaded with the richest meats,

O’er which thine eyes in sated languor wander ;

Many might live on what thy mastiff eats,

Or feast on fragments which thy servants squander.

Thy limbs are muffled from the piercing blast,

When from thy fireside corner thou dost sally ;

Many have scarce a rag about them cast,

With which the frosty breezes toy and dally.

Thou hast soft smiles to greet thy kiss of love,

When thy light step resounds within the portal ;

Some have no friends save Him who dwells above,

No sweet communion with a fellow mortal.

Thou sleepest soundly on thy costly bed,

Lulled by the power of luxuries unnumbered ;

Some pillow on a stone an aching head,

Never again to wake when they have slumbered.

Then think of those, who formed of kindred clay,

Depend upon the doles thy bounty scatters ;

And God will hear them for thy welfare pray —

They are his children, though in rags and tatters.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS FOR THE HAPPY HOME,
FOR 1858.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

Thrice happy they, who, when a year
Has vanished in his swift career,
Find nothing to regret ;
Whose memories, o'er the joyous past,
A "longing lingering look " may cast,
And feel its gladness yet.

But who are they ? alas ! how few
Feel no compunctions, on review
Of days and years gone by ; —
How few can all the past recall,
And not a tear of sorrow fall
From memory's weeping eye.

The solemn past ! 'tis fled, — 'tis fled, —
Sweet friends are numbered with the dead ;
How transient their sojourn !
Since last New Year first rose to light,
Their eyes have closed in dreamless night,
And left us hear to mourn.

Yet we from tears must now refrain,
And count the friends which yet remain
To welcome Fifty-Eight,
And bless the glorious Lord of all,
Whose mercies like the rain drops fall,
Upon our changing state.

We all are mortal, this we know :
The way of all the earth we go ;
We know the path we tread
To Heaven will lead, if we are wise,
To Hell, if we His grace despise
Who suffered in our stead.

Then let us walk with cautious feet,
(Lest we, our errors past, repeat,) —
From all our follies turn,
And greet the New Year's joyous smile,
With prayer that sin may ne'er defile
The ways we yet may learn.

Before us shines (forgive the trope)
That Morning Star—the star of Hope—
But Hope will still deceive,—
And they, who, unsuspecting, trust
The faltering future must—they must—
Oft, dissappointed, grieve.

Yet hath the future charms in store,—
The charm of wit and wisdom's lore,
For many a Happy Home,
The charms of Literature and Art,
The love of many a faithful heart
Are blessings yet to come.

And we, dear readers, we will bring,
From month to month, our offering
To make the fireside glad;
When winter puts his roughness on,
And when the melted snows are gone,
When spring with blooms is clad,

And when, amid the summer hours,
Love nestles in her roseate bowers,
E'en then and there we'll come,
Discoursing of the wisest way
To pass the hours of Life's brief day,
And make a happy home.

We'll greet you, by the winter's fire,
In all our holiday attire,
With poetry and song;
And witty we will be, and wise,
Good counsel give, and sage advice,
And never do you wrong.

We'll greet you when the budding spring
Invites the feathered tribes to sing;
And when the summer throws
Her gorgeous beauty all abroad,
And waft sweet fragrance up to God,
From every opening rose.

We'll come when, with his yellow sheaves,
His harvest-field the reaper leaves,
And shouts his harvest home.
Nor, till December's storm-winds sweep
The frozen earth and rolling deep,
Will we forget to come,

And talk with you of joy and rest,
Contributing our very best
To teach the young men truth,
To guard the hearts of maidens fair,
From many a soul-bewitching snare
Which Satan spreads for youth.

To parents we will kindly speak
Of things parental hearts should seek,
To children to make known.
Each wayward heart we'll strive to win,
Encourage all to turn from sin,
And live to God alone.

Thus, if you please, we'll come to you
Dear readers, all the new year through,
Your hearts with joy beguile,
Till yours shall be, with wit and worth,
The happiest of the homes of earth,
Where love on love shall smile.

A MOTHER'S FAITH REWARDED.

A venerable old lady, who looked serenely happy, was asked if her children were converted. "Yes," she replied, "all my children are members of the Church of Jesus. Two of my sons, who were converted when fourteen years old, are just where they ought to be, ministers of Christ."

"It must be cheering to you, madam, to know that *all* your children are converted," remarked her friend.

"Yes," she replied, while a beautiful and heavenly smile played round her lips. "Yes; but I always had faith in the promises."

"Parents, have you such faith? Children, have you gladdened the hearts of your parents by giving yourselves to Christ?"

MISTAKES IN THE FAMILY.

BY REV. BRADFORD K. PIERCE.

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE STATE REFORM SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

A FATAL NEGLECT.

"Mine own vineyard have I not kept."

Eliza's mother is a member of the B—— church, in the city of——. She is a fine-looking woman, tall, somewhat masculine in her bearing, but with a winning, womanly face. She is full of vigor; one of those that always carries through whatever she undertakes; just the one to become president of a Dorcas Society, or first directress in any organized movement for the benefit of the suffering poor. Her husband is a member of the city police, and, of course, is absent during the day and evening from his family, except at meals. He is not a religious man, but attends the church on the Sabbath with his family, when it is perfectly convenient or pleasant for him to do so. There is no family altar in the house, as the mother has not felt it to be her duty to establish one. Eliza is the eldest daughter among several children. The physical wants of the children are not seriously neglected. Mrs. A., the mother, is a bustling active woman, keeping the household economy in a state of general prosperity. She is rather too fond of being away from home, and evidently realizes that her well-proportioned form affords a good opportunity to display to advantage, handsome dresses. In the excellent common schools of the city, the children, E—— especially, are receiving a good education.

Mrs. A. is exceedingly faithful in the improvement of her public religious privileges. She is always at church, rarely omits an evening service; may always be relied upon for extra occasions, such as meetings of conference, associations, installations, &c. She is an active member of all the charitable societies, and seems to be ready for every "good word and work." She is liberal to subscribe to all the missionary enterprises, and has a lively zeal for the conversion of the

world. The children are sent to the Sabbath School, and Mrs. A. herself belongs to the Sabbath School Society, the object of which is, to make garments for poor children. She has even aided in a general visitation of the city, to seek out neglected children, and bring them into the school. All this has been done; and what has happened while she was doing it? E——, has been growing up into a tall, handsome girl, looking like her mother, rather more masculine perhaps, through the want of a gentle, genial atmosphere at home. Mrs. A. has said little to her about religion, but she has seen that her Sabbath School lesson was learned, and that she has been prompt to go every Sabbath. She can speak and pray in the female prayer meeting, but she has *no talent* to converse with her child. Then, she is so busy, and every evening and on the Sabbath, she is so much occupied, with either public or private engagements, that she really supposes that she cannot find time to sit down and converse with her. "After all," she says, "it is so awkward for a mother to talk about these things with her own child." She hopes her Sabbath School teacher will be faithful with her.

All this time, E——, who has a strong mind, impetuous impulses, and powerful passions, has been developing from a child into a premature woman, without any personal religious culture. She has listened as one of a class, to the general religious teachings of a pious young woman, but there has been no distinct application of the Gospel to her peculiar necessities. She has formed bad acquaintances in the school, and by and by, has come to be considered a very bad girl herself. The punishment she receives at school, and at home, from those who have no adequate idea of her capabilities, or of her temptations, only serve to render her desperate, and to confirm her wrong habits. The mother, still attends her evening meetings, singing the "songs of Zion," and forgetting all her troubles; and E——, what shall she do? She finds her way, in the absence of her parents, to the streets. Good company will not meet her here. Considerate mothers are with their children at this hour, rendering home pleasant, and a powerful symbol of the heavenly mansion. But the devil is in the

street, and all his disciples. The girl's steps and heart are beguiled. She cannot be an ordinary sinner, as she would not be an ordinary saint if converted. Whatsoever her hand finds to do, she does it with her might. And so she yields herself at once to the depraving influences of the streets. She is missed from home, and is found in a miserable haunt of infamy. Passionate reproaches, brutal, corporeal inflictions are not wanting; but these will not redeem the sinner. The more fearful home becomes, the more attractive the street. And while the mother fails not in her evening public privileges, E—— fails not in rushing from one stage of degradation to another, and that always lower. She is still a child, hardly sixteen, but is known as a public pert. Her fair young face is often flushed with passion and with fiery drinks, and veiled in her beautiful but dishevelled and clotted hair, and her noble form is bound by the lowest vices. Now Mrs. A., filled with shame and grief, still remains self-complacent. To her, all this is a *mysterious Providence*. Why has God brought all this trouble upon her? Why, when she is seeking so anxiously to secure the salvation of the ends of the earth, is her own child permitted to fall into ruin? "Surely God's ways are not as our ways," she says, and continues to wonder. Can any one fail to see wherein lay the fatal error of Mrs. A.? It was not in loving her religious privileges too well, or in praying for the heathen too earnestly, but in forgetting those of her own household, who, after all, had *souls*; and this was a fearful oversight. "They made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept." What afterwards happened to E——, may form the matter for another paper.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My Mother's voice! How often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours!
Like healing on the wings of sleep,
Or dew on the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer,
While pleasure's pulses madly fly;
But in the still unbroken air
Her gentle tones come stealing by;
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

N. P. WILLIS.

THE FLOWERS OF EARTH.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

I turned away all wearily
From the stranger's chilly gaze,
And mournful thoughts came over me —
The thoughts of other days.
The sad despairing soul grew sick
Of weariness and pain,
The spirit sighed for th' soft caress
It ne'er might feel again.

Near by went manhood's lofty form,
And woman's softer grace,
And bright the light of beauty beamed
From many a youthful face;
But woman oft unworthy is
Of woman's holy name;
And manhood bends his lofty brow,
To deeds of guilt and shame.

Thus as I sadly mused, there came
A bright and joyous band,
Flowers twined around each tiny brow,
Flowers in each little hand.
O! pleasant were their forms and fair —
Their wild and merry shout
Upon the balmy summer air,
Like silver bells rang out.

I thought, sweet prattlers, as I heard
Those tones of guileless mirth,
Though bright the gathered blossoms bloomed,
Ye were the flowers of earth!
I thought of those, who sweetly sleep
In their low infant tomb;
And one in her far Western home,
In girlhood's opening bloom.

My thoughts grew calmer as I gazed
Upon each sunny brow;
I blest the dear ones in my heart,
E'en as I bless them now.

I prayed that they might ever be
As beautiful and bright ;
Each little heart from care as free,
And pure as morning light.

O ! there's a holy charm around
Sweet childhood's rosy face !
Its merry, artless, winning wiles,
Its wild untutored grace.
Like buds of Eden, blooming fair
Amid surrounding dearth,
As pure and innocent, they are
The loveliest flowers of earth !

THE STRENGTH OF A KIND WORD.

Some people are very apt to use harsh, angry words, perhaps because they think they will be obeyed more promptly. They talk loud, swear and storm, though after all they are often laughed at ; their orders are forgot, and their ill-temper only is remembered.

How strong is a kind word ! It will do what the harsh word, or even blow, cannot do : it will subdue the stubborn will, relax the frown, and work wonders.

Even the dog, the cat, or the horse, though they do not know what you say, can tell when you speak a kind word to them.

A man was one day driving a cart along the street. The horse was drawing a heavy load, and did not turn as the man wished him. The man was in an ill-temper and beat the horse ; the horse reared and plunged, but he either did not or would not go in the right way. Another man who was with the cart, went up to the horse and patted him on the neck, and called him kindly by his name. The horse turned his head and fixed his large eyes on the man as though he would say, " I will do anything for you, because you are kind to me ; " and bending his broad chest against the load, turned the cart down the narrow lane, and trotted on briskly as though the load were a plaything. Oh, how strong is a kind word !

CHILD'S DEPARTMENT.

BOYHOOD OF GOOD MEN.

EDITORIAL.

DR. KITTO.

It is better to be good than great. Indeed, no man is truly great, who is not truly good. Therefore, it is well for boys to understand how good men are made. We will try to aid them in this purpose by showing them, from time to time, what was the boyhood of some excellent men who have lived and died. It will be found, we think, that *good boys* make good men. We shall begin with Dr. Kitto.

It is equally important to girls to learn how to become good women. In order to enlighten them on this subject, we shall occasionally give them a sketch of the life of some noble woman.

John Kitto was born in Plymouth, England, fifty-three years ago. His parents were poor, and his father was intemperate. Intemperance was the principal cause of the poverty of the family. The father spent a great part of his earnings for strong drink, so that his wife was obliged to labor hard to obtain enough bread for her children. Johnny's grandmother Picken, was a kind old lady, and proposed to take him to her own home, when he was four years old, and support him. She made this proposition on account of the extreme penury of the family.

Johnny was delighted to go with his grandmother, and soon became attached to his new home. In a little while he learned to read, and often gratified his good grandmother by reading the large family Bible to her. He persisted, however, in converting a chair into a pulpit, whenever he read it, and reading in imitation of his minister, Dr. Hawker. This annoyed the old lady very much, but Johnny would read in this way, or not at all. He readily obeyed her in everything but this; and here we imagine he was more roguish than obstinate and naughty.

As soon as he could read, he began to borrow books of his friends and neighbors. He read more than he played. He loved to do the former better than the latter. The two books which afforded him most pleasure were "Pilgrim's Progress" and a large Pictorial Bible. He was particularly pleased with the latter on account of the pictures. He read those parts of it which were illustrated by the engravings, over and over; and it is supposed that here he imbibed a taste for that branch of Biblical studies in which he became distinguished twenty-five years after.

One day a friend presented him with a cheap box of water-colors. He immediately applied himself to the art of painting, and soon he had horses, dogs, trees, birds, and other objects painted in the highest colors. He also painted all the pictures in his little books. One day he wrote a little story book for his cousin, and illustrated it with an original painting, for which he received one cent. This was his first attempt at earning. These early efforts in this kind of amusement, may have contributed to the influence of the pictorial Bible, in fostering such a taste as afterward appeared in his "Daily Bible Illustrations."

When John was ten years of age, his grandmother was severely attacked by disease, so that she was no longer able to take charge of him. On this account he returned to his father's house. He found it no better than when he left it. Indeed, it was the abode of still more wretchedness: for his father had been all the while going in the road to ruin. For more than a year John had a trying time. Often he was without suitable food and clothing. He sometimes went to bed supperless. Sometimes he arose in the morning not knowing whether he would have bread to eat, or otherwise.

One day, when he was twelve years old, he went to assist his father, who was a stone-mason, in repairing a building. He was carrying slates to the roof, when his foot slipped, and he was precipitated upon a stone pavement below. He was taken up insensible, and, for two weeks, he continued unconscious. At length he opened his eyes, and called for a book.

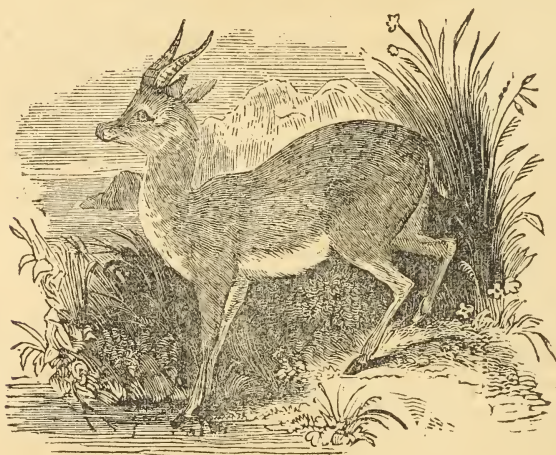
He looked around him and saw his friends present, looking anxious, and appearing to avoid all noise. He could not understand it. He attempted to get up, and found that he was too weak to rise. He concluded that he was sick. He had no recollection of anything that had transpired. He spoke to his friends, but he thought they did not reply. "Speak! speak! speak!" he exclaimed. You can imagine his astonishment when he was informed in writing, that he was *deaf*! Yes; the fall had destroyed his sense of hearing, and it was never restored.

Not long after he was able to go out, he was removed to the Poor House, because his parents were unable to support him. There, he conducted himself so well, and was so fond of reading, that the governor granted him the privilege of going home at night to sleep. He improved his time at home in reading, and was sometimes known to sit up all night poring over a book. His mother was too poor to provide him with light, so he gathered sticks in the day-time, which he burned for light in the dark. The following things were true of him, while he was in the Poor House, and before he went there:—he was amiable and affectionate. He was obedient and docile. He was truthful and conscientious. He wasted no time in play. He spent his pennies for books, and not for candies. He read good books. Whatever he did, he did well. He was grateful for favors. He early became a Christian.

Of course such a boy made many friends. They came forward and offered to educate him. He was taken—a poor deaf boy from the almshouse—and placed in a situation to improve his mind. How little prospect that he would ever accomplish much! He applied himself closely to his studies, improved every moment, and rose to eminence.

He travelled much in "Bible Lands," where he obtained valuable information by which he used to illustrate the Scriptures. He wrote much for the press; and some of our most valuable works on Biblical learning, are from his pen. He lived to see his writings circulated throughout Christendom, and his name familiar as a household word in almost every Christian family.

This is a remarkable example of triumph in early life over the greatest obstacles in the path of knowledge, Let the young reader take notice of the leading elements of his success. He was diligent, faithful, persevering, and truthful. So good a boy generally makes a good man. In this case, he became great as well as good.



THE DEER AND THE DOE.

The Deer and the Doe,
As you very well know,
Are like husband and wife to each other ;
Their antlers are strong,
And their legs slim and long,
And they scamper as light as a feather.

When the forest resounds
With the hunters and hounds,
And the men and the boys are out gunning,
Through the valley and mead,
At the top of their speed,
Both the Deer and the Doe are seen running.

For life you must know,
To the Deer and the Doe,
Is a blessing they prize above measure ;
And cruel is he
Who can shoot them, to see
Their distress, and esteem it a pleasure.

Then pray do no harm,
Nor give needless alarm,
To the Deer and the Doe, — for their natures
Are such, that each feels
That a hound at the heels
Is distressing to such timid creatures.

God made them you know,
Both the Deer and the Doe,
To enjoy both the meadow and wild-wood ,
And every such beast,
In a story at least,
May enlighten and benefit childhood.

A RAY OF LIGHT FOR LITTLE EYES.

BY MRS. MARY IDE TORREY.

There is a little instrument, called the prism, which will take a ray of light and show us that it is composed of seven different colors, red, yellow, orange, green, blue, indigo, and violet. We learn therefrom that every ray of light is of itself a little rainbow. And we learn also, from the book of Nature that the great strips of red, yellow, orange and blue, which we see in the sky, are different parts of that same light, separated by the clouds and beautifully reflected in the heavens.

So it is with the light of God's Word. It is composed of many precious truths, each of which, when examined, will prove a bow of promise of exceeding brilliancy and worth. The many commandments contained in his Word are like the beautiful rays of different colors. They are all different parts of this great light applied to different cases and circumstances, and if we reject any one of these commandments we reject a part of this light, as really as when we exclude one of the

colors of the rainbow, we take away one necessary part of the sunlight.

Let us look at one of the commandments, which like a golden ray is reflected in the moral heavens. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." This is the first ray of moral light which meets the eyes of children. Before they can read, talk, or understand language, they can read the law of their mother in the loving eye, which they watch and interpret correctly. From their parents, children must first hear of the law of God, and when they dishonor those whom he has directly commissioned to teach and govern others, they dishonor Him. But children do not love to mind their parents, and they break the law of God first, by disobeying them. Whenever they wish to know whether they are walking and growing in the light of God's word, they must examine themselves, and see if they are obeying this command, for the Bible says, "He who offendeth in one point is guilty of all."

Children often think they will be happier if they can break away from their parent's authority, but it is because they do not know their danger. This childish ignorance is as the darkness which hides all dangers that beset their path, and they need the light of parental commandments to protect and preserve them. Sin, dangers, and death put on very tempting forms, and if we knew to the contrary we should think we were walking in very pleasant paths, and hope to find pleasure at the end. The light of the candle or lamp looks very beautiful and tempting to the little child, and he will reach forth his tiny fingers and thrust them eagerly into the blaze, if his parents or guardians do not restrain him. If he is prevented from grasping the burning toy he will often grieve as much as if he were really burned. But when he grows older, he knows he ought to have been restrained even though he did cry. And he still needs his parent's restraint; for, though he knows the candle and fire will burn, he does not know all things. There are many other objects which are

equally injurious, and they appear as tempting as the candle was to him when he was little, and he is equally insensible to the perils that lurk beneath them. He thinks he is old enough now to escape all harm because he can see *some* danger which he has escaped.

We once knew three little boys, who gave their parents no trouble about going into the water when they were forbidden. They had seen the danger resulting from *that*, and they were willing to do as they were told upon that point, but they *did* wish to be manly and smoke a cigar. They were told that cigars would poison them slowly but surely, and forbidden to use tobacco in any form. They let alone the cigars, but they thought it would appear manly to smoke something; so they took short branches of elder or sweet fern, and smoked them. Sometimes they smoked pieces of grape vine. When their parents learned this they rebuked them, and forbade their smoking *anything*. "Now," thought the boys, in their great wisdom, "that is all nonsense. We stopped smoking cigars when they told us to do so, because we suppose they *are* poisonous, but smoking sweet-fern or elder can't hurt anybody. If we can smoke when they don't see us, it will be just as well for us as if we did not, and a little *better*, for we shall have so much pleasure." So the foolish boys went off in search of elder. The leaves were gone from the trees and shrubs, for it was Winter, and so they were obliged to find it by other peculiarities than the leaves, but they were *certain* they knew the *branches* and *stems*. Finding it, as they thought, they brought home a quantity, and when their parents were out of sight, they commenced smoking. Fortunately a little sister ran and told her father, much to the displeasure of her brothers. Their father reproved them, and took it all away. Soon the lips and faces of the little boys began to swell fearfully, and one of them appeared quite sick. When examination was made, it was found that the boys had mistaken dog-wood for elder, and if the sister had not informed her father immediately, the consequences might have been fatal. As it was, the boys suffered severely a long time.

Thus we see that God makes even the shrubs and many other things His ministers of justice to punish disobedience when He chooses. "My son, hear the instruction of thy father and forsake not the law of thy mother, for they shall be an ornament of grace to thy head and chains about thy neck."

We trust that many children will try to walk hereafter, and always, in this ray of light.

LITTLE CHILDREN LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

SELECTED.

A little girl with a happy look,
Sat slowly reading a pond'rous book,
All bound with velvet and edged with gold;
And its weight was more than the child could hold;
Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er,
And every day she prized it more;
For it said, and she looked at her smiling mothe.,
It said, "Little children must love one another."

She thought it was beautiful in the book,
And the lesson home to her heart she took;
She walked on her way with a trusting grace,
And a dove-like look in her meek young face,
Which said just as plain as words could say,
The Holy Bible I must obey.
So, mamma, I'll be kind to my darling brother,
For, "Little children must love one another."

I'm sorry he's naughty, and will not pray,
But I love him still, for I think the way
To make him gentle and kind to me,
Will be better shown, if I let him see
I strive to see what I think is right,
And then when we kneel to pray to-night,
I will clasp my arms around my brother,
And say, "Little children love one another."

The little girl did as the Bible taught,
And pleasant indeed was the change it wrought;
For the boy looked up in glad surprise,
To meet the light of her loving eyes;
His heart was full, he could not speak —
He pressed a kiss on his sister's cheek;
And God looked down on the happy mother,
Whose little children loved one another.

RAMBLES IN THE VALE OF SHARON.

BY PROF. E. A. LAWRENCE.

Gaza, like all the villages and cities of Palestine, is situated on a hill, being about three miles from the sea. Its population is not far from three thousand. It was taken by Pharaoh Necho, king of Egypt, in his campaign against Jerusalem, and later, it sustained a siege of two months against Alexander the Great. Jehovah, by the mouth of Amos, declared, "I will send a fire on the walls of Gaza, which shall devour the places thereof," and it has been literally fulfilled.

It was at this place that we performed quarantine, in passing from Egypt to Syria. On entering the Lazaretto, we were all shut up together in a small room, and thoroughly fumigated with brimstone. Our passports also were required for the same purpose, after which we were allowed the liberty of the yard. When our term of five days' incarceration had expired we were formed into a line, and presented to the physician for examination, who stood at the safe distance of some thirty feet from us. "Gentlemen, please run out your tongues."—After performing to the best of our ability, this lingual exploit, we were pronounced free from the plague, and suffered to go on.

The next morning, just after leaving this city of the Philistines, the refractory temper of our head camel-man, who had frequently given us trouble, determined us to ascertain whether, in the civil authorities of the land, there was any power of correction. Accompanied by Ibrahim, I returned with him more than a mile, to the governor's dwelling. We found him in his rude audience room, sitting cross-legged on his divan, attended by his secretary. After the customary salutations, he ordered coffee for me, and when I had sipped it, he signified his readiness to attend to my business. Through Ibrahim as interpreter, I made my statement. He immediately adjusted the difficulty, and directing a warm rebuke to the sheik, offered to give me an order to the governor of Jerusalem, to have him bastinadoed on our arrival, if he occasioned us any

more trouble. I declined the order, telling him that I had no doubt his admonition would prove sufficient, and thanking his excellency for his prompt attention, we returned to our caravan. The idea of a bastinado was effectual in cooling the mercurial temper of our troublesome sheik.

Passing up the vale of Sharon, as we ascended the ridge of sand which skirts the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, the blue sea lay before us, with the ruins of Askalon scattered on its border. On the summit of the ridge are the remains of an ancient church. The city was built close upon the sea, and enclosed by a semi-circular wall, portions of which are still standing. While the stone in many parts has crumbled away, the cement is as firm and smooth as ever. The gates are strongly fortified, and the walls flanked by massive towers, into which are built fragments of elegant marble pillars, the remains of the old Roman adornments. Here was the birth-place of Herod, who ornamented it with fountains, baths and colonades. After the vicissitudes of the crusades, Askalon was finally, in 1270, taken by Sultan Bibars, its port filled up with stones, and its fortifications destroyed. The site of this once powerful commercial city, is now a garden of fig-trees, apricots and almonds. Two thousand years ago the prophet said of it, "Askalon is a desolation. It shall not be inhabited." A solitary hut is the only dwelling-place for man, now found within its borders.

Our third Sabbath was spent in the land of the Philistines, in full view of the sea. By eight o'clock the next morning we stood on the site of Ashdod, whither the Philistines brought the ark of God after the battle at Ebenezer. Three hours from Ashdod, we passed what many suppose to be the site of Ekron, and on the afternoon of the same day, we were in Gaffa, or ancient Joppa. The atmosphere was delightfully pure, and the "city set on a hill," with its foreground of orange-groves, its background of blue sea, and its canopy of clear sky, was exceedingly beautiful in the distance. For some time the air had seemed loaded with sweets, the secret of which was fully disclosed, as, turning a hill, we came upon

the luxuriant gardens which encompass the city. We entered the east gate, and walked to the harbor where Jonah took ship for Tarshish, when God had sent him to Nineveh, and where Solomon received the cedars for the temple, sent by Hiram, from Tyre. We passed near the place where lived "one Simon a tanner," whose house is by the sea-side, upon the top of which Peter had that remarkable vision. Here the apostle raised from the dead, Dorcas, whose memory is embalmed in her sweet charities.

The city contains from 10 to 18,000 inhabitants, and is chiefly distinguished for its fruit-market, and as being the port of Jerusalem. The environs are a perfect wilderness of flowers, and of orange and almond, lemon and pomegranate trees, — all hedged in by the prickly pear or cactus. Here and there the sycamore rises in venerable and solitary grandeur. This tree, sometimes attaining the age of several hundred years, has one short, main trunk, rough and gnarled, which is often not more than twenty feet high, its circumference being nearly half its height. Its few, cragged branches have but a small number of leaves, which are shaped like the button-wood leaf. It has no beauty and but little shade. Its huge roots striking deep into the earth, as if defying time and the elements, forcibly reminded me of our Saviour's illustration of the power of faith. "If thou hast faith as a grain of mustard seed, thou shalt say to this sycamore tree, be thou plucked up and cast into the sea and it shall obey thee."

We now set our faces towards Jerusalem, crossing in a south-easterly course this lovely vale of Sharon. The elevations which arise out of its broad, fair bosom, as it stretches far away to the south, are crowned with smiling villages. Over the whole rich plain, chequered with olive groves and fields of grain, and grazing flocks, the eye runs and rests as upon a vast carpet of green. Yonder, embowered in olive-groves, is Lydda, which was "nigh to Joppa," where dwelt a certain man sick of the palsy. "And Peter said unto him, — 'Eneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole; arise and make thy bed.'" A little beyond is Ramleh, the village in which tradition says, resided one Joseph of Arimathea. As far as the eye

could reach, the whole land seemed like the garden of Eden, and I was unable *then* to understand how any one could speak of the desolations of Palestine.

Two hours from Ramleh, where we passed the last night of our desert journey, brought us into the hill country of Judea. The greater part of the day we were climbing through a deep and narrow ravine, winding between terraces on the hill-side as ancient as the glory of Israel. A little after noon we reached the top of the first range, near which we passed Kirjath Jearim, where the ark of the Lord remained twenty years, and whither David went up, with all Israel, to bring it to the house of Abinadab. From this summit, the rich valley appears clothed in that peculiar velvet softness, with which the Oriental atmosphere invests all distant objects, while beyond lies the great sea shining in quiet beauty.

Descending into the valley of Eleh, and rising on the other side, over a foot path, from which not even the loose stones can have been removed for centuries, and through fields where the rocks have choked out all vegetable life, in barrenness and desolation most complete, — suddenly the longed-for sight breaks upon our eager view. There is Jerusalem, the “city of our God.” There stand her massive walls and the towers thereof, and yonder Mount Olivet lifts its hallowed summit! As we drew nearer and nearer, I could only exclaim, “Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is mount Zion, on the sides of the North, the city of the Great King.” “My feet shall stand within thy gates, O, Jerusalem.”

JERUSALEM.

The earliest history of Jerusalem is enveloped in the deep mystery which overhangs nearly all the events of that remote period. It is supposed to have been founded by Melchisedec, who brought forth bread and wine for Abraham, on his return from the rescue of Lot.

Its first name was Salem, signifying peace. When afterwards it was taken by the Jebusites, it received its present name, Jerusalem — Vision of Peace. During the reign of

Solomon, the temple was built on Mount Moriah, — the most costly and magnificent structure in the known world. In the massive richness of its material, and the dazzling brilliancy of its decorations, perhaps it has never been exceeded. For a thousand years, it was to the covenant-people, the attractive centre of their splendid ceremonial. Hither each year, the tribes came up from their scattered homes, to the three great feasts, with their offerings and sacrifices, their psalms and their prayers.

“ How proud the elders in the lofty gate !
How crowded all her nation's solemn feasts,
With white-robed Levites, and high-mitred priests ? ”

Five years subsequent to the death of Solomon, the city was captured by Shisbach, king of Egypt. After the revolt of the Ten Tribes, it fell into the hands of Joash, king of Israel, and was, still later, partly destroyed by the Assyrians. In the year 605 before Christ, Nebuchadnezzar, having conquered the nation, set fire to the temple, destroyed the city, and carried away the people into Babylon. After seventy years, the Jews returned, rebuilt the temple and city, which were again given up to desecration and plunder, by Antiochus the Great, then recovered by Judus Maccabeus, to be retaken by the Romans, and finally destroyed by Titus, in the year of our Lord 70.— During this remarkable siege, commencing on the 19th of April, and continuing till the 2d of September, 1,100,000, according to Josephus, perished by famine and the sword, and 97,000 more were carried into captivity. The women and children were sold in groups of thirty, each group for a piece of silver.

It is worthy of notice, that although Jerusalem had been so frequently besieged and taken, yet until this time, only the inhabitants of the city had suffered. But now, when as a nation, they have filled up the measure of their wickedness, and when the imprecated blood of the Man of Sorrows was to come upon them, they are all collected in Jerusalem, at the great Feast of the Passover. The encircling army shutting

them up as in a vast prison, makes their destruction as complete as their apostacy from God had become entire.

“ The signs are full, and never shall the sun
Shine on the cedar roofs of Salem more ;
Her tale of splendor now is told and done ;
Her wine-cup of festivity is spilt,
And all is o'er — her grandeur and her guilt.”

For fifty years after this destruction no mention of Jerusalem is found in history. Adrian in A. D. 130, rebuilt the city as a Roman fortification, calling it Aelia, and dispersed the few Jews whom he found there. Under Constantine, the city was purified of its heathen temples, shrines and statues, and became a Christian city, and so continued till taken by Caliph Omer, A. D. 637. It has been the scene of the most brilliant exploits of Jewish, Roman, Saracen and Christian military prowess, having been seventeen times sacked and partially destroyed.

Jerusalem was originally built upon several hills, which, together, make the uneven plateau and terminus of a high table-land in the midst of the mountain fastnesses. The circumference of the ancient wall was about four miles and a half. The circuit of the present wall is a little less than two miles and a half. The form of the city is an irregular oblong, the width being about one-half the length. The parts of the ancient city not enclosed within the modern, are a portion of Mount Zion on the south, and the extensive fields of grain and olive groves lying to the north. Three deep vallies encompassing it on the east, south and west, mark, with unmistakable distinctness, the ancient boundaries on these sides, and served as a natural defence, against an invading army. Occasional traces of the old wall, or the ruins of some massive tower, indicate its extent towards the north. A depression or shallow valley runs through the city in a southerly direction, dividing it according to its ancient hills, Akra and Zion being the upper towns on the west, and Bazetha and Moriah the lower on the east.

The present magnificent walls were erected by the Turks in 1542. They are of hewn stone, with towers and battlements, and a broad walk on the top, defended by breastworks.

There are four gates — the Damascus gate on the north, the Bethlehem gate on the west, Zion gate on the south, and St. Stephen's gate on the east.

The present population of Jerusalem is variously estimated at from fifteen to thirty thousand, consisting of Mohammedans, Jews and Christians.

The streets are narrow, irregular and unpaved, but in general, they are neater, and the houses better built than in most Oriental cities.

Among all the impressions made upon the Christian traveller as he comes in sight of Jerusalem, none is stranger than that of solitude — of loneliness. It is as if some wasting pestilence had been for centuries mysteriously eating out the vitality and beauty of the land, and weakening the springs of mental and moral activity. The city stands alone. There are no suburbs around it, no broad travelled thoroughfares leading to it, — no busy stir of an active population outside its walls. It seems more like a place of exile for State felons, than the ancient abode of God's chosen people. You look in sadness, and exclaim in the touching lament of Jeremiah, "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! how is she become a widow! She that was great among the nations and princess among the provinces, how has she become tributary! She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks; among all her lovers she hath none to comfort her; all her friends have dealt treacherously with her, they are become her enemies!"

LITTLE GRAVES.

THERE's many an empty cradle—
There's many a vacant bed—
There's many a lonely bosom,
Whose joy and light hast fled;
For thick in every graveyard
The little hillocks lie—
And every hillock represents
An angel in the sky.

THE JUVENILE CODE.

BY REV. J. C. WEBSTER.

A code is a system of laws. It may be written or unwritten. For nations, states, corporations, all organized bodies, it is generally written. But there are rules and regulations, scarcely less well defined in different classes, ranks, localities, and society in general, which have no regard to state or corporation limits, and are unwritten. They are frequently, and perhaps quite as generally, no less efficient in their operation than the recorded statutes of the national or state governments. And, within their respective limits, they can be violated with scarcely less safety to reputation than the legislative authorities of the land. They are seen in the fashions and customs of society. They constitute, impliedly or avowedly, what are called "codes of honor." But, like written codes of organized bodies, they may be true or false, and of course good or evil in their influence.

The principle involved in this subject exists everywhere, if it is not equally well defined in all places and among all classes. It is seen in the young as well as the old. And our principal object at present is to develop and illustrate what perhaps may be appropriately termed the *juvenile code of honor*. It is not found in any books. We cannot appeal for authority to any juvenile Blackstone, Kent or Story. But we must pick it up, and infer it from its divers manifestations among the youth themselves.

It is seen in their intercourse with one another. None are more keenly sensitive to their rights than children. And as they are not acquainted with written statutes and distinguished legal authorities, they fall back upon what appears to them to be the principles of common or natural law. They talk as learnedly as lawyers among themselves about what is fair and unfair, meaning, of course, what is right and wrong. The claim of two boys to a rusty jackknife is contested with all the vehemence and argumentation of men for a title to a township of land in the West or a gold mine in California. If one

boy has received an injury, or considers himself insulted by another, there is a doubling up of fists, an assumed posture of attack, with the right arm thrown back at about the angle of forty-five, and an occasional jerk or cant of the head, and such great swelling words as strongly remind one of the meeting of two of the very elite of the Southern chivalry. And now, it matters but little who is right or who is wrong. He who beats is the best fellow. Or, according to an element in some of the ancient heathen mythologies, victory is the rule of right. Moral principle is thrown into the shade and lost sight of in the conflict of personal bravery. Physical courage is virtue. It settles all disputes. The boys agree to make up, and, externally at least, are good friends again. He who beats of course is satisfied; and he who is beaten might as well be, since he cannot help himself. Here, then is the germ of that principle of human nature which, under favoring auspices and unrestrained by Christian influence, ripens into that acknowledged "code of honor" which rules where might makes right.

There is, however, a principle among boys that it is dishonorable for the stronger to impose upon the weaker. At least there is a frank expression of it not so common upon an increase of years and personal influence and power. For, let a large boy be seen taking advantage of a small one, and the general outcry is, "That is mean," "That is mean," "why don't you take one of your size?" The youthful spirit is perhaps more purely democratic. It does not brook the assumption of personal authority. No one child will admit the control of any other over him. All are held to a certain common law. The one who infringes upon that must look out for breakers. The germ of tyranny is in the heart of the child, but it meets with more prompt resistance from the democratic element, which is also natural and conscience-approved till it gains strength by indulgence and increase of the favoring adventitious circumstances of position, talent, or wealth, in riper years.

But, in the next place, perhaps the peculiarity of the youthful code is seen more clearly in a disposition to *exaggerate*. The little child, of course, first opens its eyes upon a world

of wonders. Everything about him is wonderful. Before he can articulate words distinctly, the interjection "Oh," frequently expresses his astonishment. And it requires time for familiarity with surrounding objects to lessen his wonder. And there is something about objects of anticipation often more attractive than those of experience. We attach an importance to things in the future that we do not to those in the past. Imagination lends an enchantment to the distant future that it does not to the distant past. Hence, it is more natural for the youth to see things future larger than they really are. And, as most is future to him, a tendency to exaggerate is natural. When one is past middle life he is not anxious to be any older, and he is not solicitous to tell his age. But the youth wants to be a man. Ask a boy how old he is, and his answer most generally is, not that he *was* so old last week or last month, but that he *will be* so old if he lives till next month or next year. The secret is that he wants to swell the number of his years as much as possible and appear as old as he can. This feeling leads him to put on airs beyond his years, and assume to know what is beyond his experience or opportunities. He talks flippantly; tells large stories; criticises works of art, and gives his opinion freely of men and things, when older persons, and those who are really well informed, would preserve a modest silence. Then let him smoke a Spanish cigar, drive a fast horse, support a gold watch-guard, and a little down on his upper lip when he is from sixteen to eighteen years old — if there is a more honorable man than he, in his own estimation, we should like to see him. And all just as though it were dishonorable to be a boy, and not to know any more than he really does, or ought to be expected to know.

Again, in no respect is the peculiarity of the youthful code more apparent than in the precocious independence of the young. It is not natural for the human heart to relish restraint. It very early, therefore, manifests its opposition to proper and necessary authority. And, as parental influence is the first with which it comes in contact, it is very naturally in relation to that, that its opposition is first exhibited. The

young spirit of independence soon betrays the feeling that there is something rather degrading in consulting and submitting to the wishes of a parent. It is thought dishonorable among the boys to recognize subordination to parental authority. This feeling is discovered in the conversation which is sometimes overheard among themselves. One boy says to his companion, "you can't do as I can, your father won't let you." The quick reply is, "I guess I can do as I please for all my father." And so, to prove his assertion true, and illustrate the young spirit of independence, he at once, with an air of bravado, takes some step, well known to be directly at variance with a parent's wishes, and equally contrary to the dictates of his own conscience. Perhaps this feeling is brought into exercise more often in relation to the mother than the father. Boys too often, and at a very early age, are inclined to think that it is quite beneath their dignity to recognize any particular allegiance to a mother. It is in violation of the juvenile code, for instance, to be out in public in company with a mother. A boy of fourteen or fifteen, not long ago said, "that he should be ashamed to be seen going to meeting with his mother." The reluctance of a child, eight years of age, to walk by his father's side, and to take hold of his father's hand on the way to church, it is difficult to account for, unless it be felt too much of a compromise of juvenile dignity and independence. Neither is this feeling confined to the lads. A miss, who would feel quite slighted if she should be thought or spoken of in any other respect than as a young lady, has recently said, very independently, that "she should like to hear her mother telling her what she should or should not do." And the fact now is far too general, that it is hazardous for a parent to make a requisition of a child or an instructor of a pupil, which does not meet with the approbation of that child or pupil. The idea of simple obedience to authority is, to a great degree, quite obsolete. The juvenile code, to a considerable extent, now constitutes the supreme law. It is seen beyond the precincts of the family and the school, in a great disregard for the amenities of social

life, a disrespect for seniority in general, a contempt for long tried and well settled opinions and principles, and an alarming irreverence for sacred things. In fact, young persons, to a great extent, seem to graduate their reputation, and maintain their esteem for one another, according to the faithfulness with which they carry out the principles of their juvenile code. The tendency of some modern usages of society and principles of education, to cherish and strengthen it, as well as the method by which it must be counteracted, may furnish appropriate and important themes for future consideration.

HELEN HAVEN'S "HAPPY NEW YEAR."

BY FANNY FERN.

"I'm miserable; there's no denying it," said Helen. "There's nothing in this endless fashionable routine of dressing, dancing and visiting, that can satisfy me. Hearts enough are laid at my feet, but I owe them all to the accidents of wealth and position. The world seems all emptiness to me. There *must* be something beyond this, else why this ceaseless reaching of the soul for some unseen good? Why do the silent voices of nature so thrill me? Why do the holy stars with their burning eyes utter such silent reproaches? Have I nothing to do but amuse myself with toys like a child? Shall I live only for *myself*? Does not the sun that rises upon my luxury, shine also upon the tear-stained face of sorrow? Are there not slender feet stumbling wearily in rugged lonely paths? Why is *mine* flower-bestrewn? How am I better? Whose sorrowful heart have I lightened? What word of comfort has fallen from my lips on the ear of the grief-stricken? What am I here for? What is my mission?"

"And you have only this wretched place to nurse that sick child in?" said Helen; "and five lesser ones to care for? Will you trust that sick child with me?"

"She is not long for this world, my lady; and I love her as well as though I had but one. Sometimes I've thought the more care I have for her, the closer my heart clings to her. She is very patient and sweet."

"Yes, I know," said Helen; "but I have it in my power to make her so much more comfortable. It may preserve, at least lengthen her life."

When little Mary opened her eyes the next morning, she half-believed herself in fairy land. Soft fleecy curtains were looped about her head, her little emaciated hand rested upon a silken coverlid, a gilded table stood by her bed-side, the little cup from which her lips were moistened was of bright silver, and a sweet face was bending over her, shaded by a cloud of golden hair that fell like a glory about her head.

"Where am I?" said the child, crossing her little hand across her bewildered brain.

Helen smiled. "You are *my* little bird now, dear. How do you like your cage?"

"It is very, *very* pretty," said Mary, with childish delight; "but won't you get tired of waiting upon a poor little sick girl? Mamma was used to it. *You* don't look as if you could work"

"Don't I" said Helen, with a slight blush; "for all that, you'll see how nicely I can take care of you, little one. I'll sing to you; I'll read to you; I'll tell you pretty stories; and when you are weary of your couch, I'll fold you in my arms, and rock you so gently to sleep. And when you get better and stronger, you shall have so many nice toys to play with, and I'll crown your little bright hood with pretty flowers, and make you nice little dresses; and now I'm going to read to you. Betty has been out, and bought you a little fairy story about a wonderful puss; and here's 'Little Timothy Pip;' which will you have?"

"Mamma used to read to me out of the Bible" said little Mary, as her long lashes swept her cheek.

Helen started; a bright crimson flush passed o'er her face, and bending low, she kissed the child's forehead reverentially.

"About the crucifixion, please," said Mary, as Helen seated herself by her side.

That Holy book! Helen felt as if her hands were "unclean." She began to read; perhaps the print might not have been clear; but she stopped often, and drew her small hand across her eyes. Her voice grew tremulous. Years of worldliness had come between her and that sad, touching story. It came upon her now with startling force and freshness. Earth, with its puerile cares and pleasures, dwindled to a point. Oh, what "cross" had her shoulders borne? What "crown of thorns" had pierced her brows? How had her careless feet turned aside from the footsteps of Calvary's meek sufferer!

"Thank you," said little Mary, rousing Helen from her reverie; "mamma used to pray to God to make me patient, and take me to Heaven."

"Tears started to Helen's eyes. How could she tell that sinless little one she *knew not how to pray*? Ah! *she* was the pupil, Mary the teacher! Laying her cheek to hers, she said in a soft whisper, "Pray for *us both*, dear Mary."

With sweet, touching, simple, eloquence that little silvery voice floated on the air! The little emaciated hand upon which Helen's face was pressed, was wet with tears—*happy tears*! Oh, this was what that restless soul had craved! Here at "the cross," that world-fettered spirit should plume itself for an angel's ceaseless flight. Aye, and a little *child had led "her" there*!

Adolph Gray wandered listlessly through that brilliant ball-room. There were sweet voices and sweeter faces, and graceful, floating forms; but his eye rested on none of them.

"Pray, where is Lady Helen?" said he, wandering up to his gay hostess, with a slight shade of embarrassment.

"Ah, you may well ask that? I'm *so* vexed at her! Every man in the room is as savage as a New Zealander. She has turned Methodist, that's all. Just imagine: our peerless Helen thumbing greasy hymn-books at vestry meetings, listening to whining preachers, and hunting up poor dirty beggar children! I declare, I thought she had too much good sense. Well, there it is; and you may as well

hang *your* harp on the willows. She'll have nothing to say to you *now*; for you know you are a sinner, Grey."

"Very true," said Grey, as he went into the ante-room to cloak himself for a call upon Helen; "I *am* a sinner; but if any woman can make a saint of me, it is Lady Helen. I have looked upon women only as toys to pass away the time; but under that gay exterior of Helen's there was always something to which my better nature bowed in reverence. 'A Methodist' is she? Well, be it so. She has a soul above yonder frivolity, and I respect her for it."

If in after years the great moral questions of the day had more interest for Adolph Grey than the pleasures of the turf, the billiard room, or the wine party, who shall say that Lady Helen's influence was not a blessed one?

Oh, if woman's beauty, and power, and witchery were oftener used for a high and holy purpose, how many who now bend a careless knee at her shrine, would hush the light laugh and irreverent jest, and almost feel, as she passed by, *that an angel's wing had rustled by!*

TO A FAMILY BIBLE.

WHAT household thoughts around thee, as their shrine,
 Cling reverentially! Of anxious looks beguiled,
 My mother's eyes upon thy page divine
 Each day were bent: her accents gravely mild,
 Breathed out thy love; while I a dreaming child,
 Wandered on breeze-like fancies oft away
 To some lone tuft of gleaming spring-flowers wild—
 Some fresh discovered nook for woodland play—
 Some secret rest. Yet would the solemn Word
 At times with kindling of young wonder heard,
 Fall on my wakened spirit, there to be
 A seed not lost; for which in darker years,
 O book of Heaven! I pour, with grateful tears,
 Heart's blessings on the holy dead and thee.—MRS. HEMENS.

LOVE.—Love is the *diamond* among the jewels of the believer's breastplate. The other graces shine like the precious stones of nature, with their own peculiar lustre and various hues, but the diamond is white, uniting all the others.

"IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE."

The following admirable Ballad was written by Bishop HEEBER to his wife, while on a visit to Upper India.

If thou wert by my side my love,
 How fast would evening fail,
 In green Bengala's palmy grove,
 Listening the nightingale.
 If thou my love, wert by my side,
 My children at my knee,
 How gaily would our pinnace glide
 O'er Gunga's mimic sea.

I miss thee at the dawning grey,
 When on our deck reclined,
 In careless ease my limbs I lay,
 And woo the cooler wind.
 I miss thee when by Gunga's streams
 My twilight steps I guide;
 But most beneath the lamp's pale beam,
 I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
 The lingering noon to cheer,
 But miss thy kind approving eye,
 Thy meek, attentive ear.
 But when at morn and eve the star,
 Beholds me on my knee,
 I feel, though thou art distant far,
 Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on,—then on; where duty leads,
 My course be onward still,
 O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
 Or black Almorah's hill.
 That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
 Nor mild Malwah detain,
 For sweet the bliss us both awaits,
 By yonder western main.

GOOD RULES FOR ALL.

Profane swearing is abominable. Vulgar language is disgusting. Loud laughing is impolite. Inquisitiveness is offensive. Tattling is mean. Telling lies contemptible. Slandering is devilish. Ignorance is disgraceful, and laziness is shameful. Avoid all the above vices, and aim at usefulness. This is the road in which to become respectable. Walk in it. Never be ashamed of honest labor. Pride is a curse—a hateful vice. Never act the hypocrite. Keep good company. Speak the truth at all times. Never be discouraged, but persevere, and mountains will become mole-hills.

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

"He shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."—Mal. iv : 6.

This language of the prophet is peculiar. The reader at once inquires why he selects the relation of parents and children, rather than any other link in the chain of being? Why not say of the harbinger of Christ, to whom this language refers, "he shall turn the heart of rulers to their subjects, and the heart of subjects to their rulers?" Especially, why not employ this language when the prophet evidently referred to the distracted state of the Jewish nation? Some might say that this care of rulers for their subjects, and this reverence and affection of subjects for their rulers would restore the long-lost peace and prosperity of the nation.

It should be remarked that some read this passage, "the heart of the fathers *with* the children," and "the heart of the children *with* the parents," but the present rendering of the passage is more consistent and beautiful.

The prophet refers here to the chief cause of the sad degeneracy of the Jewish nation; viz: the rupture of the family compact. It is only by restoring the family to its true position that the evil can be repaired, was his implied argument. One commentator, taking this view of the passage, says, "If the Hebrews had thoroughly trained up their children, by precept and practice, in accordance with the law, what a different part would their nation have borne as regenerators of a world!"

Suppose then, that reformation begins with the family, the hearts of fathers turn to the children, and the hearts of children to the fathers, and all obey the commandments of God. One family becomes pious—all the members. Children arrive to manhood and womanhood, and become themselves the pious heads of other families. Their children in turn give their hearts to Christ;—

and they go forth to be the holy fathers and mothers of yet other families. So it is with every family around. How soon we have a community and nation of God-fearing people! Each family seeks Christ, and hence all come to him, and the land is regenerated.

The same is true when parents and children turn to evil. One entire family becomes corrupt. From it spring six, eight, or ten other families, perhaps. The multiplication goes on, until within a few generations, the one family of evil doers have become a hundred. Let the contamination commence in every family instead of one, and how speedily a nation is ruined!

History furnishes many illustrations of this truth. We need refer however, only to France. Before the Revolution, infidelity assailed the family. The marriage bond was disregarded, and every other family tie was consequently violated. The result is well known. The land was deluged with vice. Rivers of pollution rolled madly in every direction. France was ruined. Her history proves that the quickest way to destroy a people morally is, to break the family compact. It follows, of course, that the best way to purify and elevate a people, is to hallow that compact, by bringing God into the family to be loved and worshipped, and bringing all the members to his feet.

We conclude, therefore, that the prophet referred to the family relation in the text, rather than to any other link in the chain of being, because it struck at *the root of the matter*. Bring parents and children to Christ, and the world is converted; for those standing in this relation constitute a large part of the human family.

PRAYER.

—More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Therefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me day and night.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
Both for themselves and those who call them friends.
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

TENNYSON.

BEAUTIFUL SIMILITUDES.

“As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage around the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its creeping tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs, —so is it beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with adversity —winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting his drooping head, and binding up his broken heart.”—*Irving*.

“It must never be forgotten that bashfulness is the beauty of female character; like the violet, which seems to court seclusion, and indicates its coy retreat rather by its fragrance than its obtrusiveness of color or of place, her very retiringness adds to her attractions.”—*Rev. J. A. James*.

“It is sad enough to see a young *man* quitting his father’s house, and leaving home to earn his daily bread by the sweat of his brow; how much more to see a young *female* thus go forth to seek her own support. What is it but a lamb venturing out into the wilderness where wolves abound? Or a young dove quitting its nest to fly abroad, amid eagles and vultures.”—*Ibid*.

“There is a picture which, in some points, illustrates your position. It is of a mother who, with her infant child, has fallen from the deck of a vessel at sea. The wild waves dash around her and exhaust her strength, yet still she clings to her infant, and holds him up, above the hungry billows, shouting — ‘Save my child!’ The waves grow wilder; thick mists swim before her eyes; the sea now flings her close to the ship, now madly dashes her back. Still, not of herself she thinks, but of him whom she holds aloft, crying, ‘Save my child!’ And lo! from that vessel a strong arm is reached down, and they are saved.—Mother! amid the sweeping temptations of life, in the vortex of the world, bear up in the arms of love, and with the prayer of faith, that child of thine, and a Redeeming Hand shall be reached down from heaven.”—*Dr. Stork*.

INSTRUCTION FOR THE NURSERY.

“To bathe a delicate infant of a few days or even weeks old, in cold water, with a view to “harden the constitution,” as it is called, is the most effectual way to undermine its health and entail diseases.—*Dr. Bull.*

“There can be nothing more preposterous or injurious than the empirical use of the hot or the cold bath, since they are confessedly powerful agents ; but warm, tepid or *cool* water may be daily used under proper restrictions, not only with safety but with advantage. We say under proper restrictions ; by this we mean as follows :

1. That the child when about to be washed, should be exposed no longer than is absolutely necessary for the operation.

2. When the cleansing is done, it should be well dried, and its clothes restored as soon as possible.

3. In cold weather the water should be rather warmer than in hot weather.

4. A little fine soap should be used, by previously dissolving a *small* portion in the water before it is employed, especially for the lower half of the body.

5. The head, particularly if the child be very young, should be first washed before the other portions of the body are wetted.

6. Children should never be dressed in a current of air.

7. They should never be roused from their sleep for this purpose, nor washed immediately after awaking, but they may safely be permitted to sleep, after the fatigue of dressing.”—*Dr. Dewees.*

“Southey mentions an infant sister who died of hydrocephalus, and attributes it to her having been dipped every morning in the coldest water. “This was done,” he adds, “from the notion of strengthening her. The shock was dreadful ; the poor child’s horror of it, every morning, when taken out of bed, still more so. I cannot remember having seen it without horror ; nor do I believe that, among all the preposterous practices which false theories have produced, there was ever a more cruel and perilous one than this.”—*Mrs. Tuthill.*

“Another reason the baby had for crying under your inexperienced hands was, because you tried to make him trim and genteel. A genteel baby ! I should as soon think of a genteel lily, or a genteel angel. The sweet, innocent unconsciousness of babyhood, is as antipodal to gentility, as smart red morocco shoes to the picturesque. Many a poor child has suffered torture, and some have lost their precious lives to gratify a mother’s vanity.

Pressed into a good figure ! As if the Creator did not know what was the best and most beautiful form, for all the purposes of life and health !

“ It is bad enough, in all conscience, for persons of riper years to be squeezed into the mould of fashion, when their bones and muscles have acquired some power of resistance, but the tender, flexible little infant has no such means of defence against an attack upon the citadel of life.”

“ Pins ! Do not use such weapons upon the poor baby ! Strings, buttons, hooks and eyes, anything but pins ! ”—*Ibid.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

A THOUGHT FOR YOUNG MEN.

BY DR. ALEXANDER.

“ More may be learned by devoting a few moments daily to reading, than is commonly supposed. Five pages may be read in fifteen minutes ; at which rate one may peruse twenty-six volumes, of two hundred pages each, in a year. You say you have none to guide you. The best scholars and men of science will tell you that by far the most valuable part of their education is that which they have given themselves. Volumes have been filled with the auto-biography of self-taught men. Think of Franklin the printer, of Linne, the shoemaker, of John Hunter the cabinet-maker, of Herschel the musician, of Dolland the weaver, of Turner the printer, of Burritt the blacksmith. Love learning and you will be learned. Where there is a will there will be a way.

“ Begin at once, take time by the forelock, and remember that it is only the first step that costs, and having begun, resolve to learn something every day. Strike the blow, and avoid the weakness of those who spend half of life in thinking what they shall do next. Always have a volume near you, which you may catch up at such odd minutes as are your own. It is incredible, until trial has been made, how much real knowledge may be acquired in these broken fragments of time, which are like the dust of gold and diamonds.

WHERE words are scarce they're seldom spent in vain.

A THOUGHT FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

“There are other excitements than those of the table, which it is our duty, both by example and precept, to discourage.

“One is that stimulus of light conversation, vernacularly called gossip, in which the integrity of facts is so often sacrificed to their embellishment. Our position as a sex supplies a redundancy of such subjects, while a desire of adding novelty or variety to social intercourse, gives to slight circumstances undue inflation and expansion. Censoriousness springs less frequently from unkind feeling, than from the ambition of surpassing others in pungency of narration. The flattering verdict of possessing wit must be maintained, though a fair reputation suffer, or a weak one fall. Even kindly disposed natures may be led to this intemperate mode of serving up character, by the tastes and habits of those around. But on the hard heart, the tongue may sharpen itself, till the one becomes a spear, and the other a millstone.

“If thou art bidden to a feast of mangled reputations, sit not unduly long, nor lift with complacency the cup in which thy neighbor’s faults are infused. Through the same process of fermentation thine own good name may also pass, for at the wine-press of slander, there is no respect of persons. The sour-grape that setteth the teeth on edge, and the rich cluster from the valley of Eschol, which the Lord commanded,—go in alike,—and the mingled wine is pleasant to the perverted palate.

“Doth it not behove us rather to uplift the banner of a charity that ‘thinketh no evil?’ For, in the words of a fine writer, ‘if we are capable of showing what is good in another, and neglect to do it, we omit, a duty,—we omit to give rational pleasure, and to conciliate right good will. Nay more, are we not abettors, if not aiders in the vilest fraud, the fraud of purloining from respect? Being intrusted with letters of great interest, what a baseness not to deliver them?’”

Diogenes having been asked, “What is that beast the bite of which is most dangerous?” replied, “Of wild beasts the bite of a slanderer; and of tame beasts that of the flatterer.”

“A proud man has no God; an envious man has no neighbor; an angry man has not himself.”

“Pride breakfasts on self-esteem, dines on vanity, and sups on contempt.”

“All that is great, and permanent and salutary on earth is slow in its development. Hence patience has always been a prominent feature of true wisdom.”

A CHILD IN HEAVEN.

A clergyman lost a child. A brother minister attended the funeral, and at the close of his remarks, the father of the deceased child rose, and spoke as follows to his people who were present; "When I have sought to minister to you consolation in the times of your affliction, weeping with you over your dying children, you have often said to me that I knew nothing of the anguish, and could not sympathize with you in your loss. I feel it now. I never did before." Then he directed them to the source of his comfort and support, and invited all to the fountain of living waters. His house stood on a hill-side, over-looking a beautiful river, on the other side of which were luxurious fields. Alluding to this, he continued, "often, as I have stood on the borders of this stream, and looked over to the fair fields on the other shore, I have felt but little interest in the people or the place in full view before me. The river separates me from them, and my thoughts and affections were here. But a few months ago, one of my children moved across to the other side, and took up his residence there. Since that time, my heart has been there also. In the morning when I rise and look out toward the east, I think of my child who is over there, and again and again through the day I think of him, and the other side of the river is always in my thoughts with the child who has gone there to dwell. And now, since another of my children has crossed the river of death, and has gone to dwell on the other side, my heart is drawn out towards heaven and the inhabitants of heaven, as it was never drawn before. I supposed that heaven was dear to me; that my Father was there, and my friends were there, and that I had great interest in heaven, but *I had no child there*; now I have; and I never think and never shall think of heaven, but with the memory of that dear child who is to be among its inhabitants for ever."

SWARM OF B'S.

"B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild,
 B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child;
 B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind,
 B sure you make matter subservient to mind,
 B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true,
 B cautious to all men, B friendly with few,
 B temperate in argument, pleasure, and wine,
 B careful of conduct, of money, of time,
 B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm,
 B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn;
 B courageous, B gentle, B liberal, B just,
 B aspiring, B humble, because thou art dust;
 B penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith,
 B active, devoted, B faithful till death;
 B honest, B holy, transparent and pure,
 B dependent, B Christ-like, and you will B secure."

HOUSEWIFERY.

To make Potatoe Bread.—Boil the potatoes not quite so soft as common, then dry them a short time on the fire, peel them while hot, and pound them as fine as possible; next put a small quantity of pearl ash to new yeast; whilst it is working briskly, add as much rye meal or flour, as can be worked in. Mix the whole well together but do not add any water to it. After the dough is thus prepared, let it stand an hour and a half or two hours before it is put into the oven; observe it will not require so long baking as regular flour bread.

To steam Potatoes.—Put them, clean washed, with their skins on, into a steam saucepan, and let the water under them be about half boiling, let them continue to boil rather quickly, until they are done; If the water once relaxes from its heat, the goodness of the potatoe is sure to be affected, and to become soddened, let the quality be ever so good. A too precipitate boiling, is equally disadvantageous; as the higher parts to the surface of the root begin to crack and open, while the centre part continues unheated, and undecomposed.

A Cheshire Pudding.—Make a crust as for a fruit pudding, roll it out to fourteen or fifteen inches in length, and eight or nine in width; spread with raspberry jam, or any other preserved fruit, and roll it up in the manner of a collared eel. Wrap a cloth around it two or three times, and tie it tight at each end. Two hours and a quarter will boil it.

To prevent ink from freezing in winter.—Instead of water, use brandy in making the ink, with the same ingredients which enter into its composition, and it will never freeze.

To take out spots of ink.—As soon as the accident happens, wet the place with juice of sorrel or lemon, or with vinegar, and the best hard white soap, then wash it.

To clear houses and barns of rats and mice.—Gather the plant dog's tongue, the cynoglossum officinale of Linnæus, which grows abundantly in every field; at the period when the sap is in full vigor, bruise it with a hammer or otherwise, and lay in the house, barn or granary, infested by rats or mice, and these troublesome animals will immediately shift their quarters.

Cocoa-nut Pies.—Grate a common sized cocoa-nut, after having pared off the rind, so that only the white meat remains. Add one quart of milk, four eggs, a small piece of butter, a tea cup full of sugar, with a little salt. The milk of the cocoa-nut should be saved and added to the above. Also the quart of milk should be boiled and poured while hot upon the grated cocoa-nut.

DRESS.

We wish it to be distinctly understood that, in giving styles of dress occasionally, in this Magazine, we intend not to countenance that prevailing evil of the land, called FASHION. We have no respect for this extortioner and tyrantess. Her demands are extravagant, and her reign leaves little opportunity for the application of Christian rules. She had not a little to do in hastening the financial disaster that is still distressing the land. The seeds of her own sowing are now yielding fruit, and it is bitter beyond description.

But many families may desire to see patterns of garments, both for children and adults, for the purpose of aiding themselves in making up the same. They do not worship at the shrine of fashion, and have little respect for those who do. But they wish to know how to cut garments, and a pattern may afford them some information. For this reason, we occasionally insert styles of dress, such as are consistent with taste and economy, both of which should be studied. We shall always have regard to what is proper for the Christian family. We fully accord with Rev. Albert Barnes in the following views on this subject as related to the church, and trust that no page or plate of ours will be misconstrued to sustain an evil of which our beloved Zion should be speedily rid.—*Editor*.

Mr. Barnes says, "A fourth obvious principle in which Christians will apply the rule is, that, their views and feelings will not be prompted by a desire to elicit the applause and approbation of the world. Your conduct will be regulated by a higher law. It is not to produce admiration, envy, rivalry, flattery, competition, that you live, it is not to be the subject of conversation, commendation, or praise ; it is to PLEASE GOD. If the kingdom of which you are a member stood alone ; if the empires of this world were wholly removed to other abodes, your conduct would then be regulated by the Bible, so should it be now. This is one of the plainest applications of the rule, and yet if honestly applied, what a sad invasion it would make in the Christian church ! Remove from the followers of Christ all that has been assumed for the purpose of being admired by one another, and by the world ; all that has been the result of envy and rivalry ; all that is adjusted to catch the passing gale of applause ; all that comes under the denomination of the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life ; and a most fearful flight would be given to numberless ornaments, and a most sad invasion would be made on the style of living in every Christian community. Stripped of the meretricious decorations which the world has persuaded and enjoined the church to assume ; dressed in the virgin purity which the Son of God has prescribed for it, would at once rise to elevated influence, and be clad in beauty and in honor."

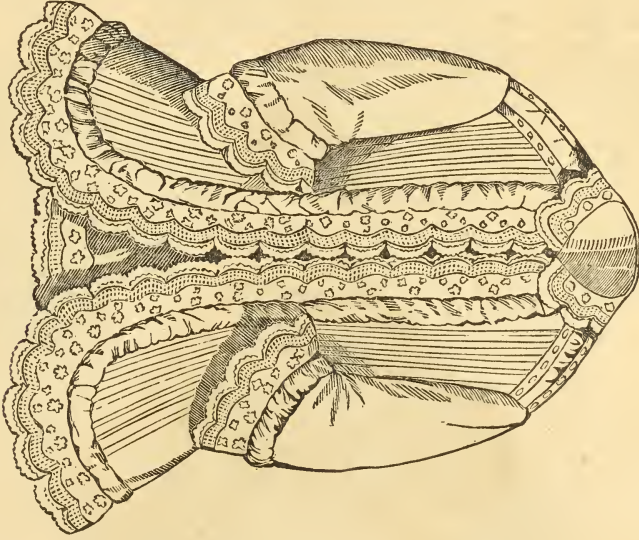
FASHIONS.

LADY'S MORNING ROBE.—A very beautiful robe, composed of rich green *satin de chene*, upon which is printed in fancy mixed colors a handsome blocked pattern. A rich border, of which the prominent color is scarlet, passes down the front, and is disposed in a double row round the bottom of the robe, a large space being left between. The sleeves are plain at the top, and terminate in a small jockey, upon which is placed a large flat puff,

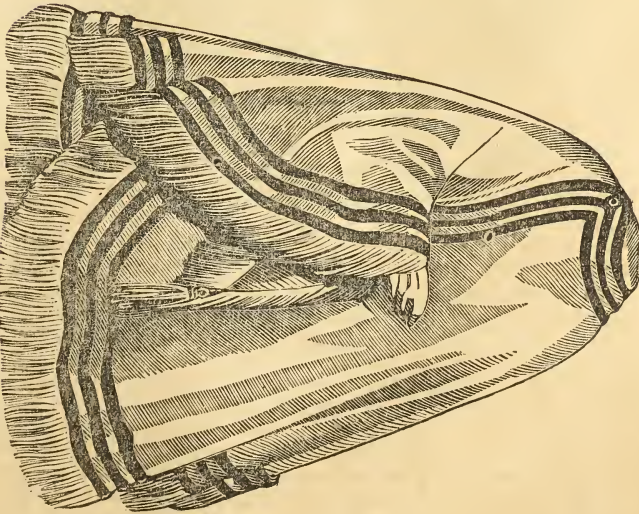


partially concealing a border of the same kind as that upon the skirts. Handsome cord and tassels, the former inserted in loops of silk braid at the back, confine this very becoming wrapper at the waist. Small square collar with a border to match the sleeves and skirt.

SACK OF CAMBRIC FOR MORNING DRESS.



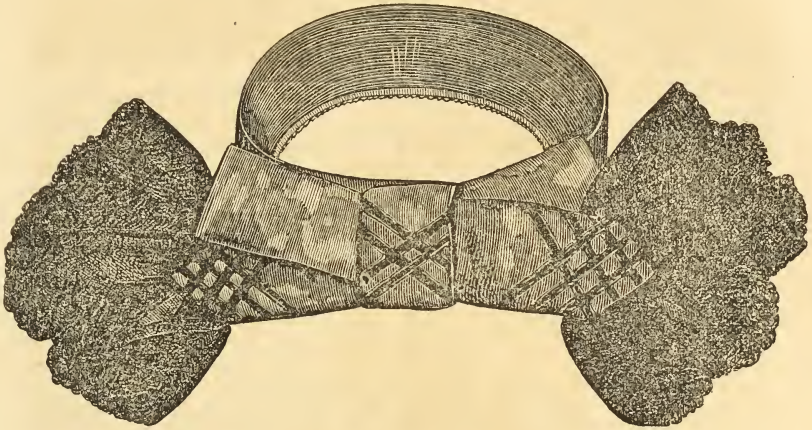
THE MARION.



LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.—An exceedingly pretty dress for a little girl. It is composed of scarlet plaid Irish poplin, of a very fine and beautiful texture. The skirt is full and ornamented up the sides with quadrilled bands of black velvet; polka waist, and bretelles, trimmed with velvet and fringe. Hat of black beaver, trimmed with feathers, and large scarlet rosettes, with black velvet ends.



LADY'S NECKTIE.—The ribbon which is to form this new and graceful ornament may be of any bright delicate color; blue or pink are particularly appropriate, however. It should be folded over so as to be about an inch wide, and neatly stitched on the wrong side. A plait is laid over in the sides, so that it may fit the throat exactly. About three-quarters of a yard of ribbon are needed for the tie in front. The material is folded over a little stiff muslin to give it better shape, and arranged as in the engraving; it will be observed that one end of the throat piece is passed under this tie and fastened, the other is left open. The tie is trimmed with narrow black velvet edged with lace, or plain, according to taste. Take a piece of black lace about two inches wide, and cut it into two pieces; join these, and gather them so as to form a moderately full rosette. Then fold these rosettes double, and sew them neatly on the under side of each end. The ribbon must be folded over to make a point upon the lace. This will be found a very elegant and entirely new article of dress.



BERTHE CAPE.

APHORISMS.

“ If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality.”

“Lost wealth may be restored by industry ; the wreck of health regained by temperance ; forgotten knowledge restored by study ; and even lost reputation won by penitance and virtue. But who can recall the slighted years, and misspent hours,—enstamp them with wisdom, and efface from heaven’s record the fearful memorandum of wasted probation !”

"Time is the greatest innovator,"—*Lord Bacon*.

"A life began with rashness, often ends with timidity."

"Thoughts, like fruits, require time to ripen; and when ripe, drop off and are fit for use!"

"Thinkers are as scarce as gold; but he, whose thought comprehends his subject, and who pursues it uninterruptedly and fearless of consequence, is a diamond of enormous size." *Lavator*.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

LIFE STUDIES; OR, HOW TO LIVE. Illustrated in the Biographies of Bunyan, Persteegen, Montgomery, Perthe and Mrs. Winslow. By the Rev. John Baillie, author of "Memoir of Hewitson," &c. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 365. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

The design of this book is excellent. It contains five faithful sketches of distinguished Christians, whose religion was an every day principle of life. These good men and women walked in different spheres, but their religion was adapted alike to the wants and duties of each. The volume is valuable for entertainment and profit in the family, since it shows the reader *how to live*, by pointing him to those who have lived well.

THE LIFE AND LABORS OF THE REV. T. H. GALLAUDET, LL. D. By Rev. Heman Humphrey, D. D. 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 440. New York: Robert Carter & Brother.

Mr. Gallaudet was a noble philanthropist. In all his efforts he was as wise as he was benevolent, and thus won the confidence of men and crowned his efforts with success. His labors in behalf of deaf mutes at Hartford, and in behalf of the blind, as well as his interest and zeal in the cause of education, are well known to the public. In this volume we have his whole life sketched in the rich lucid style of Dr. Humphrey, who has prepared the work as a labor of love. It deserves to be extensively circulated and read.

MIA AND CHARLIE; OR, A WEEK'S HOLLIDAY AT RYDALE RECTORY. With Illustrations. By Bicket Foster. 1 vol. 16mo., pp. 309. New York: Robert Carter & Brother.

This is a good book for the young. The story is deeply interesting in the plan and filling up, and carries with it a high moral tone. The volume abounds in good counsels, relating to some of the more important relations of life. Young people will highly value it.

ADOLPHE MONOD'S FAREWELL TO HIS FRIENDS AND TO THE CHURCH. Translated from the French. 1 vol. 16mo., pp. 183. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

Disease compelled Mr. Monod to retire from the ministry in 1855. As a means of spiritual joy and profit, the Lord's Supper was administered to him, in company with thirty or forty friends, in his room, Oct. 14th, of that year. This service was kept up every Sabbath till he died. On these occasions, he addressed his friends, and this little volume contains his words. It is a precious little treasure for the Christian to have.

THE GREYSON LETTERS: Selections from the Correspondence of R. E. A. Greyson, Esq. Edited by Henry Rogers, Author of "The Eclipse of Faith," &c. 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 518. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

These letters are unlike most of those in print. They are more substantial and valuable. Every letter is really an essay upon such topics as "Law of Association," "Death-bed Consolations," "Speculations on Avarice," "Counsels to Youth," "Eight Letters to a Deist," &c., &c. These subjects are treated in a familiar, earnest manner, peculiar to the author, and cannot fail to interest and profit the reader. We have seldom been more interested in a volume of miscellaneous topics.

CHANDLER'S PAPER DOLLS, of the latest Parish Fashions. No. 1.—Carrrie with her Dresses and Bonnets. No. 2.—Alice with her Dresses and Bonnets. No. 3.—Charlie, with a Wardrobe of Five changes, and Hats to match. No 4.—Little Fairy Lightfoot, the Dancing Girl, with Beautiful Dresses. Also, in preparation, No. 5.—Betty the Milkmaid, and all her Pets. No. 6.—Jack and his Holiday Companions. Brown, Taggard & Chase, Cornhill, Boston.

Important information in the art of dressing dolls is not only innocent amusement, but a means of cultivating taste and skill in cutting doll dresses. These fashions better becoming paper dolls than ladies and children, as we think.

We have received the following Books from CROSBY, NICHOLS & Co., 117 Washington Street, Boston.

BELLE AND LILY; OR, THE GOLDEN RULES: a Story for Girls, by a New Pen. A very pretty 16mo. volume of 176 pages. Embellished with six Colored Engravings.

Its style is lively and graceful, and its moral tone throughout unexceptionable. It shows very strikingly the influence for good which may be exerted by one little girl, and is a book calculated to benefit as well as entertain its readers. We can safely recommend it to parents and friends in search of entertaining and instructive books for holiday presents.

WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE; OR, THE YOUNG PAINTER AND FIDELHANN'S TALES. Translated from the German of Richard Baron and Dr. C. Dentsch. Illustrated.

These two tales form a very readable and interesting volume of 246 pages. The account of the adversities and successes, that attended Gustavus, the Young Painter, in his attempts to attain his deeply cherished object, is extremely interesting, and chains the attention of the reader, until he has followed the hero through all his vicissitudes to the happy consummation of his wishes. It is neatly and firmly bound in cloth and makes a very pretty book for presents.

MOTHER'S TRUE STORIES. With Colored Engravings. A book adapted for children, relating in simple and interesting language the stories of the Bible. It is a much better book to put into the hands of children than any volume of Fairy Tales ever published.

NANNIE'S JEWEL CASE; OR, TRUE STORIES AND FALSE TALES, translated from the German of Julie Ruhkopf and Aug Moritz. A 16mo. vol. of 223 pages, handsomely bound in cloth, and finely illustrated. This volume consists of several tales, all very interesting, and all de-

signed to inculcate some moral precept. The tale of "Kasem, the Miser," showing by what means he was led to overcome his avaricious disposition, and to become a useful man and respected citizen, is well worth the price of the book. The other tales are "The Young Countess," "The Hymn, Book," and "William, the Little Chimney Sweeper."

MARCUS: OR THE BOY TAMER. By Walter Aimwell. With Illustrations. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

The next volume of the beautiful "Aimwell Stories" has just been received, and fully sustains the high reputation its gifted author has obtained by his previous works. "The leading aim of the present volume," as stated in the preface, "is to point out to elder brothers and sisters some of the ways in which they may exert a happy influence upon the younger members of the family." This it does admirably, and at the same time retains enough of both story and moral to interest younger readers, for whom this series is especially intended. The mechanical execution is very fine.

HERE AND HEREAFTER; OR, THE TWO ALTARS. By Anna Athern, author of "Step by Step; or, Delia Arlington." Published by Crosby, Nichols & Co, 117 Washington Street, Boston. 376 pp., 12mo.

The high reputation of the Author is sufficient to give currency to this work. Its style is lively and graceful, its moral unexceptionable, its sentiments and spirit truly evangelical and benevolent; as developed in the history of two distinguished families of opposite characters, spirits and pursuits, from their nuptial altars through life. The one characterized by a worldly, pleasure-seeking, and selfish spirit, devoted to fashion, display, and self-aggrandizement: the other by a religious and benevolent spirit, and developed in plans and efforts to do good,—diffusing a genial, purifying, elevating and happyfying influence on every side of their pathway through life. We like its plan, principles and spirit.

SHEET MUSIC.

We have received from O. DITSON & Co., 277 Washington Street, the following pieces, which we commend to our music-loving patrons:—

1. "*The Little White Cottage; or, Gentle Nattie Moore.*" Poetry by M. S. Pike, Esq. Chorus and Piano Accompaniment by James S. Pierpont.
2. "*Near the Broken Stile.*" Song composed by Frank Romer.
3. "*I've a Guinea I Can Spend.*" The celebrated Song of John Brown. Written and composed by Charles Mackay.
4. "*Gov. Bank's Grand March.*" Arranged for the Piano Forte, by J. W. Turner.
5. "*Seldon March.*" Composed by Handel Pond.
6. "*Nothing to Wear Schottisch.*" By C. Matthews.
7. "*The Silver Goblet Waltz.*" By J. Folkenstein.
8. "*The Gossamer Polka Redowa.*" By F. Howard. "*Wide Awake Polka.*" By F. Southgate.

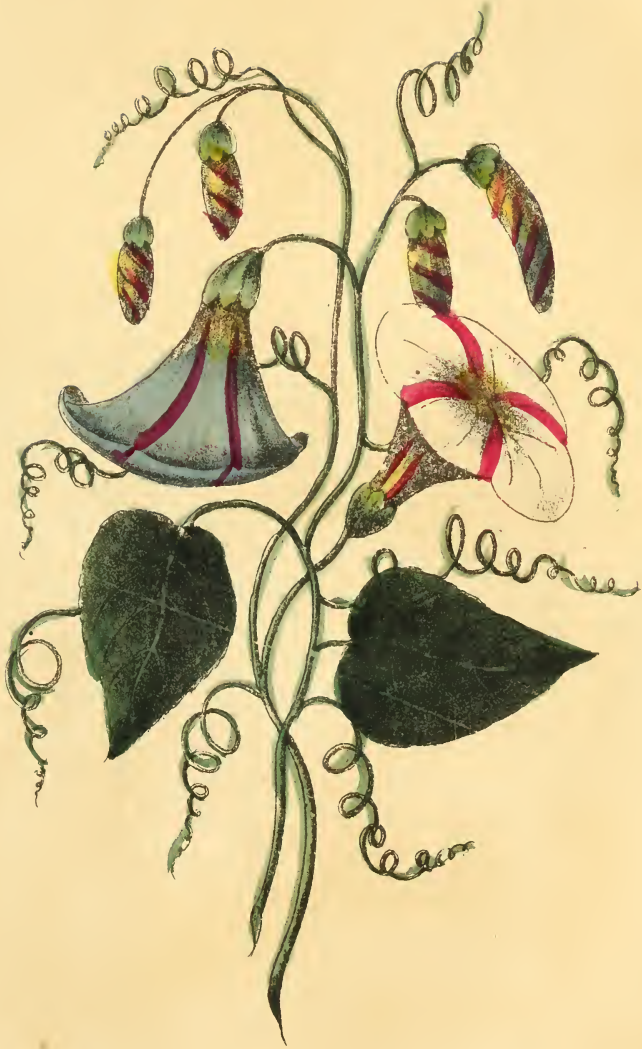
From RUSSELL & RICHARDSON, 290 Washington Street, Boston, the following choice pieces:—

1. "*Memoirs of Home.*" By C. House.
2. "*Nocturne,*" for the Piano. By Ed. Boulanger.
3. "*I Love to Think of Happy Home.*" Poetry by Rev. E. P. Dyer; Music by L. Marshall.
4. "*New Mown Hay.*" Song by George Byron Ware.

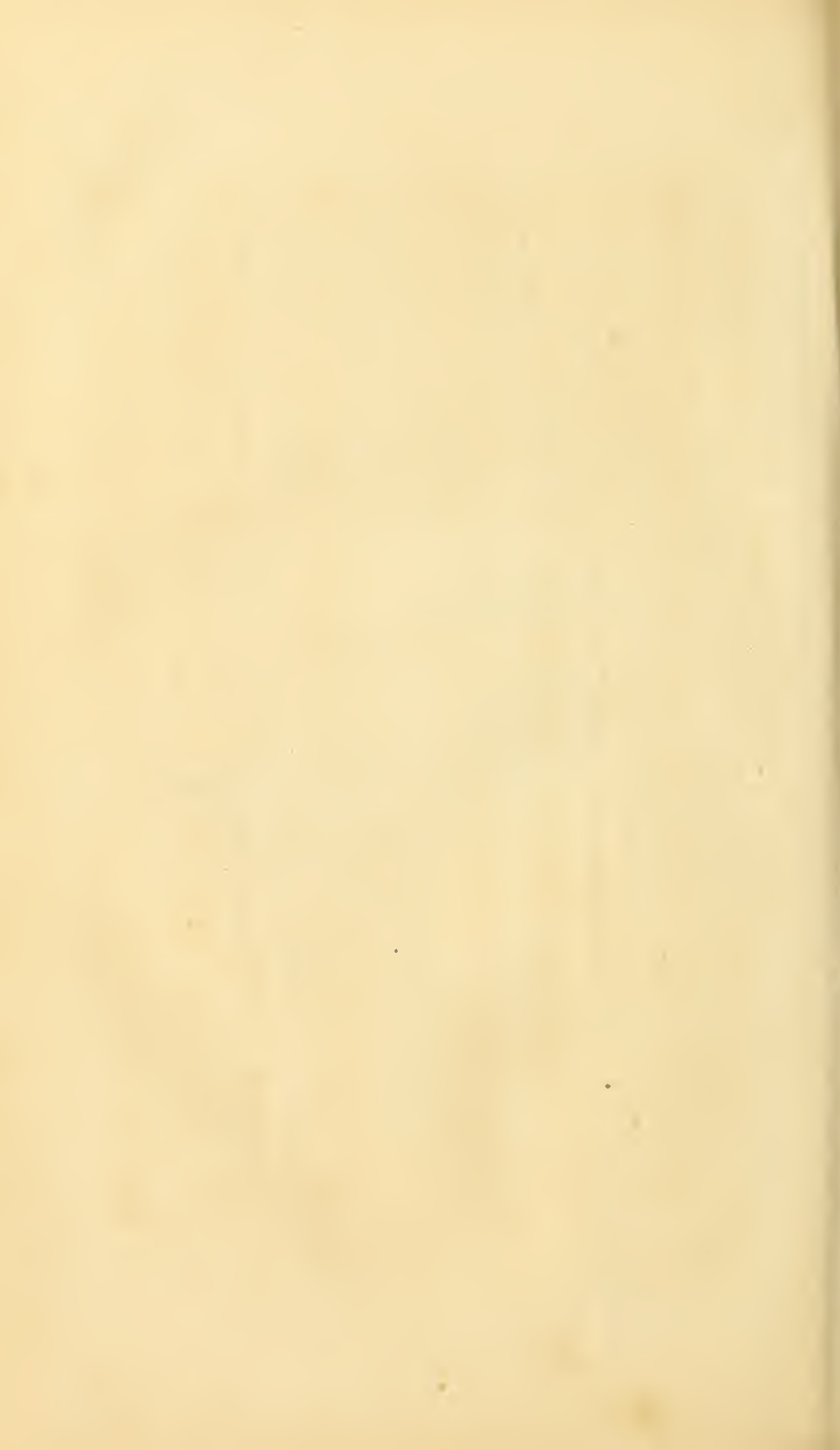


REBECCA TEACHING JACOB TO DISCOVER

GEN. 27:45



Morning Glory



WHAT LITTLE HANDS MAY DO.

WORDS BY E. PORTER DYER.

MUSIC BY B. F. BAKER.

Moderato.

1. I sing a song that's ve-ry true, A sto-ry worth the tell-ing, Which shows what little hands may do, To

cheer a darkened dwell-ing, Which shows what little hands may do, To cheer a darkened dwell-ing.

Ritard.

WHAT LITTLE HANDS MAY DO. Concluded.

2

How William Dale of Elmington,
Discouraged, sad and lonely,
Was made a man by what was done
By little fingers only.

3

Though wife and children six had he,
His home was desolated,
For William Dale was prone to spree,
And seemed to ruin fated.

4

While he and wife a journey went,
To see a far relation,
Sweet Lucy Dale with firm intent,
Thus planned his reformation.

5

She summoned all the little hands
To do what they were able,
Obedient to her wise commands,
To make home comfortable.

6

She carpeted the parlor floor,
By toil and skillful planning,
Assisted by her friend of yore,
The lovely Emma Fanning.

7

She raised the money which she spent,
Her little ewe lamb selling ;
She stored the larder, cleaned the paint,
And garnished all the dwelling.

8

Dale saw the moment he returned,
The doings of his daughter,
And new desires within him burned,
Which filled his eyes with water.

9

Behold what little hands have planned,
Said Dale in shame and sorrow ;
My eye is wet, my heart unmanned,
I'm William Dale to-morrow.

10

No more shall William Dale incline
To reckless dissipation ;
No more shall evil deeds of mine,
Encourage wan starvation.

11

He kept his word, his wife though pale,
Grew beautiful as ever ;
By little hands had Lucy Dale
Reformed her sire forever.

FAMILY SCENES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. II.

TEACHING CHILDREN HOW TO DECEIVE.

EDITORIAL.

The engraving, in this number, illustrates one of the most painful events that ever transpired in a Christian family, *a mother teaching her son to deceive*. The old man Isaac, blind, and worn out with age, and conscious that he was near the grave, called Esau to him and said, "Now, therefore take, I pray thee, thy weapons, thy quiver, and thy bow, and go out to the field, and take me some venison; and make me savory meat such as I love, and bring it to me, that I may eat; *that my soul may bless thee before I die*." Esau, eager to obtain the blessing, hastened to fulfil his father's commands. Rebekah, his mother, was cognizant of what passed; and at once she planned to secure the blessing to Jacob. She called him to her, told him of his father's message to his brother, and proposed that he should personate Esau by putting on his garments while he covered his hands and neck with the skin of a kid, and carried a savory meal to Isaac, to obtain his blessing by deception. Jacob appears to have hesitated at first, but it does not take a mother long to induce a child to sin. He soon yielded to her request; and in Esau's clothes presented himself at the bedside of his almost dying father. He is there to deceive an aged parent who lies trembling on the verge of the grave! Fearful thought! Yet Rebekah is mother, not only of the sinner, but also of the sin. The deception proves successful, and Jacob shares the blessing.

Such a fact as this looks badly, as it really is, in print. Every reader is fully prepared to censure Rebekah. All wonder that a mother should be so inconsiderate and wicked, especially one who lays claim to serving God. Yet, similar acts are numerous at the present day. At the fireside, children are taught to deceive by intelligent and virtuous parents. Perhaps the deception does not often partake of the flagrant character of Rebekah's, but it is nevertheless deception,

and its injurious effects are no less inevitable. A few facts will illustrate what we mean, and show, that teaching children to deceive is not infrequent.

A father endeavored to persuade his little son to have a tooth extracted by the family physician. He failed in this, and then proposed to draw it himself by attaching a thread thereto. This proposition was not accepted by the child. Next, he said that he would attach the thread to it, and the little boy could draw it himself, assuring him that the operation would not hurt him, and if it did, he (the boy,) could stop pulling when he pleased. To this the child consented. The father succeeded in fastening a strong silk thread to it, and then, with one earnest, sudden pull, drew the tooth from its socket. The boy screamed, and the father laughed, while the former, as soon as he could speak, said, "*you told a lie*. You said I might pull it, and you pulled it yourself." "No, my son," said the father, "I did not say you 'might' pull it, I said you '*could*' pull it, and I have no doubt you could if I had let you." But this way of deceiving did not satisfy the child any more than it did the father's conscience.

Mr. Abbott tells of a physician who was called to extract a tooth for a boy, when no persuasion of his parents could induce him to consent. At last the physician said, "Perhaps it does not need to be drawn, a little rubbing with my handkerchief may be sufficient." So saying, he wound his handkerchief around his hand, in which he concealed his instrument, and before the child was aware of his design, the tooth was out. The parents applauded the doctor for his cunning device, but the boy lost all confidence in his integrity.

A writer relates the following of a mother who wished to go out and spend the evening. She put her child to bed, heard him *say his prayers*, and then proposed to go out a little while to which he stoutly objected.

The mother said, "Willie, did you not see that pretty little kitten in the street to-day?"

"Yes, I did," he replied, "I wish I had her; was'nt she pretty?"

"Yes very; now don't you want me to buy this kitty for you? Perhaps the man will sell her."

“ O, yes, mother, do buy her,”

“ Well, then, be a good boy while I am gone;” and she immediately went out and closed the door, but he called her back.

“ Don’t go till morning, then I can go with you : won’t you stay ?”

“ No, Willie ! the man won’t sell it if I don’t go to-night, so be a good boy.”

The child lay down satisfied. The mother put on her bonnet and started off with the friend who had called for her. Said the friend, as they left the house ;

“ Is this the way you govern your child ? If you but knew the injury you are doing, you would take a different course !”

“ Injury !” she repeated, “ why, what harm have I done, I did not tell him I *would* see the man, I only asked him if I *should*.”

We pass over some details to her return.

“ Mother, is that you ?” inquired the child, who was awake. “ Have you brought the kitten ?” I kept awake to see it, and I was *so* sleepy !”

“ No, my dear : the man would not sell her.” How naturally deception leads to downright falsehood !

“ Why won’t he mother ?” he asked with quivering lips.

“ I don’t know, I suppose he wants her to catch rats and mice.”

“ Did he say so, mother ?”

“ He did not say *just* that, but I thought he meant so.”

“ I did want it so bad, mother ;” and the little fellow wept over his disappointment. We need not pursue the case further, except to say, that Mrs. — found herself in unexpected close quarters by the inquiries of her child, and became convinced, before the affair terminated, that any departure from truth, in dealing with children, is dangerous.

These facts may be taken as a sample of what occurs in families. It is not uncommon for parents to practice deception in giving their children medicine, saying, “ it is good,” when they know it is bad ; also, in getting away from them to spend an evening, inventing some refuge of deception, if not of lies ;

in promising to go to bed with them at night, when they only intend to lie down until the little ones are asleep; and in other ways too numerous to mention.

The evil of such deception must be great, and deserves to be seriously considered.

In the first place, parents who thus ignore the truth, in family discipline, must lose the confidence of their children. After one such affair as that of the extracted tooth, or the kitten, children must feel that reliance cannot be placed upon their parent's word or promise. They may not be able to solve, what perhaps, is mysterious to them in the transaction, but they cannot feel that it is right. There must be thereafter more or less hesitation on their part in believing what their parents say. Why should it not be so? For when a child thus violates the truth, his father and mother lose confidence in his integrity. They take his word with careful weighing and allowance afterwards. They scarcely believe him when he tells the truth. Why may not the same result occur when the case is reversed? "It is a poor rule that won't work both ways."

Contrast this course of procedure with its opposite, adherence to exact truth. Mr. Abbott cites a fact that may happily illustrate this point. He says "A mother was once trying to persuade her little son to take some medicine. The medicine was very unpalatable, and she, to induce him to take it, declared it did not taste bad. He did not believe her. He knew by sad experience, that her word was not to be trusted. A gentleman and friend who was present took the spoon, and said,

"James, this is medicine, and it tastes very badly. I should not like to take it, but I would if necessary. You have courage enough to swallow something which does not taste good, have you not?"

"Yes," said James, looking a little less sulky. "But that is very bad indeed."

"I know it," said the gentleman, "I presume you never tasted anything much worse." The gentleman then tasted the medicine himself, and said, "It is really very unpleasant.

But now let us see if you have not resolution enough to take it, bad as it is." The boy hesitatingly took the spoon.

"It is really rather bad," continued the gentleman ; " but the best way is to summon all your resolution, and down with it at once, like a man."

James made in reality a great effort for a child, and swallowed the dose.

How much more confidence that child must have had in the word of the gentleman than in that of the mother ! There was no deceit about his language. He told the truth, and the child knew it, and it won his confidence, so that he yielded. But the mother told an untruth, and the child knew *that*, too, and it destroyed his confidence, so that he was more obstinate.

Again, such modes of deception will beget similar practices in the children. This is not strange. That children should imitate parental example is natural and proper. 'My father,' or 'my mother' does so, is reason enough for similar acts by the young. In their minds it outweighs all arguments against such acts. The family of Isaac furnishes us with important evidence on this point. Rebekah's gross deception was reproduced in her children, and childrens' children ; when Jacob obeyed his mother, and deceived his aged father, he violated a great principle of right, and rendered it easier for himself to do the same thing again. Such a deed leaves its impress upon the heart. It is not like an impression in the sand, which the first wave obliterates. Even grace itself may not entirely remove the evil. It certainly did not in Jacob. Twenty years after, when he decided to leave Laban and return to his native country, he was induced to remain a little longer. He agreed to stay with his uncle for a certain portion of the offspring of the flocks which should be " ring-streaked, speckled and spotted." When Jacob made this proposition, it seems that he understood how to cause the young of the flock to be " ring-streaked, speckled and spotted ;" and he at once " took rods of green poplar and of the hazel and chesnut tree, and peeled white streaks in them, and made the white appear, which was in the rods." These he set in the water troughs, where the cattle came to drink, and the result was that nearly

all their young were of the above description. Nor was this all; some of the cattle were feeble, and he took particular pains not to place the rods before them, but only before the best, that his portion might thereby be more valuable. Here was one form of deceit, some departure from strict uprightness. It was a studied plan to take advantage of Laban. Then, too, when he finally started upon his journey to his native land, he left clandestinely. He took advantage of Laban's absence, and departed without his knowledge. This was not quite consistent with his generally upright character.

The contamination did not stop with Jacob. He soon discovered this inclination to deceive in his sons. It was by a cunning ruse that Simeon and Levi induced him to consent to their sister's marriage with Hamor, whom they afterwards slew. It was especially, however, in the deception which they practised upon him in regard to the death of Joseph, that the consequence of Rebekah's sin appears most striking. As we read of their returning to Jacob with the blood-stained garments of Joseph, representing that their brother was destroyed by beasts of prey, we revert at once to Jacob's deception at the death-bed of his father, Isaac. How much it appears like a retribution from above! The evil is transmitted, not only from mother to son, but from grandmother to grandson.

Mark, also, the trouble which was Jacob's lot in consequence of that deception. It caused Esau to threaten his destruction, so that he was obliged to flee to his uncle in a distant country. There, Laban, by an artful, wicked device, extorted fourteen years of hard labor from him, instead of seven, for his daughter, Rachel. A deception added seven years of toil and hardship to his life. The deception of his sons, Simeon and Levi, led to their slaughtering all the male inhabitants of Shechem, so that Jacob cried out in the bitterness of his soul, "Simeon and Levi are brethren, instruments of cruelty are in their habitations. O, my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly mine honor, be not thou united!" In short, his whole life was full of trouble, from the time he fled from the vengeance of Esau to the moment he ceased to mourn and weep for Joseph. Not one of his sons except Joseph sus-

tained a good character. Most of them were vile, and must have been the occasion of the sorest grief. When Joseph, after his elevation to authority in Egypt, presented his aged father to Pharaoh, the king inquired how old he was. Jacob replied, "The days of the years of my pilgrimage are a hundred and thirty years ; *few and evil have the days of the years of my life been.*"

Who can doubt that this incident is recorded in the Scriptures to show that parental deception tends to corrupt the hearts of children, and to entail upon them, troubles of a fearful character?

Nor is this all. Parents, in this way, treasure up unhappiness for themselves. Jacob was Rebekah's favorite child. She loved him with all the intensity of a mother's love. But her deception made it necessary for him to flee from his home ; and for forty years, she did not behold his face. Long, dreary, anxious years they must have been ! Imagination can easily portray the deep, unmitigated sorrow that must have preyed upon her heart. The thought, too, that a brother's vengeance followed the favored child, and made it necessary for him to escape for his life, was, in itself, enough to crush a mother's heart. Parents little know how much misery they may bring upon themselves by teaching children to deceive.

It is impossible to present this subject in too strong a light. It relates to one of the most essential elements of human character — truthfulness. Deception leads to lying — it is on the same road. Indeed, it is incipient falsehood. Is not this one of the most direful evils in the heart of a child ? Strict uprightness is the foundation of good character, and where this is not, the foundation is gone. Lying has always been regarded with abhorrence by all nations, for the reason that when the word of a person cannot be relied upon, he is unreliable in all respects. The ancient Persians took great pains to teach their children to tell the truth, and considered this a main point in their education. In the view of the old Greeks and Romans, lying was so infamous, as to degrade a freeman to the level of slaves. By a sort of general consent, all nations brand this sin with infamy.

Let parents guard well their childrens' hearts at this point. For deception in childhood usually becomes lying in manhood and womanhood. Few learn to lie in age, who did not learn to deceive in their early years, or youth. Sons who will not deceive in early life will certainly be truthful in riper years.

HIGHER AND LOWER GOOD.

BY REV. M. HOPKINS, D.D., LL.D.

Would a lawyer, or a physician, or an artist gain wealth, how will he do it most successfully? Certainly by attaining something higher,—great excellence in his profession or skill in his art,—and then wealth will flow in as a matter of course. But if any should say that the skill is subordinate to the wealth, let me speak of a character for prudence, for energy, for high integrity and honor, for righteousness generally. To such a character wealth is certainly subordinate, and yet the cultivation of that will be found one of the surest ways of acquiring wealth. This includes all that is meant by the proverb, that “honesty is the best policy,” and something more. Not only is *honesty* the best policy, but there is a tendency in all righteousness, or, as the Scriptures term it, wisdom, to produce wealth and the outward means of enjoyment. “Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor.” Righteousness must exclude all habits of vice and of vain and injurious expense; it would insure industry and a sense of responsibility, and would secure that confidence which is so important an element of success with business men.

In the present disordered state of things, there may be, and are exceptions to this in individual cases; but, on a large scale, where alone the principle can be fairly tested, there can be no exception. Let a nation, let this nation become righteous, and it is as certain as any law in physics, that it would be the most effectual means of increasing its wealth and worldly prosperity. The heavy weights of crime and pauperism, that now drag society down, would fall off; its productive power would be greatly increased; property would be more valuable as more secure; and the imagination can hardly conceive the

extent to which such a nation might enjoy all that can make this life happy.

Again, how may a man best take care of and extend his reputation? Not by aiming at it directly, by anxiously nursing it, eager to show every unfavorable rumor to be false, and to fan every spark of good opinion into a flame; but by going on in an independent course of duty, leaving unfounded reports to die out of themselves, and the sparks to kindle into a flame, or not, as they may.

And if this be true of mere reputation, it is much more so of any great and lasting fame. The highest form of greatness, and, of course, the highest legitimate fame, can never belong to a man who has fame for his chief object. He is no true artist, who pursues his art for the sake of fame. The patriot, whose highest object is fame, is no patriot.

Health, pleasure, wealth, reputation, fame, these are all subordinate objects, and to them all the principle now laid down applies. As a general rule, they are best attained when some higher end is the immediate object of pursuit.

THE CURL OF GOLDEN HAIR.

I have a little treasure,
More beautiful to me
Than aught of gold or silver,
Or brightest gems I see.
'Tis not a costly jewel
In casket rich and fine—
Nor yet a thing of value,
To other hearts than mine.

And still I deem it priceless,
More precious far than gold;
More beautiful and lovely—
Than earthly gems all told.
'Tis not in iron coffers
My treasure safe I keep,
And though it's prized so highly,
I often o'er it weep.

In a closely folded paper,
And laid away with care—
Lies a little sunny ringlet,
A curl of golden hair.
With beauty once it shaded,
A fair and lovely brow;
And though long years have wasted,
Methinks I see it now.

How oft my fingers pressed it,
And twined it o'er and o'er
And wet with tears of anguish,
Such tears can flow no more—
For the angels came and called him
To live with them above,
While my heart was all o'erflowing
With a mother's earliest love.

Then, O how sad and lonely
Was everything to me;
His playthings all were gathered;
For those I could not see;
We put away his cradle,
With his little cushioned chair;
And my heart, like them was vacant,
For hope had withered there.

In the dark cold grave we laid him,
Where the weeping willows bow:
And of him this precious relic
Is all that's left me now.
Is it strange that I should love it,
And guard it well with care;
The little glossy ringlet,
The curl of golden hair?

A WORD TO MOTHERS.—In the evening, when your children have prayed for pardon and peace, endeavor to infuse the spirit of that beautiful expression in the Psalmist, "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety." At no time is the influence of a mother more valuable than when her children are retiring to rest.

RETROSPECT OF THE OLD YEAR.

BY CAROLA WILDGROVE.

Farewell *Old Year*. Thou hast passed with all thy train, and the path just trodden shall never again be pressed by thy footsteps. With thine imposing pageantry thou hast moved beyond our view, and never more may we gaze on thee, save through Memory's glass. Thou hast been an unceasing sower, what seeds hast thou scattered from thy hand, and what fruit shall they bear for the harvest that is to follow ?

Let us review thy career, through the telescope of recollection, for that delineates the outlines of thy form more correctly than the eye catches them in a moving Panorama, and portrays thy true colors more accurately than we trace them in rising splendor, beneath meridian rays, or in departing glory.

Down through the vista of days, weeks and months, to the moment of thy announcement, do I turn my retrospective glass, and behold thee entering upon thy stage of action. Thy thick snow-mantle sparkles in the bright beams of yonder sun, with a dazzling power, and thy glittering tiara of ice-gems emits the most brilliant coruscation, as thou movest with proudest grace, every step accompanied by all the haughty mien and stately bearing of royalty. Resonant greeting, merry bells, and the noisy mirth of pastimes, welcome thine appearance, and for the moment, I imagine it one scene of superb magnificence and universal enjoyment.

But I spy an extended back-ground and note far reaching quiet suburbs ; I scan their walks of retirement and in many a wretched hovel, on many a restless couch, shivering forms, starving skeletons, prostrate victims of disease, features convulsed with suffering, tossing figures with clinched fists, frowning brows, parted lips and set teeth, tell me there are cries of agony, shrieks of want, mutterings of pain, screams of anguish, dying groans and bitter curses, which come not up to mingle with the loud-sounding, jubilant strains. Yes, there were ex-

pressions of joy and utterances of sorrow, living pictures of happiness and stern realities of misery, to mark the beginning of thy reign, even as there have ever been to mark that of thy predecessors ; only, methinks the conglomerated mass of sorrow and misery, previously swollen to mammoth dimensions by the continuous action of a freezing atmosphere, and still increasing by the accessions received from the force of thy congealing breath, far outweighed that of former years.

I scan thee at the numerous stand-points of thy path, and find that thou, like other years, hast swept thy thousands into eternity, and hung the death-pall over many bleeding hearts ; like them thou hast ushered thousands into existence, making other hearts exult with joy o'er a new-comer in whose little life lies wrapped an immortal destiny. Like other years, thou hast promiscuously scattered the offerings of prosperity and the crushing weights of adversity, awaking smiles and tears mingled like the sunshine and cloud of an April day. But in thy varied routine, thou hast been one of storms more than other years. Natural storms, tempests in the monetary world, political gales and inundations of crime, have so characterized thee that thou mayest well be termed the stormy year.

Earth has been almost constantly deluged with thy deep snows and heavy rains ; far down into her soil thy drenching floods must frequently have percolated. But Nature's storms are purifiers and fertilizers ; we are nerved to bear their fury by the assurance that favorable results shall follow, and we smile cheerfully beneath their lowering clouds and frowns of darkness, with the anticipation of brighter sunshine and more genial rays. Trusting that our softened soil, rendered more rich and productive by thy saturating visitations, shall now yield back to our hand more abundant harvests, we will thank thee for thy dripping ministrations, and even bless thee, stormy year.

Next we contemplate the tempests which have raged in the monetary world, what mission was theirs ? Have they swept away the dense fogs of extravagance and folly which brooded over us like the deadly miasma ? Have they penetrated deep, softening and fertilizing the soil of honesty, integrity and

Christian honor, in which securely rooted, a healthy credit and a friendly confidence may everywhere grow up in the business-world, affording welcome shades and safe retreats? We look for such results, and if they gladden our expectations then blessings too for the monetary storms, though their immediate effect was nought but "Hard Times."

And the gales that have visited our political world, what have they wrought? Have they ploughed up the ground, as it were, and exposed the poisonous principles, that, buried deep, gave out rank exhalations fatal to right, to justice, to all the beautiful verdure of a *true republic*, and all the sweet blossoms of a *Heaven-owned democracy*, but rapidly perfecting everywhere the loathsome weeds of corruption and tyranny? Let us hope that their fierce breath has nerved up man strong for the right, that it has infused into his heart a living energy to combat even to death the unsightly products of these fatal principles, yea, to reach them in their buried retreats, and effect their entire extermination. From the angry strifes of debate, from the scathing storms raised by the passionate attempts of ruffians and slavery, committed administrations to wrong and oppress, let us look to see the whole domain of a corrupt political vegetation devastated, every foul plant torn up by the roots, shivered, thrown prostrate and pelted to certain death, while the oaks of liberty, the cedars of manly strength and virtuous integrity, and the hardy, yet beautiful shrubs of freedom, justice, and truth stand rooted in right and sustained by Heavenly might. Then let us hope for a pure atmosphere and a tranquil sky, lured by whose genial influences and winning serenity, the sweet flowers of peace, friendly union and brotherly love shall spring up around every home throughout our country, to exhale rich perfumes for all.

Again, the inundations of crime which seem to have broken in upon us the last year with redoubled fury, what have they left in their path? Have they aroused in man a more dauntless spirit to throw up stronger and higher parapets against their rage? May we look through the moral world, and especially through the Christian confines, to see every one en-

gaged in laying wide, deep and strong, the Gospel principles of love to God and good will to man, and rearing them high as a barrier which no concentrated power of whole armies of criminals and fiends can batter down, no subterranean movement undermine, and which no rage can overleap. Shall such a rampart be reared around every home, every school, every college, every church, every mart of business, every social circle, and every council chamber? Shall it defend every highway, and every spot pressed by the foot of man? Shall we find the influence of every Christian exerted to bring every other individual into this glorious work of fortification, until there shall be none left to raise a hand, or even to cast an evil eye against this mighty breastwork?

We would that these blessed results might all follow at once the varied storms which have marked thy path, Old Year.

With such hopes, we turn to welcome thy young successor, the New Year, upon the theatre of action, looking for him to be faithful in advancing the great works for which thou hast made preparation, and trusting that during his reign we shall reap many plentiful harvests for which thou didst make ready the soil, stormy year.

THE ECHO.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

A rider through the valley pass'd,
And slowly pick'd his way,
"Ah, leads this to my loved one's arms,
Or to my grave to-day?"
The echo answer'd "yea,
To your grave to-day."

Then farther rode that rider on,
His breast with gloom oppress'd,
"Ah, must I then so very soon
Fall—in the grave to rest?"
The echo said, "'tis best
In the grave to rest."

The rider then let fall a tear
Down from his brimming eye;
"If peace be only in the grave,
Then it is good to die."
Deep was the echo's sigh,
"It is good to die."

THE MOTHER'S LEGACY.

OR THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

CHAPTER I.

In a pleasant, elegantly furnished room, reclining in a soft, easy chair, is a woman of not more than twenty-eight. The soft, brown hair is smoothed quietly from the pale, hollow, temples, and the eyes have the clear brilliant light, and the cheeks wear the bright hectic flush, which fling such a strange, unearthly beauty around the consumptive.

One thin transparent hand is resting on the inspired word of God, which lays open before her, the other is pressed convulsively upon her heart, and an expression of more than physical agony shadows her whole countenance. The sentence has gone forth—*to die*! She feels and knows, that in a little while, the places that know her now shall know her no more forever!

It is very hard to turn away from the bright future, that is opening so pleasantly before her, and lie down in the cold grave. It is harder still to give up the kind, indulgent, husband and numerous friends that are so dear to her, but it is not that which contracts that pale forehead with an expression of such bitter agony. It is the thought of the dear children, who must so soon be left motherless; the precious babes that God has given her, and whom she had fondly hoped she should live to train for his kingdom.

She arose, and with a feeble, unsteady step, passed into an adjoining room; where they lay in peaceful slumber, unconscious of the heavy misfortune that was impending over them.

She bent over them, and smoothing back the clustering curls from their tranquil brows, gazed earnestly upon them. As she gazed, all the mother's love was aroused in her heart, and throwing herself upon her kness before the couch upon which they lay, she put up an agonizing petition for life.

But words are inadequate to describe the fervent eloquence of that prayer. The earnestness with which she pleaded for a few more years of life. "Great God!" she said in conclusion, "Spare me a little while, I beseech thee, for the sake of my dear children. Take me not away from them while they are at such a tender age; while their characters are unformed, their principles unfixed, their hearts undisciplined, and they have so little knowledge of thee and thy truth. Who will instruct them in thy laws? Who will take them by the hand and lead them to Jesus when I am gone? Who will watch over and care for them like the eye and heart of a mother?"

She ceased; overcome, and exhausted by the violence of her emotion. No sound broke the solemn stillness of the room, save the convulsive sobs that heaved her bosom; yet there came a still small voice to her soul, saying, "Leave thy children with *me*, I will care for them. Place them in *my* arms, and lo I will never leave or forsake them!"

As the weeping mother listened to these soothing words, a feeling of peace and security stole into her heart, mingled with shame and humiliation at her distrust of the goodness of God; and raising her head, she exclaimed fervently, "Merciful Father! I will leave them with thee. Pitiful and loving Saviour! I place them in the arms of thy love. Take them, they *are* thine!"

And again that voice came to her soul, saying, "*They are mine!*"

Tender and soul-subduing were the aspirations that arose from that mother's heart, as she again addressed the throne of grace. With renewed hope and trust she dedicated them to God. She entreated that the holy principles that she had labored so unwearily to instil into their hearts might never be eradicated. That in the hour of temptation those early teachings might rise up before them, and stand like guardian angels, between them and the path of evil.

She arose from her knees, and with a light and tranquil heart passed out of the room; too much absorbed in her own feelings to notice that the children had been aroused from

slumber, and had been listening to her prayer with mingled awe and wonder.

"Ellenor," said the boy, raising himself up, and looking towards the couch on which his sister lay, "are you awake?"

"Yes, Edward, I have been awake this long time."

"Did you hear what mother was saying?"

"Yes, she was praying," returned Ellenor; "I have heard her pray a great many times, but I never heard her pray in that way before."

"Could you understand it?"

"No, not all of it," was the artless rejoinder, "Only that she wanted God to make us good children, and take care of us as long as we lived."

"Well, I guess he will. Did you hear what mother said about going away and leaving us? What do you suppose she meant?"

"I don't know," returned his sister thoughtfully. "Perhaps she is going to grandpa's to make a visit, just as she did last summer."

"O! I hope she will, and take us with her. Wont we have a good time?"

"Yes, I mean to ask mother to-morrow if we mayn't go too."

After a few more childish remarks on the pleasure of the anticipated visit, they were silent. And soon their regular and quiet breathing indicated that they were sweetly sleeping.

Happy and guileless children! How unconscious they were that the hour was swiftly approaching that was to make them motherless! What sleep is there that is so calm and refreshing as the sleep of childhood?

Mrs. Allen, the lady we have just introduced to the reader was a woman of uncommon purity, both of heart and life. At the age of eighteen she chose the part of Mary, and since that day to the present time, her heart has been growing daily stronger and more fervent in the love of Christ and his kingdom.

She married at the age of twenty, and, as the world said, well. And in one respect she did; for her husband was not only high in the world's esteem, but a noble, kind-hearted man,

Mr. Allen was tenderly attached to his pure and gentle wife, whose daily life and conversation were a living illustration of the power and beauty of religion ; but on the subject so near to her heart there was no sympathy between them. Mrs. Allen felt this keenly. She grieved much, in secret, over the careless, unbelieving husband so dear to her ; and many and earnest were the petitions that she put up in his behalf to the throne of mercy.

Two children were born to them, twins, a son and a daughter. Few mothers have such a realizing sense of the solemn obligations resting upon them, as did Mrs. Allen, when she took for the first time in her arms those dear children. And every day since their birth, the training of the precious souls committed to her keeping had been a subject of prayerful consideration.

They were bright, active children, very lovely, both in form and disposition : and as they grew in strength and beauty, their mother's heart twined closely and tenderly around them, and she formed many bright anticipations of their future usefulness and happiness.

But Death stays not for human ties or hopes. For two years, Mrs. Allen's health has been slowly failing ; and for the last six months she had been under the daily care of a physician, having every symptom of confirmed consumption. And she has now received through his lips the mournful intelligence, that there is no hope of her recovery ; that she can survive at the most, but a few weeks longer.

CHAPTER II.

"Weep not forme," she said with smiling brow,

"I go the angel's crown to win and wear!

Farewell, dear husband, I am going now,

O ! say that you will surely meet me there !"

She clasped his hand, and would not let him go,

Until his pledged and solemn word was given ;

Death's waiting angel tarried for the vow—

It stands recorded in the book of heaven!

"My dear Annie," said Mr. Allen a few days after, gazing tenderly into the face of his wife, whose cheeks were crimsoned, and her eyes radiant with the consuming fever in her veins,

"how well you are looking! You are certainly better than you were,"

Mrs. Allen looked sadly into those hopeful eyes. "My best earthly friend," she said seriously, listen to me. "I have had something on my mind to say to you for some time, but have deferred it, because I knew the subject would be a painful one to you. But I *must* speak to you now; for I feel that what I have to do and say, must be said and done quickly. I am dying, Walter. In a little while I must leave you!"

Mr. Allen looked, for a moment, searchingly into the face of the speaker; and then as the fearful truth flashed upon his mind, he turned his head quickly away, while his whole frame shook with agony. "How can I give you up, Annie!" he said at last.

Mrs. Allen was strongly moved by this burst of feeling; her lips quivered, and the tears came into her eyes. "Dear Walter," she said, laying her hand tenderly upon his brow, "do not grieve so. I must leave you, but, not forever. I have the faith to believe," she added fervently, "that our parting will not be an eternal one; that we shall meet hereafter. My dear husband, will you not *try* to meet me there?"

Mr. Allen gazed with awe and wonder upon her countenance, which bore the radiant impress of another world, though his heart was blinded by unbelief, and he could not understand the full force of her appeal. Yet he knew that it was the request of his dying wife, and he said tenderly, "I will do anything for your sake, Annie."

"For *my* sake," repeated the wife sadly. And she sighed as she thought how far he was from the knowledge of Christ.

But in a few moments her countenance resumed its tranquil expression. "I have prayed for you," she said calmly; "and I believe that my prayers will avail."

"But there is another subject," she continued, "Which lies very near to both your heart and mine — *our children*. There was a long and bitter struggle in my heart when I first realized that I must leave them, but it is over now. I have given them to God, knowing that he will care for them, even more tenderly than I can. When Edward and Ellenor reach the

age of eighteen, at which age I humbly trust that I was born into the kingdom of God, I wish that you would give them this;" she added impressively, laying her hand upon a small wooden box upon a table by her side, "and tell them that it is a legacy left them by their dying mother. Will you do this, Walter?"

"I will," was the scarcely audible reply.

Days passed. Mrs. Allen grew still more feeble, until at last she was confined entirely to her bed. But her soul waxed stronger and brighter, as frailer and weaker grew its clayey tenement.

Reader, did you ever see a Christian die? If you have, you have witnessed one of the most sublime spectacles that mortal eyes ever beheld. It is a scene upon which angels gaze in holy rapture, and very precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

But it would be impossible to describe the glory of the parting scene, the holy halo that encircled the brow of the dying wife and mother as she passed through the deep waters to the thither shore. She kissed and blessed her children, and addressed a few words of counsel to each one of her friends and attendants, and then tranquilly bade them farewell. Then turning to her husband, who was standing by her side, she said, feebly, "I am going Walter; I am going to leave you now. Must this be our *last* meeting? Shall I *never* see you again? O! say that you will meet me in heaven!"

As Mr. Allen, too much affected to speak, made no reply, she clasped his hand in both of her's, saying still more earnestly, "Promise me, my dear husband, I cannot die in peace unless you do!"

"I promise!" was the low and solemn reply.

As he said this, an expression of satisfaction passed over her features, and closing her eyes, she looked as if she had now done with earthly things. And in a few moments after, with the paleness of mortal agony upon her brow, but with a smile and a song of triumph upon her lips, she passed away.

To be continued.

THE MAIDEN'S ROCK.

A LEGEND OF LAKE PEPIN.

BY MARY A. ELY.

As the traveller ascends the Mississippi river, about thirty-five miles from St. Paul, he comes to the mouth of the river St. Croix, and here takes a boat ride up Lake Pepin. This lake differs in appearance from the northern lakes which I have seen, being of a red color, smooth and still. The length of it is thirty-five miles, and it is from three to five miles wide. In looking upon this calm, serene little sheet of water he would never dream that it is often so rough and boisterous that it is dangerous for our river boats to attempt to navigate it. Of this fact we were made acquainted by the captain of the boat upon which we were travelling. In going up this Lake it will hardly be well, though somewhat digressing, to pass by, without comment, a bluff, which is seen apparently very near, and yet is at a great distance, in the exact form of a rainbow. Every moment the traveller is expecting to come to its closing point, but it continues to go round and round for a number of miles, and on looking back he still sees the same rainbow form, and, were it not for the beautiful rainbow color, he would think it might strictly be called the Rainbow Bluff. On leaving this point we come to a bluff said to be two hundred feet in height, called the "Maiden's Rock." It received its name from a Legend of the Indians which is handed down to us as follows: Here a young Indian maiden ended her days in a most sad and melancholy manner by leaping from this rock into the lake below. She was the only daughter of one of the most brave and powerful chiefs of his tribe, the light of his eye and the glory of his wigwam. This Indian maiden had become most devotedly attached to a young warrior, but her parents, especially her father, violently opposed the union, for no other reason but this, viz: that he had never scalped a pale face, and was consequently not entitled to wear the

feathers of the War Eagle upon his head. This was the badge of bravery, and the warrior who could boast of having taken the greatest number of scalps was entitled to the plumes of the War Eagle. The old chief (this maiden's father) had determined she should marry an old warrior renowned in battle, whose hand had scalped many a white man, and whose head was filled with the feathers of the eagle. *This* the father considered a fitting match for the young, ardent, loving heart of the "White Fawn." She opposed resolutely the wishes of her father, and when she found that all her prayers, tears and entreaties were unavailing, she told her mother that rather than wed this aged warrior she would put an end to her life; but the mother was incredulous, and regarded her words only as a threat. She did not for a moment believe that her ill-fated daughter could be sincere in such a resolution. One morning, having missed her from the wigwam for a much longer time than usual, she looked out and oh! horror! beheld her standing on the top of the rock, her long black hair floating upon the breeze, and with wild gestures and eyes uplifted to Heaven, she was singing the mournful, melancholy death song of the Indians. With maternal grief and agony untold the poor mother hastened to inform the father and brothers of the danger of the wigwam idol; and with desperate haste they ascended the rock to snatch her from such a fearful spot and an untimely fate, but as they came almost within reach, she made the fearful leap, and was quickly lost in the deep waters below. For some moments, the stern old warrior stood looking down into the now placid lake in mute despair, then with his sorrowing sons (her loving brothers) they slowly descended to return to their hut which was never again to be lighted by the smile and cheered by the wild songs of the Indian maiden. Grief is silent but deep with the red man. Ever after was the head of that brave warrior bowed down, and his eye so piercing, which had ever looked up as the eagle towards the heavens, was cast to the very ground. Dark, sullen, and quiet he went from day to day, never lifting his eye except to look in agony upon that fearful rock and listen to the wild song of his Indian girl from

her spirit home in the beautiful lake which had enclosed her. The Indians to this day never pass by this rock, without a feeling of dread and awe, as they insist that she is *ever* singing that death song — that her wail is *ever* sounding upon the air. Subdued and solemn they wend their way along this lake until the rock is lost to sight.

This Maiden's Rock is a romantic and beautiful spot with a green descending mound at its base, and from that to the edge of the lake it is thickly studded with trees.

This spot does not strike the eye of the traveller, however, with so much force as many of the other Bluffs of the Mississippi, but this Legend gives to it a wild beauty, the fate of the maiden investing it with thrilling interest and romance.

THE WEDDING SPECTRE.

I see the gorgeous bridal train
Sweep down the isle, the organ strain
Warbles its welcome overhead,
In chime with love's elastic tread ;
But follows close an envious shade—
"Bind heart to heart
Till I do part."

They mutely list the solemn prayer,
They vow to love in joy or care,
In God's dear name they clasp their hands,
They twain are one in heaven's own bands ;
But still the spectre mocking stands—
"Bind heart to heart
Till I do part."

I bid them with a blessing go,
The organ's peals melodious flow,
They turn again, they two are wed.
They move with love's ecstatic tread ;
Yet follows close that envious Shade—
"Bind heart to heart
Till I do part."

But now beside the op'ning door
There stands a form unseen before ;
He who on earth made water wine
Bestows on these his smile divine ;
"Ye twain are one, and both are Mine,
Heart bound in heart
Death cannot part." — *Independent.*

CHILD'S DEPARTMENT.



THE WOLF.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

“The wolf! the wolf!” so cried the boy,
Who stood to guard his father’s sheep,
As if he heard the “wolf’s long howl”
And saw him coming leap by leap.

The shepherds snatched their guns and run
To shoot the wolf and save the fold,
But soon the kindly shepherds found
The wicked boy a lie had told.

At length the fearful wolf appeared;
“Wolf!” — “wolf!” — cried Peter as before,
“Well, well,” the shepherds said, “cry on
You won’t deceive us any more.”

Down on the flock the fierce wolf came
And sadly tore his father’s sheep,
But all the wicked boy could do
Was cry aloud in vain, and weep.

And ought not boys who will tell lies
And do such folly in their youth,
To mourn at last with weeping eyes
And suffer when they tell the truth?

From Peter and the wolf, then learn,
Dear reader, while you yet are young,
Do not deceive, but speak the truth,
And guard against a lying tongue.

For God can hear you when you speak
Deceitful words—and falsely cry;
He your guilty heart will break,
If he should hear you tell a lie.

A TRAP TO CATCH BOYS.

EDITORIAL.

“Father,” exclaimed Charlie, as the steel trap was brought from the cellar with a large rat in it, “what a fool that rat was to run into the trap! If I was he I would’nt be caught with my eyes open.”

“What is that, my son?” said his father, “I’am afraid you are no wiser than the rat sometimes, and run into traps just as foolishly.”

“What traps?” inquired Charlie, with a mysterious gaze, and considerable earnestness. “Not steel traps?”

“Steel traps are not the worst kind of traps, my son,” continued Mr. A——. “Those that are set to catch foolish boys are much more to be dreaded.”

“Who sets such things for boys, I should like to know?” asked Charlie with much surprise.

“Be patient, and I will tell you,” replied his father. “I once knew a little boy who was forbidden to go to the barrel of molasses in his father’s cellar. One day his mother’s suspicions were aroused, and she said, ‘Come here, my son, have you been to that molasses?’ ‘No, mother,’ he said. ‘Beware that you tell the truth, my son,’ replied his mother. ‘What is

that on your face but molasses ?” Sure enough, one of his cheeks was streaked with molasses, proof positive that he had been where he said he had not. “Was he not caught in a trap with his eyes open ?”

Charlie hung down his head for very shame, for he knew that he himself was that little boy.

“I think such a trap,” added Mr. A——, “is worse than a steel trap, and that such boys are as foolish as the rat we have just caught. And now, Charlie, I hope you will remember not to run into any more traps with your eyes wide open. When your companions entice you to go where you have been forbidden to go ; when you are tempted to disobey your parents for the sake of some anticipated pleasure ; when you seek to conceal your wrong doings ; when you are tempted to deceive or lie ; remember the foolish rat, and look out that you are not caught in another trap which Satan sets for boys.”

A TRUE STORY.

BY MARY IDE TORREY.

“There is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty.”

Samuel, John, and Thomas were sons of a clergyman who lived in the country. They had each a little patch of ground, in which they were allowed to raise potatoes, onions, and other vegetables, and sell them for pocket money, and they were taught to give, as God had prospered them, to those who were needy.

Samuel was the eldest, and a very smart boy. He loved to work, and he loved the money that he could get by work. He was willing to do almost any job, if by so doing he could add to his little property. He did not wait for opportunities to come to him, but he sought them out, and in this way acquired much more than his brothers, all of which he carefully laid aside in silver.

One Sabbath morning an Agent came to the house of their father, and asked a contribution for some important charity. He told them a very interesting story about the wants of some of the poor, and excited the sympathy of all the family. His

father, mother, elder sisters, and brothers, John and Thomas, all gave something to the agent.

"Where is Samuel," said their mother, as the little boys came with their offerings, "Has 'nt he anything to give?" Samuel did'nt appear.

"He says his money is all in large pieces of silver, and he don't like to break it," said John. His mother offered to change it for him, but Samuel preferred to keep it intire.

The next morning, Samuel took out his silver, and showed it to the admiring eyes of John and Thomas. "There" said he, "I've got so much bright solid silver, and you have'nt half, nor quarter of this sum. I work hard and look out sharp to get money, and then I don't spend it all, or give it away, as you do, but I *keep* it, and that's the way to do, if you ever wish to be rich. And now I am going to carry some of my potatoes to Mr. Carter, who has promised to give me a quarter of a dollar as soon as I bring them, and then what a fine parcel of money I shall have! Samuel jingled the cash triumphantly, as he put it away in his little box. John and Thomas looked after him as he went out of the yard with his potatoes, and quite envied him, though they did not think he was right in refusing to give something to the Agent.

About two hours after, Samuel returned, walking slowly and sorrowfully. His young brothers ran out to meet him, and asked to see his money. Samuel took them out behind the barn, and said, "I've lost my quarter and can't find it any where, but don't tell mother, for she will say it was because I did'nt give anything to the Lord yesterday."

So strong an impression did the loss of this quarter of a dollar make upon Samuel and his brothers, that neither of them ever dared afterwards refuse to give, if they had any money. For said they, "*If we dont give, the Lord will take, and perhaps He will take more than he asks us to give.*"

Samuel grew up to be a successful merchant, and he was always known as a very *benevolent* man. Having early learned "there is that withholdeth more than is meet and it tendeth to poverty," he now experienced the truth, "there is that scattereth and yet *increaseth*."

THE PIN.

BY JANE TAYLOR.

“ Dear me ! what signifies a pin,
Wedged in a rotten board ?
I’m certain that I won’t begin,
At ten years old, to hoard !
I never will be called a miser,
That I’m determined,” said Eliza.

So onward tripped the little maid,
And left the pin behind,
Which very snug and quiet laid,
To its hard fate resigned ;
Nor did she think (the careless chit,)
’Twas worth her while to stoop for it.

Next day a party was to ride
To see an air balloon ;
And all the company beside,
Were dressed and ready soon,
But she a woful case was in,
For want of just a single pin !

In vain her eager eyes she brings
To every darksome crack ;
There was not one, and all her things
Were dropping off her back,
She looked her pin-cushion all through,
But not a pin appeared in view.

At last, as hunting round the floor
Over a crack she lay,
The carriage rattled to the door,
Then rattled fast away.
But poor Eliza was not in,
For want of just — one single pin !

There’s hardly anything so small,
So trifling or so mean,
That we may never want at all
For service unforeseen.
And *wilful waste*, depend upon’t
Is, almost always, *woful want*.

ROSALIE AND HETTY.

BY FANNY FERN.

Everybody called Rosalie a beauty. Everbody was right. Her cheeks looked like a ripe peach ; her hair waved over as fair a forehead as ever a zephyr kissed ; her eyes and mouth were as perfect as eyes and mouth could be ; no violet was softer or bluer than the one, no rosebud sweeter than the other. All colors became Rosalie, and whatever she did was gracefully done.

Yes, everybody thought Rosalie was "a beauty." *Rosalie thought so herself.* So, she took no pains to be good, or amiable or obliging. She never cared about learning anything, for she said to herself, I can afford to have my own way ; I can afford to be a dunce if I like ; I will be always sought and admired for my pretty face.

So Rosalie dressed as tastefully as she and the dressmaker knew how, and looked *up* to show her fine eyes, and *down* to show her long eye-lashes, and held up her dress and hopped over little imaginary puddles, to show her pretty feet ; and smiled to show her white teeth ; and danced to show her fine form — and was as brilliant and as brainless as a butterfly.

Now, I suppose you think that Rosalie was very happy. Not at all ! She was in a perfect fidget lest she should not get all the admiration she wanted. She was torturing herself all the while, for fear some prettier face would come along and eclipse hers. If she went to a party and every person in the room (but one) admired her, she would fret herself sick, because *that one* didn't bow down and worship her.

Never having studied or read anything, Rosalie could talk nothing but nonsense ; so, everybody that conversed with her, talked nonsense too, and paid her silly compliments, and made her believe that all she needed to make her *quite* an angel was a pair of wings ; and then she would hold her pretty head on one side, and simper ; and they would go away laughing in their sleeves, and saying, "What a vain little fool Rosalie is !"

Now, Rosalie's cousin Hetty was as plain as a chestnut-bur. She had not a single pretty feature in her face. Nobody ever thought of calling Hetty a beauty, and *she knew it!* She was used to being overlooked; but she didn't go whining round and making herself unhappy about it,—not she. She just put her mind on something else. She studied and read books, and learned a great many useful things; so, she had a great deal in her mind to think of, and went singing about as happy as could be, without minding whether anybody noticed her or not.

So she grew up sweet-tempered, amiable, generous and happy. When she went into company, strangers would say, "What a plain little body Hetty is." If they could not find anybody else to talk to, they would go speak to her. Then Hetty would look up at them with one of her quiet smiles, and commence talking. She would say a great many very sensible things, and some queer ones, and they would listen—and listen—and by and by look at their watch and wonder what *had* made time fly so; and then go home, wondering to themselves *how they could ever call such an agreeable girl as Hetty "homely."*

So you see, everybody learned to love her when they found out what a *beautiful soul* she had; and while Rosalie was pining and fretting herself sick because her beauty was fading, and her admirers were dropping off one by one to flatter prettier faces, Hetty went quietly on her way, winning hearts—*and keeping them too.*

"Will you give me them pennies now?" said a big news-boy to a little one, after giving him a severe thumping.

"No, I won't," was the reply.

"Then I'll give you another pounding."

"Pound away. Me an' Dr. Franklin agrees; Dr. Franklin says: Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

BY REV. H. HUMPHREY, D. D.

"Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed."

Here is a promise with two conditions. The conditions are, "Trust in the Lord and do good."

First condition. "Trust in the Lord!" All depend upon him alike, the rich and the poor, for the supply of their daily wants. The difference is not in kind, but in degree. The poor are more directly and obviously dependent, than their wealthy neighbors, who in times of scarcity have enough and to spare. Those who have little or nothing to depend on for the purchase of their daily bread, are strongly tempted to distrust Providence and murmur at their hard lot.

This is wrong. They know that He who hears and feeds the young ravens when they cry, can take care of them and their families; and that thousands have been provided for in ways that they thought not of. But how are the poor to trust in the Lord? Not by sitting down in idleness, and waiting for God to send them bread, without their doing anything to obtain it. This is not *trust* but *presumption*. "Let not that man think he shall receive anything of the Lord." It is when the poor have done all they can to sustain themselves by their industry and economy, that they can truly be said to trust in the Lord, and not otherwise. To sit down and wait for the needful supplies, just as if nothing depended on them, would be provoking God to withhold the blessing, and justly let them suffer.

Second condition. "*Do good.*" This means a good deal more than doing all you can for the support of your family. This is quite too confined. There is no benevolence in it. It is nothing more than yielding to the social principle which God has planted in the most selfish bosoms, to provide for those who must otherwise suffer, or perish for want of the necessities of life.

But some, a great many, not on the pauper list, are so poor that they cannot help anybody to food or clothing, and how can they do good when they have nothing to do it with? An hard and pinching necessity, they are apt to think, excuses

them by putting it out of their power. This might be so, if there were no other ways of doing good ; though even, in that case, it is by no means certain but that dividing the last loaf with a still more destitute family would avail them more than to keep the whole. Such cases have happened, and turned out to the advantage of the givers from their penury, and will happen again.

But waiving this, hardly anybody is so destitute and dependent as to be utterly cut off from the privilege of doing good in some way. If you have health and can get no work, in the existing stagnation and general pressure, can you not visit the destitute and sympathize with them, and encourage them, and exhort them to look for help to Him who has all the resources of the world at his command ? This would be doing good—more, perhaps, than if you would give them bread, or money. If God has endowed you with a better facility to save and live on a little less than some others, can you not help them to make the most and the best of a little ? If this is practicable, then do not ask how you can do any good. Again, if you cannot help to feed or warm them in the cold winter, cannot you make known their necessities to some who can in this way do them good ? Almost any one, in the most straitened circumstances, who sets his heart on doing good in these hard times, will find some way to accomplish it. So much for the two conditions.

Now for the promise annexed : “ Trust in the Lord and do good and verily thou shalt be fed ! ” Can you trust God to fulfil this promise ? It is not necessary to understand it, as reaching every possible case. God, for wise reasons, may for a time leave some who trust in him to extreme want, to try their faith and patience. But after all, he is not slack, concerning this any more than his other “ great and precious promises.” Did you ever hear of anybody’s complaining, though I have trusted in the Lord and done all the good in my power, I have not been fed ? Do you know any such family that has been left to starve ? If some, who read this paper, do not know where their subsistence for the winter is to come from, let them fairly test the promise by performing the conditions, If they are not fed, let them tell us of their disappointment.

THE JUVENILE CODE REVISED.

BY REV. J. C. WEBSTER.

The world is made up very much of antagonisms. A system of opposites runs through both the material and moral universe. It is seen in the heat and cold, light and darkness of the one; and the truth and falsehood, right and wrong of the other. These opposites equally involve each other. The wrong as necessarily implies the right, as the right does the wrong. A knowledge of the one also involves a knowledge of the other. If one is known, the other must be. So virtue becomes the love of right, and vice the love of wrong. Innocence is right-doing, guilt is wrong-doing, and conscience is the great arbiter. If one knows that he has done right conscience approves, and is his own delightful reward. But if he knows that he has done wrong, conscience condemns, and inflicts mental pain. Hence a consciousness of wrong doing necessarily involves the conviction that the right ought to be done in its stead; and one is a sinner in that he pursues the wrong while he knows the right. Therefore, when he does wrong he tries to flatter himself that he is doing right. He never openly or avowedly vindicates the wrong as wrong. Before he can justify himself he must believe, or pretend to believe, that it is right. The wrong is tolerated under the mistaken or wilful apprehension of its being right. The voice of conscience must first, in some way, be hushed. Otherwise it is as true to the right as the needle to the pole.

But, from the earliest period of moral action, there is a struggle between conscience and passion. The little child naturally wants the wrong to be right. But his desire for the wrong is not stronger than his sense of the right. Therefore, to correct the wrong, an appeal must be made to the opposite sense of right. So that, to revise the juvenile code our youth must learn that the right alone is honorable, and that the wrong is always dishonorable. Bring the juvenile notions of honor to this test, and the young will see that many things

which they are wont to think honorable are really dishonorable, and vice versa.

For instance, they are inclined to think that it is manly to revenge an insult. They think it mean to take an insult quietly. Some parents are unwise and wicked enough to teach their children self-vindication of their rights by taking the business of chastisement into their own hands. But the true honor is to forgive injuries. It is to overcome and subdue the feeling of anger. This places one in the very front rank of heroes and conquerors. For the wisest of men, by the dictates of inspiration, has said, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty: and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." There is a generosity in forgiveness which is truly honorable. There is a corresponding meanness in revenge, which is most dishonorable. It dethrones reason and enthrones passion. It reduces the human to a level with the brutal.

Again, youth think it brave to break away from proper authority, and have it known among themselves that they are their own masters. They call it independence. But their sense of right teaches them differently. They know that order is good and essential to their own peace and prosperity; and they know just as well that order cannot be maintained without subjection to law. Besides, law or authority involves obligation. Obedience is honestly due from the governed to the governor, from the highest to the lowest relations of moral being. To render obedience, therefore, is honorable, because it is the payment of one's honest debts. To refuse obedience is as dishonorable as the non-payment of one's honest debts. There is nothing that contributes to the honor of the highest angels in heaven, more than their complete subjection to the divine law. It is not more the crime than the disgrace of the devils in hell that they refused allegiance to God. But God has established a variety of subordinate authorities, as those of parents, teachers and civil rulers. It is as wrong to revolt from any one of them, in the exercise of their proper functions, as to abjure our more direct allegiance to God himself. For the moon to fly off from its orbit around the earth, would

be as much a violation of the grand law which regulates the solar system, as for the earth itself to depart from its circuit around the sun. The honor of the material universe is as much involved in the regular revolution of the satellites around their primaries as that of the primaries around the celestial orb. For so perfectly adjusted are all the forces of the material world that the satellites can maintain their allegiance to the great central orb and rejoice in his glorious light only by continuing faithful, in obedience to the secondary law that binds them to their primaries. So God has arranged that man or child can revolve around his throne, and receive honor from him only as he keeps in his proper orbit around the subordinate centres of power, which he has established throughout his moral world.

But again, youth sometimes think that honor demands a denial of the truth. This mistake is founded on the admitted meanness of treachery. Because it is dishonorable to betray a comrade, they wrongly infer that it is honorable to lie in order to screen him. Whereas a strict adherence to truth is the surest as well as the most honorable method by which youth may preserve good faith among themselves. This point, perhaps, can be best illustrated by a fact, as it actually occurred some years ago in a New England college. As it sometimes happens in these institutions, some of the students in a particular class had been engaged in what is familiarly called "a scrape" or "a row." The Faculty felt called upon to investigate the matter. For this purpose one after another was summoned before them; but each flatly denied all personal knowledge of the affair. Every one lied most egregiously in obedience to what he supposed to be the dictates of honor among comrades. But there was one young man, who had a revised statute in his code, by a strict obedience to which he maintained his honor, both with the Faculty and his associates, who had lost theirs in their dishonorable method of preserving it. We will call his name Melvin. In his turn he was cited to appear before the Faculty. "Well," said the President in his guttural tones, "Melvin, what do you know about this matter?" The young man did not answer. But

the Faculty saw the tokens of a struggle in his mind. The President repeated the question. "Melvin, what do you know about this matter?" There was still no reply. But the struggle evidently increased in the young man's breast. And the President, in still more emphatic tones, said the third time: "Melvin what do you know about this matter?" The young man could contain himself no longer. He burst into tears and said: "Mr. President, I am in a strait betwixt two. For, if I refuse to tell what I know, I fall under the censure of the Faculty. But, if I do tell what I know, I fall under the censure of my class." Lie he could not, and yet he wanted, if possible, to escape the censure of his comrades as well as of his teachers. It was a beautiful example of firm moral integrity. It was such an appeal to the generosity and compassion of the college government, that the President said, immediately, "Melvin, go to your room." Thus, by refusing to deviate from the direct line of truth, he escaped Scylla on the one hand and Charybdis on the other. His example has been frequently cited by that President in his Baccalaureate addresses to succeeding classes of young men, as a specimen of honorable youthful conduct. Let that same inflexible adherence to truth prevail among the youth, and always balance their obligations, both to their superiors and their associates, and their characters will furnish abundant evidence of being regulated by a code of honor and not of dishonor.

As among men, so among youth, we find here and there an isolated example of honorable conduct and character. But how important that it become general. In order, however, to give such a general tone to youthful character, it is essential that the atmosphere in which it is reared should be imbued with it. But, alas! how corrupt! Witness the violence and oppression of national and state governments, in the enactment and execution of iniquity by a law! Witness the forgeries, embezzlements, repudiations, adulterations, not to say systems of fraud in the business community. Is it all to be attributed to a lax state of morals and religion in the church and the family?

Where then is hope for our youth, and through our youth for our country and the world, but in a return to a more faithful and prayerful inculcation of the soul-humbling principles of the gospel, and, if need be, an enforcement by parents and guardians of the moral duties enjoined in the Bible upon the young?

RAMBLES IN THE VALE OF SHARON.

BY PROF. LAWRENCE.

About noon we came to a well, kept by a long-bearded patriarchal looking Mussulman, where we stopped for lunch. It was perhaps dug by Abraham. Here, it is probable, Isaac and Jacob often collected their flocks, and from its cool water the reapers of Boaz doubtless quenched their thirst. Upon these sunny slopes, the royal singer of Israel tended his father's sheep. In the shade of the old sycamores, as he led his flock from one green pasture to another, he would sit down, and with his sweet shepherd pipe, or his sweeter voice, breathe out the musical praise of his more musical soul.

It was in this vicinity that the faithful and tender hearted Ruth, by her admirable simplicity, won the heart of the equitable and generous Boaz. And how charmingly also did he seek to win hers. "Go not to glean in another field," says he to her, "neither go from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens. And when thou art athirst, go into the vessels and drink of that which the young men have drawn. And at meal times, come thou hither and eat of the bread, and dip thy morsel in the vinegar. And she sat beside the reapers; and he reached her parched corn, and she did eat. And when she was risen up to glean, Boaz commanded his young men, saying: Let her glean even among the sheaves. And let fall also some of the handfuls of purpose for her, and leave them that she may glean them and rebuke her not."

The beauty of this rural scenery, the exquisite delicacy of Boaz, in expressing his tender sentiments, and the fortitude, filial affection, and true womanly sensibility of this Moabitish widow, make this one of the most delightful stories in any language. Truly were this happy pair worthy of being the

great grand parents of so wise a king and so good a man as David.

VALLEY OF HEBRON.

We entered the valley of Hebron through rich and flourishing vineyards, as of old "hedged round about" with high walls. In them they had digged a wine press also, and built a tower, which served sometimes as a cottage for the keepers.

The soil is sandy and red, on account of which the priests have a tradition, that as the Hebrew word for man, Atham, means red earth, Adam was made out of the red earth of Hebron. The valley is exceedingly fertile, and distinguished for the luxuriant growth and richness of its grapes.

It was from this charming vale that the spies sent out by Moses, gathered those fine clusters of Eshcol, which they carried to the camp of Israel, as specimens of the fertility of the land. Here and there are seen pavements of the old Roman road, worn smooth by the tramp of pilgrims for sixteen centuries, over this highway to Hebron and Mount Sinai.

PLAIN OF MAMRE.

In the middle of the afternoon, we stood on the border of the plain of Mamre, with Hebron full in view. On the left at the distance of a hundred rods, are the remains of an unfinished structure. The Jews call it the house of Abraham, because they say that on this spot Abraham pitched his tent. The ruins bear marks of the first century, and they may have been the commencement of a monumental structure to perpetuate the same tradition.

Into this plain came the father of the faithful after his separation from Lot, when he "removed his tent and came and dwelt in the plain of Mamre, which is in Hebron. And he built there an altar unto the Lord." From this place he led out his trained servants for the rescue of his kinsman. Here God gave him the promise of a numerous seed, and entered with him into that remarkable covenant recorded in the 17th chapter of Genesis, which constituted the first organic form of the church, and which this day remains the visible bond which binds a living church to its living head.

Hebron is situated in the valley and on the sloping hill-side, of the southern extremity of the plain of Mamre, about twenty

miles south of Jerusalem. Its ancient name was Kirjath-Arba, from Arba, the father of the Anakins, of whom the unbelieving spies carried back such a magnified report. During the Crusades, it was called the castle of Abraham, and its present Arabic name is Elkulil—the friend, from respect to the patriarch, whom the Mohammedans revere as the friend of God.

MANUFACTURES.

It is famed for its manufactures of glass and water-skins. The skins are stripped from the goats whole, except at the neck and the feet. The feet-holes being sewed up, the skin is stretched and stuffed with oak-bark tannin, till the hair is set and it is fit for use. Water is transported in these on the back of a horse, or the shoulders of a man, as we carry meal in a bag. The bottles for wine and other purposes are manufactured of the same material, and when new, yield to the expansion process of the fermentation of new wine, but with age acquire the rigidity of parchment. Hence “men do not put new wine into old bottles, else the bottles break and the wine runneth out and the bottles perish, but they put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved.”

Hebron contains from three to four thousand inhabitants, mostly Mohammedans and Jews. The houses are generally built of stone, and are more durable and convenient than is common in Palestine. The lower story of the better class is occupied by the cattle, and the upper by the family. In the under dwellings, the cattle, chickens and children occupy the same floor; a partition only, separating them. A barn disjoined from the house, is what, out of Jerusalem, we did not see in all Palestine.

CAVE OF MACHPELAH.

With one of the only two Christian families, of which we heard anything in Hebron, we took lodgings for the night. Our host was a member of the Mission Church at Jerusalem, and as hospitable as we could desire, putting at our disposal the available conveniences of his whole habitation. Our horses were taken into the lower story, and we into the upper, within which was an open court, and upon one side, the small apartment, which was to serve us all, five in number, as a dining,

sitting and sleeping room. While our dragoman was preparing dinner, taking our host as guide, we went in search of the great attraction to the traveller, the tombs of the patriarchs—the cave of Machpelah, which Abraham bought of Ephron the Hittite. Our way to this interesting spot lay through narrow and crooked streets, and dark, arched, dusty bazaars, well supplied with fruits and mutton, water-skins and glass-ware, but scantily provided with other marketable commodities. We came at length to the entrance of the sacred enclosure, standing on the eastern slope of the hill. Further than this we were not permitted to go, lest our unhallowed feet should profane the place. Next to the Mosques at Mecca and Jerusalem, the Mohammedans regard this as more sacred than any other, and into it they prohibit admission to all Jewish and Christian “dogs.”

A large square structure covers the sepulchres, which are again enclosed by a second and smaller edifice, originally reared as a Christian Church, but now used as a Mosque. The cave, within which reposes the dust of the patriarchal family is under this inner Mosque.

“There they buried Abraham, and Sarah his wife; and there they buried Isaac, and Rebekah his wife; and there,” says Jacob “I buried Leah.” “And his sons carried *him* into the land of Canaan, and buried him in the cave of the field of Machpelah.”

None but the followers of Mohanmed are allowed to enter and observe the interior arrangements. Of the exterior, we secured a good view from the Lazaretto, on the opposite hill-side, whence we could look down into the sacred enclosure. Two graceful minarets rise from the Mosque, and a cupola in the rear marks the traditional resting spot of unhappy Esau, whose remains were not permitted a place in the sepulchre of his fathers and brothers.

The master of the Lazaretto, in answer to our inquiries, made a rude drawing of the interior of the Mosque, with charcoal on the pavement of the court. The monuments of Abraham and Sarah, according to this representation, are opposite each other in the central part. Those of Isaac and Rebekah, are in the same relative position, at the east end, and those of

Jacob and Leah at the west. The three patriarchs are thus in a line on the south side, and their wives on the north, an arrangement of the monuments, supposed to correspond with the sepulchres below.

The form of these shrines is that of a small steep-roofed house, the doors of which are kept open. The monumental sarcophagi within are in Saracenic style, resembling huge coffins with pyramidal tops, and as is usual with such enclosed monuments, in Mohammedan countries, covered with green silk. Through a hole in the centre of the Mosque, a lamp is let down, which is kept continually burning within the cave below. To this subterranean and *most* sacred enclosure, not even Mohammedans are allowed access. Hither the Jews were anciently accustomed to bring the bones of their dead, that they might mingle with the dust of their revered fathers.

The lower portion of the outer wall is of vast, beveled stones, like those of the temple at Jerusalem, and the style of its architecture indicates that it is of Jewish origin. It was probably the outer wall which protected the sepulchre, reared perhaps in the palmy days of the kings of Judah, and which in the times of the Crusades, was called Abraham's Castle. Josephus relates that the monuments of the patriarchs, built of elegant marble, were in good preservation in his day. Still later, Eusebius and Jerome speak of the same. That this is the very "cave," there is no reason to doubt. Within were the ashes of those holy men, than whom, for true nobleness and dignity, none have been more distinguished in any age.

We stood at the threshold—the pilgrims of six thousand miles, and could not enter. It was difficult to repress the indignation excited by such stupid arrogance and equally difficult to know whether it ought to be repressed. Such intolerance and bigotry are a fraud upon humanity, touching one of its primal rights and most cherished privileges, the right and privilege of dropping a tear at the shrine of the venerated dead, the story of whose life has been the most enchanting, as well as influential for good of all our nursery tales. It is a violence to feelings deemed sacred even among barbarians, a disgusting vanity and exclusiveness which could exist only in the darkest portions of this dark world.

From this gate, at which we stood till the crowd of curious and impertinent gazers made it uncomfortable to remain longer, we passed to the lower pool of Hebron, over which David commanded the murderers of Ishbosheth to be hanged, still used as a reservoir for rain water through the dry season. From the hill at the north-west of the town, upon which it is said Jesse, the father of David, was interred, we obtained a delightful view of the whole plain and the adjacent hills and vallies. What a scene was that on which my eye rested! It was the hour of sunset. His last beams were tinging the surrounding hill-tops with their golden hues as he was sinking behind the mountains of Moab. On some one of these glittering peaks Abraham offered those peculiarly bold and persevering entreaties in behalf of the doomed cities. And on one of them he stood when he saw "the smoke of the country that went up as the smoke of a furnace." In the midst of the valley, now lying peacefully in the first shadows of night, is a large threshing floor, upon which in the harvest season, the ox treadeth out the corn. The shepherds were collecting their scattered flocks, and the vine dressers, with their pruning hooks and a merry song, were returning from their labors. Yonder is the city with its pools, its monumental mosque, and its shattered fortress.

Here, in Hebron, the patriarchs dwelt and communed with God. Here David resided during seven years of his prosperous reign. Here Abner was buried in honor as one of the mighty men of Israel. Hither came the rebellious Absalom to set up his unnatural claim against his old, afflicted father, fostering the discontent apparently awakened by the removal of the royal residence from Hebron to Jerusalem. Among the rich vineyards which beautify the vale, and the olive-yards which adorn the hill sides, were many of those sweet psalms composed, which have ever since both inspired and expressed the gratitude and praise of devout and loving hearts. One would fain sit here and commune with other generations. The air almost echoes the voices of the holy dead. The hills and the vallies seem like living beings who have talked face to face with patriarchs, prophets and kings, and who could tell us of the quiet beauty of their social and religious life. The gurg-

ling brook, which glides through the dell, has treasured up many a tale of the fair but impatient Sarah, of the modest and faithful Rebekah, and of the judicious and pious mother of David, of whom that accomplished king makes most honorable mention, when he says to God, "I am thy servant and the son of thine handmaid."

But time did not permit me long to listen to these mute expositors of the rural life and refinement of this early period. They are a delightful commentary on the biographical history of the Old Testament saints. And I cannot help the conviction that any one who pronounces these heaven-taught men and women to be but one remove from barbarism, as do some of the modern pseudo Christian philosophers, has not well studied the times of which he speaks, or that a gigantic vanity causes him to regard himself as the last and highest development in the series of Christs, and that his mission is to make every preceding dispensation as dark as possible, that the light of his own may be more dazzling. Glow worms cannot shine so long as the sun is in the heavens.

THE FUTURE.

BY ESTELLE.

"God has wisely hid from human sight
The dark decrees of future fate,
And sown their seeds in depths of night."—*Dryden.*

"My God! I do not wish to scan
Futurity with curious eyes,
Or read the deep, the hidden plan
Which in thy sealed volume lies.
It is enough for me to know,
While bearing on o'er life's dark road,
That through each scene of joy and woe,
Thou art my guide, my guard, my God."

Like the ocean of waters, the ocean of Time
Now dimples in beauty, now thunders sublime,
And embarked on its billows each change we must bear,
Nor dream that life's voyage will forever be fair;
For shadows and sunbeams alternate prevail,
And storm-winds and zephyrs, by turns, fill our sail;
While each day bears us on towards that cold silent shore
Where loved smiles and voices can greet us no more—
O sad are such thoughts, if they touch not the heart
With the hope of that bright world where friends never part.

TEASING.

BY REV. CYRUS MANN.

Industry and perseverance are indispensable to success. They must usually precede the attainment of any valuable object, and the execution of any important purpose. There must be a steady aim and pursuit, like the increasing light of the morning, following the first rays, which shoot up in the east, rising higher and receiving a myriad of other rays in their progress. The bright and glorious sunrise, filling the heavens and earth with its brilliancy, is not without its appropriate antecedents. But what if the radiant orb of day, instead of progressing steadily in its course, should occasionally retrograde, or swing to the north or the south, so that no certain calculation could be made as to the time or place of his rising; how perplexing, how distressing would be our situation! We could never know what to expect, nor how to conduct. It is so with parental government. It must have a steady aim, and proceed with regularity and decision, or all will be disorder and confusion in the domestic circle. Let the parent be turned aside from his purpose by the importunity of children, let him be teased into a compliance with their wishes contrary to his better judgment, and there will be no end to their solicitations. They see him retrograding and veering, and will soon learn his weakness, and how to obtain their object, however unreasonable it may be. They acquire the ascendancy, and govern instead of being in subjection. The parent will be continually vexed and annoyed with their importunity. "Father, will you take me out to ride to-day?" "No, my son, I cannot spare the time." "But I want to go, do let me have a ride, it will please me very much." "Well, if you must go, get yourself ready." Says one, "Mother, will you let me have some cake, I want some." "I think it will injure you, my child, and you must not have it." "Yes, do let me; it will do me no hurt, give me some now, I must have it." The doting parent complies,—“there, take it if you will, and don't trouble me any

more." Says another, "Father, won't you let me stay at home from school to-day?" The young truant had rather play than study. "No, you will lose your place and fall behind the class." The parent knows, that one gratification of this kind will produce a greater desire of being again absent. The request is reiterated with greater earnestness, and persisted in till consent is obtained, and away the lad flies to his sports. Another child cries for a looking glass, and at first the mother denies him positively. The crying grows more intense, until the mother yields,—“there take it if you must have it, but don't break it, sonny.” She turns her attention to the work in hand, and the next thing heard is the dashing of the glass upon the floor.

By such foolish and unsuitable compliances, the heedless youth learns by degrees, that he can obtain his wishes. He becomes accustomed to indulgence, and on every fresh occasion, he naturally pursues the same course. The treatment wears a channel in his mind. It becomes broader and deeper and the passions flow in it more impetuously. Soon he cannot brook a denial and becomes passionate, when not gratified to the utmost. He storms, rages and stamps like a wild bull in a net, and has been known even to kick his mother. She, at first, perhaps, thought the conduct of the child an indication of a high spirit and decision of character, but let her beware of fostering a temper, which, instead of gratitude for her favors, will return contempt and abuse.

Authority once gone can never be recovered. “Father,” said a youngster, who had broken over all restraint, “can you pull up that tree or break it off?” pointing to a stately oak in the yard. “Why do you ask that question? you know I could not.” “There was a time when you could have done it,” said the refractory child, “but now it is beyond your power. It is so with me, once you could have subdued my temper and moulded me at your pleasure, but now it is too late, you cannot control and govern me.” How deplorable is the condition of that family.

Too much indulgence leads to recklessness on the part of the young. They soon learn to destroy inconsiderately what-

ever comes in their way. The toy which now amuses is presently broken and rejected in the hope that others will be substituted in its place. "*Quod nuper petit nunc spernit*," what was lately sought is now rejected. The organ of destructiveness grows rapidly, and before middle age is attained a reckless character is formed, which wastes and destroys the hard earnings of many an indulgent parent, and fills his heart with sorrow and despair.

Yielding to teasing often teaches the odious sin of lying. The parent contradicts himself and is guilty of falsehood. He does what he at first declared he would not, or could not. The offspring see the inconsistency, and they are prone to imitation. They lose all regard for truthfulness, and all fear of uttering that which is false. The disposition is carried into every employment and condition, and a lie is uttered whenever it suits convenience, or promises some present benefit. The child becomes habitually mendacious and cannot be deterred by the most solemn warnings and declarations of the word of God.

Tell him from the highest authority in the universe, "*Thou shalt not lie*," that "all liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire," that Ananias and Saphira were struck dead for the sin of lying, and you produce no effect on his mind, for he shields himself behind the conduct of the parent. You cannot reach him in such an intrenchment. He thinks you are not sincere in quoting sacred writ which condemns your own practice, and that you do not in reality believe the Bible. Sins are gregarious. They are seldom found alone. They flock together and are seen in clusters like the grapes of Sodom. The child learns infidelity and falsehood from the same source. He may become a defaulter, a cheat, a robber, in consequence of what he has discovered in a parent. Does he become a merchant? He misrepresents the value of his goods, concealing defects and exaggerating desirable qualities. Does he become a legislator? He advocates any measure which will subserve his own interest. Does he enter the political arena, and strive for promotion? He vilifies his opponent, perverts his motives, and endeavors to destroy his character. Is he trusted and placed in responsible stations? He is a broken reed and

will pierce whoever relies upon him. No confidence can be safely reposed in such an one. Many a father and mother who would not tell a deliberate untruth for their right hand are guilty, almost daily, of teaching their children to practice falsehood and every iniquity by yielding to their teasing.

Such soft compliances are like the letting out of water, it soon washes away all embankments, and rushes down its impetuous course, spreading desolation and death in its progress. No wonder so many children grow up to lie and steal, go to the House of Correction or the State Prison, and end their days in infamy. No wonder crimes multiply and deluge the land, and that security and confidence are fast passing away from the community. There must be more decision and consistency in family government, the young must be taught to comply at once with the behest of the parent, and even that nothing is to be gained by teasing, or we shall soon be deprived of the fair heritage bequeathed us by a pious ancestry. Deception is one of the crying sins of the times; our country is well nigh ruined by it. If you would make good children who will be to you an ornament and crown of glory and be useful citizens, keep them in subjection. No one is fit to lead in public affairs, till he has first been disciplined in the school of obedience. Every parent is bound to maintain a salutary moral influence, and "authority is an important element of moral power. He who can best preserve it unquestioned, will be most successful in his efforts to produce moral results."

Home should indeed be made pleasant. The young should see and feel, that the parent loves them and desires their welfare. He should be gentle and kind, ready to soothe them in their troubles, administer to their wants and sympathize in their distresses. He may occasionally mingle in their sports, and amuse them by pointing out the beauties of nature and art. He may give them lessons of wisdom from the blossoms of spring and the fruits of autumn, from the sun and stars, from the bow in the clouds and the gentle dew, from the wonderful adaption of everything to its sphere, and the divine skill and goodness manifested in all the works of the Creator. He may pour knowledge into the opening minds of the little

ones around him, and delight them with fresh discoveries of what was before unknown. He may render home a little Paradise by suggesting topics of thought which are lovely, pure, elevating ; by cultivating virtuous affections, and guiding the youthful intellect to the contemplation of those scenes of action in which its energies may be most appropriately employed, and its high destination most effectually reached. Vice may thus be rendered hateful, and the young be led to aspire after the good, the grand and ennobling, and to pursue " whatsoever things are virtuous, lovely, and of good report."

But parental government lies at the foundation of the whole edifice. To attempt to form a high, amiable character without this is like building upon the sand, or erecting a palace on the waves of the ocean. Authority must be so established, that a look or gesture will induce a compliance, no less prompt and cheerful than a stern command or an alarming threat. That only is a truly happy home, where children obey, not so much because they must, as because they love to gratify the wishes of the parent, and find their own happiness in promoting that of those who gave them being. Let parents then treat their loved ones in such a manner, that the grateful reminiscences of their future lives may be similar to those of the excellent Cowper :

"Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionary plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thine own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed ;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall ;

* * * * *

All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so till my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here."

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

EDUCATION WITHOUT BOOKS.

Much dependence is placed at the present day, upon books in the education of children. We should scarcely feel that we were thoroughly furnished for this responsible work without a good supply of these agencies. But there was a time when education was prosecuted without them. Before the art of printing was known, of course there were no books to be had, except in the form of manuscripts, and these could be employed only to a very limited degree in the instruction of the young. Yet, those days were not without their men of mark. They produced great and good men whose influence has not ceased to be felt. There was Abraham and Moses, David and Jeremiah, and many other worthies well known to fame. How was it that such characters were formed without the aid of books? A careful perusal of Old Testament history will satisfy the reader, that faithful family instruction was the principal cause. This moulded the heart aright and wrought the life into moral and spiritual beauty.

PLAGIARISM.

Some writers are so earnest to spring into notice at once that they cannot wait for the necessary growth and development of their powers. Hence they make use of other peoples' minds to hurry themselves along to distinction. A case has just occurred. The other day we received a note from a young lady, seventeen years of age, (she says), proposing to write for our publications on reasonable terms. At the same time she sent a poetical article as a specimen of *her own* composition. The first verse is as follows, and it is really charming :

“When streams of unkindness, as bitter as gall,
Bubble up from the heart to the tongue;
And meekness is writhing in torment and thrall,
By the hand of ingratitude wrung;
In the heat of injustice, unwept and unfair,
While the anguish is festering yet,
None, none but an angel of light can declare,
I now can forgive and forget.”

The reader will notice at once that it is the first stanza of Tupper's beautiful piece, "FORGIVE AND FORGET," with only a single alteration of a word in the last line but one. She takes four verses of the article, with no more change than the above, and sends them to us as *her own* composition. We are truly sorry to be compelled to expose, in this way, her barefaced plagiarism, but we cannot do otherwise. Her youth is some excuse for the act, perhaps, and, for this reason, we suppress her name and residence. When thoughtless seventeen ripens into considerate twenty-five, we hope she will wield the pen of a ready writer and favor us with a piece of *her own* composition, that will even eclipse Tupper's FORGIVE AND FORGET.

THE DIVINE LAW.

The law of God is distinguished above all human statutes for conciseness. In the Bible we can find every moral lesson that is necessary in whatever circumstances and conditions we are placed. It is not possible to conceive of a situation for which the Scriptures have not their appropriate lessons; but how different it is with human laws! It is said that the laws of England fill *twenty folio* volumes. The laws of our own land are almost as voluminous; and still, instances of human wrong are frequently occurring to which no statute seems to apply. Hence, Legislatures are employed weeks and months every year, to frame new laws, or alter old ones, to meet the exigencies of the times. If this were true of the Divine law, it would not be much of a treasure to dying mortals. But it is not. Though it is older than human government, and has been the rule of moral conduct so long, it has not, and never will become inefficient or obsolete. It was made for man, and therefore meets all his wants, in every age and land.

DISPOSITION OF MANKIND TO EXAGGERATE.

That exaggeration is one of the marked characteristics of fallen human nature none can deny. A very brief residence in almost any neighborhood is sufficient to convince the most skeptical on this point. What strange reports are circulated! It is proverbially true that the reports of a country village, not to speak of larger places, cannot be relied upon. He who allows himself to be governed by them usually finds that he is led astray. A

report starts with Mr. A., and it is substantially correct. Something is added to it by neighbor C., while it appears varnished and improved, almost another edition, when it comes from Mr. D. It needs to travel only from one neighborhood to another to receive additions enough to well nigh change its form and character; and yet no one may study to exaggerate, nor ever intend to do so. The disposition is so truly a part of sinful human nature that men and women indulge in it without dreaming of doing wrong. The tongue needs to be watched at this point nearly as closely as at any other. It is an unruly member at best, and needs to be controlled by bit and bridle, like a fractious horse, lest it run away with its possessor.

ZION'S BANK.

The other day, a little boy who had heard his father complain of the difficulty of being "accommodated" at the banks, by way of discount, came running to him with the following announcement, "Father, you can be *accommodated* at Zion's Bank." He had just been reading Rowland Hill's beautiful piece on Zion's Bank, and it appeared to him that his father could find all he wanted there. The incident is very suggestive in these times of trial. If recourse were had by the people of God to this source of all help, even in their temporal affairs, the happy result would be seen in the tone of public feeling. If we mistake not, christian men are less inclined to spread their secular business before God than they are their religious interests. Sickness, suffering, death, are subjects of prayer often dwelt upon by them; and in a very general way, God is implored to guide them in secular pursuits; but it is not very common for this class to go directly to the Lord with their business, in times of financial distress, like that which has fallen upon the land of late. As if God ought not to be troubled with mercantile distresses, they very considerably desist from presenting these at the throne of grace, and go about with very heavy burdens upon their hearts. It is an unworthy and erroneous view of Divine Providence. God should be sought in every time of need, whether the pressure be secular or moral. Christian merchants should understand that they can be "*accommodated*" at Zion's Bank, when financial troubles almost crush their hearts. Here they will find a never-failing source of wisdom and strength to help them through the crisis. And even if everything earthly goes by the board, the general wreck will leave

them better servants of the Lord, if they are still found at the altar of prayer.

THE TIMES.

"The times" is the burden of remark of every body in every place. Get into a stage-coach, enter a rail-road car, go into a depot or store, into drawing room or parlor, and the general theme of conversation is "the times." Indeed, it is about the same thing in the house of God, whether the people assemble for conference and prayer, or to hear a sermon, "the times" furnish many striking illustrations of the truth and aid exhorters and preachers very much in setting home divine lessons to the heart. We can almost afford this unparalleled pressure for the sake of the light it reflects upon the Bible. How many important truths are illustrated with tremendous power in this crisis! Ministers have preached them over and over, and their hearers have gone to sleep. But now they are proclaimed by the voice of Providence loud enough to startle the dumbest ear. We have additional evidence of the divine authenticity of the Scriptures. For "the times" are the exact fulfilment of prophecy and divine threatenings. Yes, we say again, these times can be afforded. Even if the worst is yet to come, they can be afforded. Whole fortunes may be swept away, rich men may become poor, and the country sink a hundred per cent in wealth—but what of that? This is not the worst evil in the world. The moral benefit of the pressure may far more than counterbalance the pecuniary embarrassment. President Wayland in a sermon upon the crisis, preached at Providence, said,

"But we suppose the worst to come. Let us look at it calmly that we may estimate it aright. Suppose you lose your property, and your neighbors are as unfortunate as yourself; what then? Suppose that point lace, and sables, and diamonds and pearls, and jewelry, were thrown aside forever. Suppose that dresses at a hundred dollars were exchanged for dresses that cost only ten dollars; that wool were substituted for silk, and calico for wool; that we wore our old clothes until we were able to pay for new; that instead of riding we learned to walk; that instead of spending two or three months of the year in fashionable folly, we, and our families remained at home; suppose that our sons instead of becoming idle and dissipated, were inured to honest labor, and that our daughters instead of being fashionable playthings, were taught to be intelligent useful and, self-reliant women; would this, after all, be a calamity too

insufferable to be endured? Should all this happen, wherein would it touch the essential springs of happiness in the bosom of any reasonable being? It is not half so bad as the doing of a wrong or even mean action. We could surely endure all this."

EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS.

Much has been said and written about the extravagance of Americans in the matter of dress. Of late, the ladies have come in for a good share of rebuke, and perhaps not unjustly. No doubt there are those, however, who consider most that has been written on this subject as mere rigmarole—the mental afflatus of certain persons who want something to write about, and it matters little what it is. That this kind of extravagance could have anything to do with the present financial pressure, they cannot allow for a moment. Now, it is sometimes well to stop and ascertain the opinions of strangers on certain points. A stranger may look with unprejudiced eyes, and express his views uninfluenced by fear or favor. Some months ago such a stranger visited our country—an Englishman by the name of Stirling. After his return to his native land, he published a volume on his travels in the United States, in which he speaks very plainly about the extravagance of American females. Evidently he was a close observer, and his notes are worthy of some attention. He speaks as follows;

"The ladies of New Orleans, like their sisters of New York, are great dressers; indeed, the dresses of American women generally, at least of the new rich class, are something fabulous in expense, taking into consideration the rank and fortune of the wearers and their husbands. The dresses of ladies in New-Orleans, I am told, (and by New Orleans people) often equal in richness and expense those of our crowned heads of Europe. What do you think of a creole lady's dress powdered over with diamonds? her husband probably a cotton broker! Ladies here think nothing of expending a large proportion of the profits of a year's trade in a few dresses. Of course we must suppose that this is, in most cases, done with the knowledge and approval of the husband. He works or speculates, and his wife wears the *spolia opima*.

"There is some excuse, or at least explanation of this, to us astounding extravagance, in the circumstances explained above of American housekeeping. As a rule, the inhabitant of an American city does not keep house. He has no opportunity therefore, of displaying his wealth, as our *parvenu* merchants and manufacturers do, in fine houses, plate, and equipages.

Neither is there the same fashion for landed estates in America as with us. With land at five shillings an acre, its possession cannot confer social distinction. The New-York Stock-jobber does not lay out \$100,000 on land at two per cent, to give him the *entree* to the houses of half-a-dozen neighbors who drink his claret and laugh at him. He is making probably fifty, perhaps one hundred per cent. per annum on his capital, and all this fast-gotten gain he can only display to the public in one way, by clapping it on his wife's back. An American's wife is the peg on which he hangs out his fortune, he dresses her up that men may see his wealth; she is a walking advertisement of his importance, the 'sandwich' announcing to Broadway or Canal street that her husband is a man of money and station. All this was very sorry work, but I do not see that it involves any greater absurdity than those displays of plate and upholstery by which our rich vulgar-ians announce their wealth, and hide their want of real refinement. If a sham gentility is to be set forth, it matters little whether it be done through the instrumentality of the upholsterer or the milliner. The Englishman loves his house, and he decks it out when he makes money; the American loves his wife, and decks her out for want of a house. Neither have much to boast of over the other—it is the same vulgar ostentation in different forms."

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

BY WILLIE WARE.

Her spirit fled, she's with the dead,
 Her smile no more you'll meet;
 For she is now, with placid brow,
 Humbly bowed at Jesus feet.

Dry thy tears and calm thy fears,
 Though lost to earth she be
 She's found a home, in you bright dome,
 Where now she waits for thee.

She longs to see from sorrow free,
 The loved ones left behind,
 May this bright thought with pleasure fraught,
 Help thee her love to find.

With angels bright, all clothed in white,
 She now obeys her Master's will;
 Around that throne in the heavenly home,
 There's room for others still.

Why then regret that she has met
 Her Saviour face to face—
 She's happier now, for on her brow
 There is no shadowy trace.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PREACHER AND THE ROBBERS.

A Methodist preacher, several years ago in Ireland, was journeying to the village where he had to dispense the word of life, according to the usual routine of his duty, and was stopped on his way by three robbers. One of them seized his bridle-reins, another presented a pistol and demanded his money, and the third was a mere looker-on.

The grave and devoted man looked each and all of them in the face, and with great gravity and seriousness said :

"Friends, can you pray to God before you commit the deed? Can you ask God to bless you in your undertakings to-day?"

These questions startled them for a moment. Recovering themselves, one said : — "We have no time to answer such questions; we want your money; we must have our will."

"I am a poor preacher of the Gospel," was the reply; "if you give me nothing, do not try to take from me the little I have. However, satisfy your thirst, ruin me, and answer it before the God whom I faithfully serve: the little money I have shall be given you."

A few shillings was all he had to give.

"Have you not a watch?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, give it to us."

In taking his watch from his pocket his saddle-bags were displayed.

"What have you got here?" was the question asked again.

"I cannot say I have nothing in them but religious books, because I have a pair of shoes and a change of linen also."

"We must have them."

The preacher dismounted. The saddle-bags were taken possession of, and no further demands were made. Instantly the preacher began to unbutton his great coat, and to throw it off his shoulders, at the same time asking :

"Will you have my great coat?"

"No," was the reply; "you are a generous man, and we will not take it."

He then addressed them as follows :

"I have given you everything you asked for, and would have given more than you asked for; now I have only one favor to ask of you.,,

"What is that?."

"That you will kneel down and allow me to pray with you,

and pray to Almighty God in your behalf ; to ask him to turn your hearts and put you upon better ways."

" I'll have nothing to do with the man's things," said the ring-leader of them.

" Nor I either," said another of them.

" Here, take your watch ; take your saddle-bags ; if we have anything to do with you, the judgments of God will overtake us."

So all the articles were returned. That, however, did not satisfy the godly man. He urged prayer upon them. He kneeled down ; one of the robbers kneeled with him ; one prayed, the other wept, confessed his sin, and said it was the first time in his life he had done such a thing, and should be the last. How far he kept his word is known only to Him to whom the darkness and light are alike ; to Him whose eyelids try the children of men.

CLIMBING VESUVIUS AT NIGHT.

He who climbs Vesuvius at night, stumbling over the heaps of cinder, bruising his shins, and scarring his hands against the rugged edges, would demand some higher compensation than to look on the dark sides of the crater-cone. He will rarely find it, however, unless he wait till dawn, or the night be bright and starry. We did. Scarcely had we sat down to rest at the foot of the small cone, when we observed a great excitement among our guides, who, by violent gesticulation and vociferation, indicated that they observed something unusual in the aspect of the mountain, and vehemently urged a rapid descent. The very idea, however, of beholding even a partial eruption, at such a time and place, fixed us to the spot. 'Twas a fit night for such a scene. The air was heavy and sulphurous ; the sky dark and murky ; not a star shone forth in it, and the moonlight fell with a faint twilight gleam on the waters of the bay. There were soon signs and portents of a movement within. Heavings and loud rumblings were heard, as though a thunder-cloud were pent in the bosom of the mountain. The lava stream grew live and turbid. The little wreaths which hang over round the edges of the crater, grew and gathered into one huge mass, which roared and tossed as it rose and rolled swiftly on, like the breathings of a spirit of evil, spreading darkness and gloom around. Fiery swords of flame flashed through and through the smoke cloud, streaking but not lighting it ; and these again were soon absorbed in one large fire, which rushed, strong and fierce, from the crater's mouth, raging in wild bursts and wrathful gusts, coursing after the smoke, and making the heavens lurid with that strange fearful glare which the soul associates with fire and doom. The roar within deepened, and the fire grew fiercer every

moment, the smoke blacker and thicker; and then there was a sound as of a torrent bursting its bounds, as the rushing of a mighty wind, the sweeping of a tornado, and forth from the mountain's depths there gurgled floods of flame and storms of fiery balls, which shot meteor-like into the air, and then fell and rolled around us with all the force of red-hot shot. Ever and anon there would be a lull, a smouldering; and then again the volcano would send up its eruption of fire and smoke and ashes. Amid the grand and terrible features of the scene was one which had much of beauty in its effect. Ever as the mountain worked, the lava stream swelled and glowed, rushing from its outlet, and running in burning rills down the mountain side. It has been often described as snake-like. No word images it so truly. Its glowing colors have the same brilliant beauty which attracts and repels, its motion is so gliding, and yet so swift; and there is a serpent fascination in it, too, which rivets the gaze, though the eyeballs grow hot, and the brain burns from contact with the molten hues.—*Blackwood*.

HOW TO MAKE BOYS LOVE HOME.

"I wish those boys loved to stay at home in the evening," said a mother in my hearing, last night; and a sigh and look of distress which accompanied her words, told plainly that her heart was deeply pained by their oft repeated absence, and she watched their retreating footsteps with a troubled countenance, and knew not what might be the company they sought, nor what evil influences might be thrown around them.

They were industrious boys of sixteen and eighteen, just beginning to fancy they were too large and too old to be longer subjected to parental authority. They were not vicious or idle, but worked with willing hands through the day, doing the work of men; but when evening came, they sought pleasure abroad, unmindful of a father's advice or mother's entreaty. I glanced around their home, a comfortable, farm-like dwelling, where all the wants of the physical nature were supplied, but, as is often the case, the food for the mind was less abundant. A few school-books, which the boys had never learned to love, a Bible and hymn-book constituted the family library; and I was not surprised that they should leave the family circle at home, and seek the cheerful throng that were lounging in the store, or join in the vulgar mirth and profane jests that went round the boisterous group.

"You are seeing your happiest days with your boy," said the mother to me, as my baby clung to my arm with the sweet confidence of infancy, "you know *where he is*, and you have no anxiety for him now; but when he is older, he will be above your influence, and go, you know not where."

I thought of the old proverb, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," and I shook my head doubtingly, and said nothing. But I asked myself, is it really true, as I have often heard it remarked, that the parents enjoy more pleasure in the society of their children in infancy, than in youth and maturity? If so, surely there is a reason, and that reason is too often the result of parental mistakes in the early discipline of their children.

A few dollars judiciously expended in books and engravings suitable for young children, will do much to awaken the love of home; and, I venture to assert, there is nothing which will have a stronger influence in keeping "these boys" quietly at home, than to cultivate a *taste for reading*. Begin early. Read to them before they can read for themselves. Explain what you read, and encourage them to converse with you about it. Teach them to observe the common phenomena of nature, and to study into the causes which produce the effects they see. A mother may do this, without being a philosopher herself. She may awaken their curiosity upon the various subjects around them, and direct them where their curiosity may be gratified; place within their reach, useful and instructive books, and show by example as well as precept, that she appreciates them. Thus the pleasure of home will be more pure and sweet to every member of the family, and the children will seldom have occasion to seek evening amusement away from the charmed circle of home.—*New York Evangelist*.

THRILLING INCIDENT.

At a temperance meeting in Philadelphia, some years ago, a learned clergyman spoke in favor of wine as a drink, demonstrating it quite to his own satisfaction to be Scriptural, gentlemanly and healthful. When the clergyman sat down, a plain, elderly man arose, and asked the liberty of saying a few words. Permission being granted, he spoke as follows:

"A young friend of mine," said he, "who had long been intemperate, was prevailed on, to the joy of his friends, to take the pledge of entire abstinence from all that could intoxicate. He kept his pledge faithfully for some time, though the struggle with his habit was fearful, till one evening, in a social party, glasses of wine were handed around. They came to a clergyman present, who took a glass, saying a few words in vindication of the practice. "Well," thought the young man, "if clergymen can take wine and justify it so well, why not I?" So he took a glass. It instantly rekindled his fiery and slumbering appetite, and after a rapid downward course, he died of delirium tremens—a raving madman!" The old man paused for utterance, and was just able to add:—"That young man was my only son, and the clergyman was the Reverend Doctor who has just addressed the assembly."

**EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM A SUBSCRIBER TO THE
HAPPY HOME.**

I am satisfied that the happy home is such a work as is needed in my family and every other. I wish it could be in the family of a minister where I recently passed one day. There was but one child, a daughter, three years old, but not being *old* enough to understand the *reason* of this and that, she could not be governed, and of course there was no peace when she fancied she wanted this book, or to go into the street, or to have the possession of some article not proper for her disposal, if her wishes were not at once complied with. If you can do anything towards "turning the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to the fathers" you will be a public benefactor.

INTELLECTUAL EFFORTS AND LONG LIFE.

In all ages of the world, philosophers, divines, naturalists, statesmen, and other men whose studies and avocations were especially calculated to develop and maintain the supremacy of the moral and intellectual powers, have been proverbially long lived. In this connection we may name among the ancients, Homer, Hippocrates, Pythagoras, Plutarch, Xenophon, Plato, Thales, Carneades, Sophocles, Zeno, Galen, Democritus. Among the moderns, Locke, Newton, Galileo, Boyle, Leibnitz, Buffon, Olbers, Blumenbach, Hahnemann, Swedenborg, Sir Edward Coke, and Fontenelle. All of the persons thus named were distinguished by active and laborious habits, and some of them were intense if not intemperate workers. The experience of a host of men renowned for great attainments in morals, theology, and various departments of science, proves that an immense amount of labor can be accomplished by an individual of good natural capacity, when the propensities are harmoniously balanced, and an even, cheerful, hopeful spirit constantly cherished and maintained.—*English Writer.*

INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.—From the lips of woman the infant hears the first accents of affection, and receives the first lesson of tenderness and love. For the approbation of woman, the youth will undertake the boldest enterprise, and brave every difficulty of study, danger and even death itself. To the happiness of woman, the man of mature years will devote the best energies of his mind and body; and from the soothing and affectionate regard of woman, the man who is become venerable in years, derives his chief consolation in life's decline.

FAMILY RECEIPTS.

THE "PUMPKIN APPLE PIE."—The recipe for this economical and excellent affair is thus given by a lady who took the premium for some presented at the Sagadahock County Fair.

"Cut in thin slices the same as for stewing the common pumpkin, steam it till soft. Then fill a plate same as for apple pie, and if the plate be large, put in three table-spoonfuls of vinegar, and a cup of sugar, flavoring with lemon or spice — then bake slowly."

The previous steaming may be dispensed with, being only a matter of taste. We have eaten good pies made by slicing the raw pumpkin into the plates. Less "sweetening" than named above might suit some tastes better. In this respect there is a great saving, as well as in the difference of value of the pumpkin and the apple. Let everybody try the "pumpkin apple pie."—*Gardiner Journal*.

INDIAN MEAL DOUGHNUTS.—A teacup and a half of boiling milk, poured on two teacups of sifted Indian meal. When it is cold add two teacups of wheat flour, one teacup of butter, one and a half of sugar, one of yeast, and two eggs, with a table-spoonful of cinnamon or grated nutmeg. If not sufficiently stiff, add equal portions of wheat and Indian meal. Let it rise till very light. Roll it about half an inch thick, and cut it into small diamond-shaped cakes, and boil them in lard.

RANCID BUTTER—To a pint of water add about thirty drops, that is, about half a teaspoonful, of *Liquid of Chloride of Lime*; wash in this two and a half pounds of insupportably rancid butter; when every particle of the butter has come in contact with the water, let it stand an hour or two, then wash the butter well again in pure water; the butter is then left with the odor, taste and sweetness of fresh butter. If this is true, it is an important discovery — the preparation of *Lime* having nothing injurious in it.—*Hall's Journal*.

A CUP OF TEA is considered by many to be one of life's indispensabilities. To get the best cup out of the smallest amount of tea is worth knowing. Fill the teapot with boiling water, put in the tea, and let the pot stand five minutes; the leaves gradually sink, are not scalded, and the true aroma is retained, not lost, as is the case in the old-fashioned "tea-drawing."—*Hall's Journal*.

BOOK NOTICES.

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY, INCLUDING THE INTELLECT, SENSIBILITIES, AND WILL. By Joseph Haven, Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy in Amherst College. Boston, Gould and Lincoln, 12 mo. pp. 590.

This volume has been before the public a few months, and very favorable notices of it have appeared. It differs from other works on mental philosophy in being more comprehensive. Other works confine their discussions to the intellect—this includes the Sensibilities and the Will. It appears to us that here is a very important improvement on all works of the kind that have appeared, and we think that such will be the verdict of mental and moral philosophers. Professor Haven is a very chaste, clear, and beautiful writer, and he has employed this gift exceedingly well in preparing this volume. While it contains close, sharp, and thorough reasoning, it is finely ornamented with rhetorical gems. Though designed for students, any person, who desires to read on mental Philosophy, will find it a most valuable work on the subject.

ESSAYS IN BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM. By Peter Bryne, M.A., Author of "The Christian Life," etc. First Series, Boston, Gould & Lincoln, 12 mo. pp. 426.

This volume contains eight thoroughly elaborated papers, by one of the ablest pens on the other side of the Atlantic. The subjects are, "Thomas De Quincey, and his Works," "Tennyson and his Teachers," "Mrs. Barrett Browning," "Glimpses of Recent British Art," "John Ruskin," "Hugh Miller," "The Modern novels,—Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray," "Currer Bell,—Ellis, Acton, Currer." Here is certainly a fine dish—enough for an intellectual banquet. Such every thinking mind will find this work. Every page teems with thought and every line conveys instruction. The volume is imbued with the author's splendid genius and philosophical mind.

GATHERED LILIES ; OR LITTLE CHILDREN IN HEAVEN. By A. C. Thompson. Author of "The Better Land." Boston Gould and Lincoln.

The title of this gem of a book is derived from the words of Solomon, "My Beloved has gone down into his garden to gather lilies." The idea contained in these words is carried through the volume. A precious book for the bereaved. Every page and line is sweet. These are the points. 1. The garden, whose is it? 2. What the beloved is doing? 3. What does the beloved gather? 4. The period of gathering. 5. Who gathers them? 6. How does he gather them? 7. Whither are they taken? 8. Why does he gather them? 9. A future gathering.

THE EARLY DEAD is an excellent collection of poetry designed for those who have been bereaved of children. The compiler is Rev. W. C. Whitcomb, and he has brought together in this little volume, the cream of all that has been written and published on the death of children. It will be highly valued by afflicted parents as being congenial to their bleeding hearts. We recognize in it some familiar pieces of our best poets, and we rejoice to see them here on errands of consolation.

A TEACHER'S GIFT—TOKEN—PRESENT AND OFFERING.—Four books 32 mo., 48 pages. Published by Brown, Taggard and Chase, 25 and 29 Cornhill, Boston.

These are very interesting and useful books for children in prose, poetry, and neat illustrations.

NEW SHEET MUSIC.

We have received from O'Ditson & Co., 277 Washington St.

1. *Ella Lee*, a song of the Southern Land, by J. B. Packard.
2. *Three Duets*, by E. Ivis, Jr.
3. *Little Ida*, Ballad by S. W. Martin.
4. *Sailor Boy's Farewell*, music by H. W. D. Heywood.
5. *Emma Gray*, by James G. Clark.
6. *Early Friendship*, Ballad, by John H. Redington..
7. *Les Esprits dela Reunion*, adapted to the piano by O. J. Swan.
8. *La Travata Scottish*, by Jean Wibber.
9. *Whip-poor-will*, by Edmond Newman.

From Russell & Richardson, 290 Washington St., Boston, the following choice pieces.

1. *Remembrance Mazurka*, for the piano, by O. B. Brown.
2. *Ida Fay*, Song and Chorus, Music, by F. W. Smith.
3. *Come over the hills to the sea, love*, Song by A. G. M. Music by F. W. Smith.
4. *Swiss girl's song at home*, Poetry by Mrs. Hemans. Music by "Friedrich."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following articles are accepted :

"The Home of Jesus"—"Aunt Esther"—"The Wife's Legacy"—"Advice to a young Man"—"Worship of the Golden Calf"—"The Heart's Flower"—"The Weary Heart"—"Content and Discontent"—"Filial Obedience and Temporal Prosperity"—"Good Children Live Long"—"Conquest of Canaan"—"The Spirit of Caste"—"The Happy Home"—"The Twin Sisters"—"They have fled to the Spirit Land"—"Smiles," and "The Grave"—"Providence"—"The Golden Rule."

POETRY.—"A Clouded Day"—"An Emblem"—"Stilling the Tempest"—"A Prayer"—"Call my Father"—"The Home of Love"—"The silken braid of hair"—"The need of Prayer"—"Home"—"Not Here"—"Twilight musings."

We do not return articles to correspondents. They can have them by calling for them.

A WORD ABOUT WRITING.—Write in a clear legible hand. Punctuate your composition. Be short and to the point. Let every sentence mean something. Never pen a line for mere beauty's sake. Let your articles be full of thought—thought before beauty. Elaborate, for you write for many thousand eyes. Do not be angry if your articles are not accepted. Be patient for accepted articles to appear.





Duchess of Orleans Pear



A SONG FOR THE BROKEN FAMILY.

WORDS BY E. PORTER DYER.

AIR, "THERE IS A HAPPY LAND."

1. While we a mourning band Weep here be - low, Let us all, read-y stand, Heav'nward to go ;
2. Angels to us shall call, Whis-per - ing, "come," Joy-ful - ly, one and all, We shall go home ;

3. Soon Jordan's turbid wave We shall have passed, Glo-ry be - yond the grave Waits us at last ;

What tho' our comforts die ! Soon shall our tear - less eye See in yon up - per sky, Rivers of joy.
There, we shall hap - py be, There, dwell from sor - row free, Where, in his maj - es - ty, Je - sus reigns King.
Cease, then, ye fall - ing tears, Bright on the cloud ap - pears Hope's bow, which sweetly cheers Our bleeding hearts.

FAMILY SCENES OF THE BIBLE. *

NO. III.

THE CUMBERED HOUSEWIFE.

EDITORIAL.

BETHANY is distinguished chiefly for its having been the residence of that united and happy family, composed of Martha and Mary, and their brother Lazarus. Wealthy Jews resided there; and their ornamented and expensive abodes contributed to the attractions of the place. But all their wealth and display added less to the history and name of Bethany, than the visits of our Saviour to the above named family. Evidently Jesus loved to retire to this quiet and peaceful dwelling when wearied with the toils and trials of his mission. It was, probably, one of the few abodes which he was privileged to make, above all others, a kind of home, since he had none of his own, whither he might repair for social entertainment and rest.

On one occasion, Christ paid an unexpected visit to this family. He received a cordial welcome, and Mary sat down "at his feet, and heard his word," while Martha busied herself with domestic arrangements. The Scriptures give the following account of that visit:—"Now it came to pass, as they went, that he entered into a certain village; and a certain woman named Martha received him into her house. And she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word. *But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to him and said, Lord, doth thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me.* And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

That portion of the divine narrative which we have italicised will receive particular attention in this paper. It brings before us the character and trials of THE CUMBERED HOUSE-

*Entered according to Act of Congress, by C. STONE, in the year 1858, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

WIFE, and suggests some practical thoughts for the fireside. Martha is the representative of a class of females who live at the present day. They are found in every neighborhood, many of them pious, excellent wives and mothers, "cumbered about much serving." We ask them to look at their illustrious predecessor, good Martha of Bethany, in order to correct certain proclivities of character.

It appears from the sacred narrative that Martha was somewhat disturbed by the arrival of Christ. She was glad to see his face, and welcomed him with an overflowing heart; but her domestic affairs troubled her. Perhaps her house was not in its accustomed order; perhaps there was no preparation in the culinary department for visitors; or something else may have been the cause of her anxiety and perplexity. Our female readers can appreciate better than we can the trials of unexpected company, so that they can more readily enter into the feelings of Martha. The cause of her "fluster" was plainly of a domestic nature. For she immediately set about getting a meal, and, so far as we can learn, began it cheerfully. She made a mistake, however, in supposing that an unusual entertainment must be served up for Christ. Either with the design of making a display of her abilities for housekeeping, or showing greater respect to Christ, she undertook to prepare a meal upon a sumptuous scale. It was much to her credit that she knew how, and was willing to do it,—it was to her discredit that she should allow worldly care to interfere with a good opportunity to hold communion with Christ. The Saviour's visits were about all the Sabbaths this family could have in Bethany, certainly the only opportunity they enjoyed to listen to his gospel, and Martha should have realized it as well as Mary, who improved every moment to commune with her divine Master.

But this cumbered housewife soon found herself in trouble. Something annoyed her exceedingly. Naturally impetuous and perhaps irritable, she was more easily perplexed and tried. Then, too, the desire to set a good table for Christ, would render her more sensitive to annoyances. At any rate

something fretted her, and her mind became excited. She wondered that Mary could sit and converse even with Jesus, and leave her to do the drudgery in the kitchen. Perhaps Mary was wondering that Martha could think so much more of a meal than of the Saviour's discourse. Things grew worse and worse, and domestic troubles multiplied, until Martha could endure it no longer. In a state of mind not very commendable in a Christian, she hurried into the presence of Christ, saying, "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her, therefore that she help me." Behold her in the engraving, as she stands addressing the Saviour, in this petulant, angry mood. There sits the calm and lovely Mary at his feet, and near him stand Lazarus and his travelling companion—all happy but Martha, the cumbered housewife. Her heart is in her face for the time being, so that it is not difficult to tell that she is sinning. She does not look like a Christian now. Strange, that family cares can work such mischief in a pious woman's heart!

Her address is worse than a bare complaint. It reflects apparently upon Christ. "*Dost not thou care?*" This was rude, to say the least. It seems almost a censure upon Christ himself. How much surprise and amazement were awakened by her conduct in the heart of Jesus, we cannot say; but his rebuke was prompt and cutting. "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things." That he intended to censure her for wrong doing is evident from his mode of address. It was only a few days since that we heard a parent rebuke her son, who was doing wrong, by saying, "Henry, Henry." The address and the tone of her voice, indicated censure. So the Saviour's address, "MARTHA, MARTHA," indicates rebuke. It was the same as saying, you have done very wrong; you have allowed your mind to be harassed and troubled about your household affairs, the result of which is this wicked outburst of feeling.

We have pursued the narrative far enough for our purpose. The fruits of undue devotion to domestic affairs sufficiently appear from the foregoing. We should make a proper appli-

cation of the subject as it stands recorded. It is revealed to us in the Bible for instruction and reproof.

We have said that Martha is the representative of a class of females who superintend household affairs at the present day. They attend to their duties at home so closely, that they have neither time nor heart to perform errands of mercy, or even to go to the prayer meeting to talk with Jesus. They are voluntary slaves to home duties; not all in the same way precisely, but nevertheless slaves. How many housewives are slaves to *fashion*! Their whole time and thoughts are absorbed in dress and furniture. Bonnets, shawls, silks, mirrors, chairs, tables, carpets, curtains, and all things else that pertain to style and display must be of the latest fashion. It is really a study with them, how to keep up appearances from year to year, as fashions come and go like the tides. They have time for nothing else. If they are in the church, and Jesus visits his people, they are too much "cumbered about much serving" to sit at his feet. Others are slaves to *neatness*. They pride themselves in having everything in perfect order and cleanliness. It is their "hobby." They perform this part of their mission completely, and that is all. It absorbs all their time to be *neat*, according to their extra views of this quality. They are good for nothing in society or in the church. If all females should follow their example, who would care for benevolent societies, social and religious meetings, or any of those kind ministrations of the sick and needy, which belong particularly to the mission of woman outside of her home? Others still are slaves to *economy* or something else, making it the principal theme of reflection and calculation, as well as the point upon which all things hinge in the family.

But this is not the particular point of interest to which we would call attention. Martha was not only a slave to "much serving," but she was easily annoyed and troubled by the unpleasant things incidental to her daily work. It is so with the above named class. They allow their tempers to be ruffled by trivial vexations, and keep themselves in an unhappy

state of mind the greater part of the time. It is surprising so see what diminutive trials will keep some housekeepers in a perturbation. As men frequently appear less reconciled to a summer shower upon new made hay, than they do to sickness and sorrow, so females often seem to be most troubled by the inferior trials of domestic life. A barrel of poor flour will annoy them as long as it lasts. A "slack bake" will gather a cloud on their brows for the remainder of the day. An oil spot upon the carpet is a perpetual eye-sore — it is all they see from morning to night. To be found by an unexpected visitor in morning dress, cleaning and scrubbing, it is too mortifying to be borne calmly: all their apologies do not make them feel easy for some length of time. The servant annoys them. She has "sluttish" habits, and "careless" habits, and "peevisish" habits, and various other habits, which are "trying" indeed. The mistress "would rather do her own work if she only had strength." In fact she sometimes undertakes the task, because it is "so trying to have help." But she does not improve under the new arrangement — many things go wrong. Trials seem inevitable. This is the class of housekeepers whose bread is always poor when they have company, and whose visitors come when they have made the least provision for them. So they say.

We would not underrate the trials of domestic life. We think that woman has quite as many of them to encounter as her husband. But this is no excuse for the excessive trouble of the class in question. Martha had more than her hands full in the preparation of a meal for Christ; but this was no excuse for her petulance and unhappiness. The difficulty, after all, was not so much in her actual trials, as in her own heart. With Mary's heart, she would have moved about the house composed and tranquil.

"There is a cross in every sphere,
And an earnest need of prayer,
But the lowly heart that trusts in God,
Is happy everywhere."

Probably the greater part of this class would be troubled in any condition whatever. The fact that the seat of the diffi-

culty is chiefly in the mind, shows that it will avail little to change the outward condition. A correct view of these annoyances, arising from proper religious sentiments in the heart, is the only antidote for this evil.

But why should a *Christian* woman allow herself to be so disturbed by these "surface trials," as they have been aptly called? Simply because she does not carry her religion into domestic duties as she carries it to the prayer meeting. There is many a Christian man who leaves his religion at home when he goes to his farm, or to his merchandise, and, on this account, his feelings are often ruffled. Christians do not appear to realize that it is as much their duty to be reconciled to a storm or a mercantile disaster, as to sickness or death. If they would take religion with them into their business, they would soon find their mistake corrected. It is so in the family. Pious women, who can bow submissively to the providence that snatches a friend from them, are often "troubled" exceedingly with some petty vexation about domestic affairs. Martha is a good illustration of the fact. When her brother Lazarus died, she was more composed than Mary. She went out to meet Jesus as he approached the dwelling, and conversed with him calmly about her bereavement. And yet she was unreconciled to the perplexities that arose in the preparation of a meal. Many Christian housekeepers are exactly like her. But let them carry religion into their household duties, as they carry it to the sanctuary and to the bedside of the sick and dying, and these trials can easily be borne.

"In every home there will be care,
And trifles to annoy;
But at the Saviour's feet in prayer,
The heart finds rest and joy."

We have said that Martha was so much "cumbered" by her household affairs as to prevent her communing with Christ. How often worldly cares interfere with Christian duties. Prayer meetings are poorly attended on this account. Those only who are wont to discharge their duties at home and their duties to the church from high religious principle

are habitual in their attendance upon the week-day meetings. It cannot be said that those women who always attend these means of grace neglect their domestic affairs. It is believed that no class are more faithful at home than they are. It is their punctuality and systematic way of performing their work, that enables them to enjoy these means of grace. More time is lost, not only in the family, but on the farm, and in the workshop, for want of promptness and order, than is lost in all other ways. Those Christians who save their time by economy and systematic arrangement are usually the ones who attend week-day meetings.

It is necessary to revert to the character of Mary, before we close, to vindicate her from a charge that has been alleged against her. Some have said that she was one of those untidy and slothful housekeepers, who delight to elude work when they can, and who would rather sit down and chat with a guest, than to perform the domestic work necessary for their entertainment. This is a very unjust allegation. It is not at all consistent with the language of Christ. When he addressed himself to Martha in the language of rebuke, he added : “ But one thing is needful ; and *Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.*” This language commends Mary for her course, which would not be proper if she were thus delinquent. Jesus would never have commended her in this unqualified manner if laziness, sloth, or any kindred quality, had deformed her character. It is more consistent with his approval of her doings, to suppose that she was one of those quiet, amiable, lovely, neat and tidy housekeepers, who make no bustle in attending to their duties, while they keep affairs in as good order as the more energetic and noisy Marthas. She differed very materially from her sister. Martha has been styled “ the female Peter,” because like him, she was impulsive and ardent. She would express her regard for Christ by bustling about to prepare a sumptuous meal. Mary was more like the meek and trusting John ; she would express her love by sitting at the feet of Jesus to drink in his words of wisdom. She scarcely thinks of food so long as she

is charmed by the counsels of her divine teacher. No wonder that Christ commended her; for she was a jewel among women. Another has said, "Mary was one of those characters who cause us to overlook what they do in consideration of what they are. We are more impressed by her spirit than by her actions. She sat at the feet of Jesus, for her appropriate sphere was in the region of aspiration and receptivity. Her heart was a censor of devout breathings, and her whole being vibrated to holy influences like a harp. It seems to be the mission of such natures, not so much to act as to shine in their own calm brightness, like planets, reflecting upon us a light which has been poured into them from unseen urns."

An unexpected visitor at noon or midnight would not trouble such a woman as Mary. She would proceed to entertain him in her own easy, noiseless way, her brow all wreathed with smiles, and her heart full of sunshine. Blessed woman! more blessed man who gets thee for his prize!

"But one thing is needful;"—as needful for the housewife as for others. If there were no hereafter, and no human accountability, religion would still be valuable in the various spheres of human duty. And if there were no spheres of duty but that of domestic life, religion would be of priceless value for that. Yes! It is indispensable for keeping house; for houses should be kept on Christian principles. Then the trials of this sphere would be borne with tranquil spirits, and become a happy discipline to the soul made alive in Christ. "Careful and troubled" bodies would disappear, and only calm, confiding, and peaceful housewives preside over domestic affairs.

"And she whose nobler course is seen to shine
At once with human knowledge and divine;
Who mental culture and domestic rites,
In close and graceful amity unites,
Striving to keep them in their proper place,
Not interfering with her heavenly race;
Whose constant aim it is and fervent prayer,
On earthly ground to breathe celestial air."

THE CUMBERED HOUSEWIFE :

OR, CHRIST THE GUEST OF MARY AND MARTHA, AT BETHANY.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

"T'WAS twilight on Judea's hills. The Saviour's weary feet
Passed slowly o'er Mount Olivet from Salem's dusty street,
And with him, walking in the cool and sweet decline of day,
Beloved John and Peter came, companions of His way.
The palmy vale of Bethany one villa did afford,
Whose hospitable hostess loved the presence of her Lord.
There, worn and weary, Jesus came, as he had often come,
To be the guest of sisters twain, and share their happy home.

He came, but not for dainty cheer — nor yet for rest alone —
Although his heart was sore oppressed with griefs to us unknown;
Though grieving for the unbelief — the stony hearts of men,
On whom his words of wisdom fell, as on the rocks the rain;
Yet ever found he Martha there to welcome his return,
And Mary, waiting at his feet, the will of God to learn,
And Lazarus, whose beamy eye revealed a brother's love,
While He, where evening incense burned, discoursed of things above.

In Martha's breast a glowing spark of old ancestral pride
Oft drew her ear away from Christ, and turned her feet aside,
Amidst a thousand cares she toiled — Pride said she must at least
Now furnish her beloved guest a sumptuous evening feast.
At length impatiently to Christ she comes with murmuring tone —
"Dost care not that my sister, Lord, leaves me to serve alone?
I pray thee bid her help me, Sir?" But Mary bowed her head,
While Jesus, with reproving look, to Martha meekly said:

"O, Martha! Martha! full of care, and troubled and perplexed;
Encumbered with the present life, forgetful of the next,
I know thee — all thy matron pride — the yearnings of thy breast,
To show rich hospitality to me, thy weary guest;
But, Martha, for this anxious care, my lips shall praise thee not,
'*One thing is needful:*' THAT, I fear, thou, Martha, hast forgot,
But Mary, who with tears of love gives heed to what I say,
Has wisely chosen that 'good part' which none shall take away."

THE WARNING TOO LONG DELAYED.

BY REV. BRADFORD K. PEIRCE,

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE GIRLS' REFORM SCHOOL, LANCASTER, MASS.

"While men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares."—MATT. 13:25.

"I cannot give you a reason for it, even satisfactory to myself, but it is a fact that I cannot speak familiarly to my children about many matters that I know it is important for them to understand." How many parents are ready to use this language. They can point out the danger to which young persons are exposed, in conversation with others; express themselves properly as to the necessity of some measures being taken to instruct and defend childhood, but they fail to make any personal application to their theory. They hope, after all, that their own children will in some way escape temptation. They have no reason to think, and cannot believe that they have *yet* become acquainted with any thing that it would be better for persons of such an age not to know. They think bad habits may be prevalent in the community; may have crept into the schools, and possibly are lurking in the social circles frequented by them, but still they do not think, (indeed, it would shock them beyond measure to harbor for a moment the suspicion,) that their child has come in contact with them. Sometimes a word hastily spoken, or some unstudied act, will reveal a knowledge of matters which were supposed to be utterly unfamiliar to a child; or the painful discovery of an unchaste word or habit discloses at once the fearful progress which a fatal leaven has made in the heart of the child, and the sad effect of painful neglect and want of familiarity.

Lizzy's parents are connected with a church enjoying the services of an eloquent and devoted minister, and she herself, was a member of the Sabbath School. The family are dependent upon their daily labor for their daily bread; at an early age, the children adding their share to the common support by service in the mill. The ordinary formal family prayers

were attended daily, and the Sabbath found the family in the church; and this was the limit of the religious or even moral instruction given by the parents to their children. No personal conversation upon the highest and most interesting of all subjects occurred; no allusion was made to the peculiar temptations of the mill, and of the streets. Probably they thought it indelicate to refer to these in the presence of youth. They could not believe that a child of theirs would ever fall into open sin. They could not conceal from themselves the character of the young persons that she must necessarily meet in passing to and from her daily labors. Indeed they had angrily forbidden her to speak to one young man who had accompanied her home from an evening party, exciting in her mind as angry a resolution to do just as she pleased in the future. Still they hoped and believed that no serious harm would happen to her. Did she not attend Sabbath School? and was she not the subject of and attendant upon daily prayers? What more was necessary and what more could they do? How could a mother mention unpleasant and delicate matters to her child, as if she had reason to suspect her. But what idea had Lizzy of practical religion — of its application to daily life? The Bible was a book to be read in short portions, just before or after breakfast, and perhaps at the hour of retiring, and to be studied an hour on the Sabbath.

The necessity of religion was often referred to by her Sunday School teacher and by the superintendent, but it was in some way always connected in her mind, and in their remarks, with death. Just what religion was, or what benefit it would be to her daily, or in what peculiar need she constantly stood of it, never had occurred to her, or been even plainly suggested by her instructors.

We have taken no inconsiderable pride in the persuasion that our factories were so carefully guarded that, at least technical virtue would be rarely assailed or lost upon their premises. Whatever was the truth in their early history this cannot be with truth affirmed of them at present. They are becoming, in many instances, the graves of innocence and

purity, and no immature girl, undefended by sterling principle and the careful supervision of a faithful guardian, can be expected to pass safely through their multiform temptations.

And so Lizzy went to her daily labor in the mill,—a mild, easily influenced girl, with a musical voice and an affectionate manner. She had no strength of character; was of a social habit; rather thoughtless; quite unsuspecting, and never personally warned of the consequences of her imprudence—merely scolded bitterly if she was seen with certain young persons, because it was not *respectable* to be found in their company. To her, these young companions appeared pleasant enough, and as she had no others, she merely took care to escape the observation of her parents, and in stolen moments sought the coveted society.

And now, with startling suddenness, to their utter astonishment and horror, the parents discover that their child is lost to virtue. In floods of tears, and with passionate protestations, the unhappy child pours out the common tale of promises of marriage and of gross deception. Before she is fifteen, a dishonored daughter brings shame upon her humbled parents, and a lasting disgrace upon herself.

The same shocking sin may not always follow parental neglect, but worldliness in various forms, and irreligion, may rationally be expected where no personal, pious culture has been bestowed, and no inward growth of piety has been secured. Into parental hands has this solemn work been committed, and “whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” If parents do not scatter the seeds of life, the enemy will not fail to sow tares. “He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption—he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.”

What you dislike in another, take care to correct in yourself.

"MINT AND ANISE" GOVERNMENT.

EDITORIAL.

THE Jews were required to pay tithes of the fruits of the earth. The law said nothing, however, about herbs, so that it became a question among them, whether these ought to be tithed. The Pharisees contended that they ought; and on this account the Saviour told them that they were precise in doing what the law did not require, while they left undone the "weightier matters" which it enjoined. "Ye pay tithe of mint, and anise, and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." He did not censure them for tithing "mint, anise, and cummin," but for neglecting "weightier matters" at the same time. It was well in them to attend to inferior duties. Attention to superior obligations, also, would have been better.

We have observed somewhat of this "mint and anise" policy in family government, from time to time. It is more prevalent than the reader may at first suppose — this careful attention to the less important things in the training of children. We once knew a family in which every thing was "neat as a pin." A speck of dirt was never seen by strangers on the childrens' garments. Neatness was their mother's *fort* — a very good trait in a mother, so far as it goes. But we doubt if the children ever received one moral or religious lesson from maternal lips. "James, be very careful and not soil your clothes," and "Lizzie, remember that you have on a nice clean dress," and "Is your face clean, Georgie?" Such counsels often fell upon the childrens' ears, until they must have almost thought that the chief end of man was *to be neat*. It was good counsel, we do not object to that. But to stop with a child's neat clothes, while nothing is said about soiling the heart, and spoiling character, is surely a "mint and anise" policy. The boys in that family grew up perfect pinks of neatness; but their characters, alas! are impure. They are

the *neatest* tipplers I ever saw. We doubt if a starched dickey of theirs is ever tumbled even in a midnight revel.

It would not be difficult at all to find loving mothers who spend much of their time upon the dress of their little ones. They must be cut exactly *so*; they must set to suit the most fastidious taste; the material must be well selected; and yet few thoughts are expended upon the question, "how shall I train these children for usefulness?" It is, "how will this and that garment look on them?" "How will such a dress strike the eyes of others?" Yes! there are many such mothers, and fathers, too. There are many fathers who spend more thought and money upon the style of a son's coat, than upon his character. They seem to think that a tasteful and ample wardrobe is all that sons need on earth. Poor Pharisaical parents, titling mint, and anise, and cummin, to the neglect of all that is higher and better, in this, and the world to come!

A gentleman boarded in a family, the mother of which was intelligent and pious, but indulgent. At the table she chided her boy for the least misdemeanor, and, at other times, when visitors were present, noticed every little impropriety. This was well; but it was not enough. Very often this boarder heard him say, "I will," and "I won't," to his mother; and yet he went unpunished. Sometimes the flagrant offence was passed unnoticed by her. This is another instance of giving heed to minor things in the family, while the more important matters are neglected.

The above will suffice to illustrate the point which we wish to urge upon the attention of parents. Each item in family discipline should receive attention according to its importance.

There may be some disagreement among parents, as to what are the more important matters; but all will agree that dress, manners, and kindred topics, while they have a place and value, are not to be compared with character, usefulness and destiny. "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."

THE MOTHER'S LEGACY.

OR THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

CHAPTER III.

It was with a heavy heart that the widowed father returned from the grave to his dark and cheerless home, which she, whom he had left in the little churchyard, had made a haven of peace and love. His children, whose sable garments painfully reminded him of their irreparable loss, gathered tearfully around him, opening anew the wound in his heart by their artless questions.

But time that heals all wounds healed this also. Unwilling to break up housekeeping, Mr. Allen invited a maiden sister to superintend his household; and in a little while things went on in their usual routine.

The death of his wife had seemed to make a strong impression on Mr. Allen's heart. Many times during the course of the week, did he take down her well worn-bible, and try to read it, in an earnest endeavor to redeem the promise he had given her. But the Word of Life seemed dark to him; he understood but little, and took no interest in what he did understand. A rapidly increasing business absorbed his attention; the habits and ways of the world resumed their influence over him, and in a little while those solemn words, and she who uttered them, were in a measure forgotten.

In less than three years, Mr Allen brought a young bride to his home, a gay, light hearted, gladsome creature, as different from his former wife, as it was possible to conceive. She was very fond of dress and company, and her life was spent in one unceasing round of dissipation.

It could hardly be expected that one who had so little sense of the obligations that rested upon her as a wife, should be very strongly impressed with the duties that she owed to children not her own. Mrs. Allen had conceived no particular dislike to her step-children and had no desire to make

them unhappy; but, as she told a confidential friend, "she couldn't abide children. And then they were so noisy and troublesome, always in some mischief or other, that her patience was completely worn out with them!"

Edward and Ellenor were naturally well disposed children, and had had excellent training, yet it was not strange, treated with coldness and neglect, and reprov'd and punished without any reason, that they were often headstrong and perverse. All their little acts of childish rebellion were duly reported to their father by Mrs. Allen; generally ending with the remark, "that they certainly were the worst children she ever saw, and she didn't know what would become of them!"

Mr. Allen was strongly attached to his children and had their interest and happiness at heart, yet, for the sake of peace and quiet, he shut his eyes to the injustice that was often inflicted upon them, feeling that any interference on his part would only prejudice his wife still more strongly against them, and hoping that they would, in time, win a place in her heart. He silenced the voice of conscience, which would sometimes reproach him with the wrong he was inflicting on his motherless children, by according them unwise indulgences, and passing over the graver faults, which were rapidly springing up in their hearts under this injudicious treatment, and which should have been repressed with a firm, steady hand.

Poor little ones! their's was 'a sad, cheerless life. Many nights did they steal away to their rooms and sob themselves to sleep, contrasting in their own minds the treatment from their new mother with that received from her who was quietly sleeping in the little churchyard not many steps from their door.

About a year and a half from the time of her marriage, Mrs. Allen became herself a mother; but this event instead of softening her feelings towards her step children, served to close her heart more effectually against them. She made an earnest effort to induce her husband to send them from home. And at last wearied by her entreaties and arguments, and feeling that perhaps under the existing state of things it was the best thing he could do for them, he consented. Ellenor

was sent to a fashionable boarding school, to receive a fashionable education, and Edward went to live with his grandfather, with the understanding that he was to attend a flourishing school, that was established in the town where he resided. For reprehensible as Mr. Allen's treatment of his children was, he was extremely desirous that they should obtain, what he considered a good education, and spared no money in assisting to secure one.

Perhaps it will hardly be credited that it was something over five years before Mr. Allen saw either of his children again. His business prevented his visiting them, and when he ventured to suggest the propriety of their spending their vacations at home, his wife had always some objection to make, some reason why it would not be convenient; and satisfied by hearing that they were well and happy, and absorbed in the care of the world, and the family that was rapidly springing up around him, he forbore to urge it.

But at the expiration of that time, an event occurred which created a marked change in his household. Again the presence of the dark-winged angel shadowed his threshold. A second time he was left without a companion; once more he was surrounded by motherless little ones, looking to him for the care and consolation he was unable to give them. Mrs. Allen's sickness was very short; there was no time for a preparation, and her horror of death and struggles for life were fearful to witness. Mr. Allen never fully realized the power of religion, until standing by her dying bed, he gazed upon her convulsed and despairing countenance, and contrasted it with the triumphant faith, and holy joy and serenity, with which his former wife welcomed the approach of death.

CHAPTER IV.

After the last sad rites were over, Mr. Allen's thoughts turned with newly awakened tenderness towards his absent children. His heart yearned for their companionship and sympathy, and he determined to recall them.

He could hardly realize that the tall, manly looking youth and blooming maiden, that stepped from the carriage and ad-

dressed him by the name of father, could be the children from whom he had parted five years before, so great was the change that those years had wrought in their appearance. Especially was he struck with the strong resemblance that Ellenor bore to his lost Annie, and his heart yearned towards her with irrepressible tenderness. She had the same soft blue eyes, the same shining curls, and clear brilliant complexion. But, here, alas, all resemblance ceased. That gentle loving heart, chastened soul, and strong, well disciplined mind found no place in the wilful capricious girl, or in the haughty, high spirited boy, whose evil passions had strengthened with their strength. The early teachings of their sainted mother had long since passed entirely from their mind. There had been no voice to remind them of her, no hand to lead them up to Jesus; no one to impress upon their hearts the solemn claims of their Creator upon them.

Considering the training they had received, it was not very strange that this neglected son and daughter felt little or no attachment for the father, from whom they had been so long separated. Neither was it very remarkable, taking into view the treatment they had received from the hands of their step-mother, that their hearts were not very strongly drawn towards the children she had left behind her. Indeed, both Ellenor and Edward conceived a strong aversion for them; feeling, as they did, that it was for their sakes they had been banished so causelessly from their father's heart and home, an aversion that they took no particular pains to conceal.

Mr. Allen sorrowed bitterly, in secret, over this unhappy state of things; but he felt that he was reaping as he had sowed, that he had been criminally neglectful of his duty towards them, and that he had no right to complain.

His sister again resumed her office of housekeeper, and both Ellenor and her brother were left at liberty to follow their own inclinations and pleasures, a privilege of which they lost no time in availing themselves. The greater part of their time was spent in frivolous, if not sinful amusements; their father realizing to some extent, their danger, but feeling powerless to counsel or restrain them.

"To-morrow is our birth-day, father," said Ellenor one evening, as Mr. Allen entered the parlor, and took a seat by the fire, "Edward and I are eighteen to-morrow. What are you going to give us for our birth-day present?"

Mr. Allen started; the words of his dying wife, and the commission she had entrusted to his care, suddenly rushed upon his mind. But controlling himself, he said kindly, "What is it that you want my daughter?"

"O! father," was the animated response, "Mary Ellis has such a beautiful pearl necklace. If you will only buy me one like it, I shall be so happy! I want it to wear to the ball next Wednesday night."

Mr. Allen sighed as he gazed on the animated countenance of his daughter, for he thought of the ornament that she lacked, a "meek and quiet spirit." But without replying, he turned to his son, saying, "Well Edward, what is it that you want for your present?"

Edward colored. "Seeing you are so good as to enquire," he said somewhat stiffly, for he and his father had not been on very good terms lately, "I should like the horse I spoke to you about a few days ago. But as you thought it beyond your means then, you may think the same now, though Henry Davis and Charles Jackson have one, and their fathers are not any better off than you."

"Well, my children," said Mr. Allen after a pause, "I will give you both a present to-morrow. I cannot tell you what they will be, though you may rest assured that they will far exceed the value of the first Arabian steed, or the most costly bracelet."

As Mr. Allen said this, he left the room; leaving his children in wonder and perplexity as to what their birth-day gifts would be.

When Mr. Allen reached his own room he sank down into a chair and leaned his head upon his hand. The long tide of years rolled back. He stood again by the side of the wife of his youth. He listened to the solemn words with which she commended her little ones to his love and protection. How he had abused that sacred trust, those children with their

alienated affections, and perverse, undisciplined hearts, told him but too plainly. He recalled the solemn promise he had given her. How had he redeemed it? Had he taken one step towards that glorious land, where he knew she was waiting for him? Alas, no; though he had taken many in that path that would surely lead to their eternal separation!

As he thought of these things, he groaned in the bitterness of his heart.

CHAPTER V.

The next day Mr. Allen sent for Edward and Ellenor to come into his study.

"My dear children," he said, impressively motioning them to a seat, "I wish you to give me your undivided attention, for I have something of serious import to say to you. I know that you have often thought your father to be destitute of natural affection for you, but it is not so; you have been, you still are infinitely dear to me, not only as my children, but as the children of her, who is now an angel in heaven. You have felt that I treated you harshly and unjustly in keeping you away from home so many years. Yet I acted for what I considered at the time to be for your best good; and if I erred, as I sometimes fear I did, it was an error of the judgment and not of the heart."

"It is nearly twelve years since your dear mother's death," resumed Mr. Allen after a pause; "a few days before she died she had a long conversation with me in regard to you; at the close of which, she placed in my care this box, enjoining me to give it to you when you reached the age of eighteen, and to tell you that it was your dying mother's legacy! You have never spoken to me of her, of late years, yet although you were only seven at the time of her death, you cannot have entirely forgotten her."

"Dear father," exclaimed the warm hearted, impulsive Ellenor, "we have never forgotten our dear mother, though we supposed that you had long since. We have never spoken of her to you because we supposed it to be an unwelcome subject."

"You wronged me, my child," said Mr. Allen tremulously,

laying his hand tenderly upon the head of his weeping daughter; "I am a man of few words, but I do not easily forget; and of late your mother has hardly been out of my mind an hour at a time. She was, what I alas, am not, a Christian, both in heart and life. And oh! how much it would gladden your father's heart to see her children following in her footsteps."

"I will now leave you," he added, rising from his seat, "to examine the legacy she left you. I do not know in what it consists; but this I do know, that as *her* gift, it is above all price!"

With softened and subdued feelings, Edward and Ellenor opened the box. It contained a couple of small bibles and two locket. They opened the latter, and the mild, gentle face of their mother smiled upon them.

Between the two bibles was a letter, which ran as follows:—

"My beloved and precious children,—

"When you read these lines, the hand that traced them, and the heart that loved you above all earthly things, will have returned to its native dust; yet remember that the spirit that animated them still lives, still loves and cares for you.

"When you were given to me, I received you as a gift from God, and dedicated you to his service, trusting that I should live to make that dedication sure. And when I first realized that I must leave you, I knelt down by the couch where you were sweetly sleeping, and with many tears and supplications gave you wholly to Him.

"My dear children, will you make your dying mother's gift a mockery? Must all those prayers and tears be unavailing? Shall I never hold you in my arms again? Must I forever lose you? Behold, God is waiting to be gracious! The loving Saviour is stretching out his arms to you! Flee to Him, my children; give to Him *now* your hearts!

"I give to each of you a locket containing my miniature, which I know that you will prize for my sake. I give you, also, to be your *constant companion*, the Words of Eternal Life. Read them carefully and prayerfully, and they shall be to you a treasure richer than gold or silver.

"My precious children, your mother's eyes and strength are failing *her* — I can write no more. Farewell!

"O! be to life's great aim and purpose true —

Think of my home, 'mid heaven's angelic train!

Remember I am waiting there for you —

Let me not wait and watch for you in vain!"

Upon the blank leaf of each of the bibles were these words written, in a feeble, tremulous hand :—

“Choose ye *this day* whom ye will serve.” “They that seek me early shall find me.”

As Ellenor and Edward read this affecting letter, the Spirit of God descended upon their heads, bringing back to their mind what they had not since recollected, the night in which they were aroused from slumber by their mother's tears and supplications. How vividly there passed before their eyes that pale, tearful face! Words, which they had but faintly understood, sounded in their ears with a solemn meaning, and the heavy sobs which burst from their bosoms told how strongly they were moved.

There was a bitter struggle in those young hearts, a season of storm and darkness, and then the Sun of righteousness arose, dispelling every cloud, and giving them “that peace that passeth all understanding.” The prayer of *faith*, which arose so many years ago from the lips of a dying woman, was answered! Her children became the heirs of eternal life! And O, stranger still, through the influence of his children's prayers and example, and the remembrance of their mother's prayers for him, the father, whose heart had become hardened by long commerce with the world, became a participator in the same glorious inheritance.

If, as we firmly believe, the spirits of the just made perfect behold us in our earthly pilgrimage, what holy rapture must have filled the heart of that sainted wife and mother, as she looked down upon her husband and her children! Lately with feelings so chilled and embittered, but now with one heart and one faith, loving each other, even as Christ had loved them.

Years glided on. Edward, after a careful preparation, went as a missionary to the Far West, where the fields are white for the harvest, but the laborers are few. Ellenor is still at home; the cherished friend and instructor of her little brother and sisters, and the pride of her father, of whose declining years she is the joy and solace.

God has signally blessed the labors of Edward ; he is gathering many stray lambs into the fold of Christ. Ellenor will soon leave her father's house, to make glad another home: Exerting, as these two Christians assuredly will, so strong an influence over the minds of those around them, who, in their turn, will bless and enlighten those with whom they come in contact, who can tell how many souls, from this time to the glad day of His appearing, shall be turned from the error of their ways through the resistless power of that mother's "*Prayer of Faith.*"

Christian parents! why is it said in our land, that among the children of our professing Christians, the pillars of the church, those who dispense to the perishing multitude the bread of life, there are few that follow in the footsteps of their fathers? Brothers and sisters in Christ Jesus, why is it that so many of you are mourning in bitterness of heart over rebellious children, whose conduct is bringing shame upon the name you bear? I will tell you. It is because you lack that faith, without which all your efforts for their conversion will be unavailing. You may instruct them daily in the way of life, you may give line upon line and precept upon precept, your voice may ascend in supplication for them at morning and at evening ; but unless your children *feel* that you are in earnest, unless your soul ascends on the wings of that faith, that is so beautifully shadowed forth by the struggle of Jacob with the angel, who would not depart without the promised blessing, all your prayers and teachings will be vain.

God looks not upon the bowed knees, or upon the uplifted eyes and hands, but upon the *heart*. Be not deceived ; God is not mocked ! The Father of Spirits gives not the blessing, that is above all other blessings, the promise of life eternal, to those who " draw near to him with their lips, while their hearts are far from him."

SALVATION was first a purpose, then a promise, then a work, then a gift, and at last a glorious reality.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

BY REV. ELIAS NASON.

A young man is a "little kingdom" in himself; he has the power and capabilities of a "little kingdom" in himself. His passions are the subjects; his conscience and his reason are the king. He is a little realm within himself, with executive, judicial and legislative powers; with a court and cabinet; with secret councils; with public actions, and with memory for the "Recording Secretary." He legislates, he adjudicates, he executes. He is a little kingdom, in a kingdom, "*imperium in imperio*." He is an "everlasting kingdom;" for though the place of the dominion be removed, and though anarchy and ruin overspread the empire, the king, and the court, and the "recording secretary" live still; — though in desolation, they live still. A young man is a little kingdom set upon a hill; a central point of observation; ten thousand eyes are upon him; he can build no wall high enough to cover him; his actions are known; his secret thoughts are known, for they flow out in his actions; they form his CHARACTER, and *that* is known and estimated; and the estimate that men set upon it is of very great importance to him. If contempt and obloquy are cast upon his name — if he supposes his acquaintances despise him, his heart becomes discouraged, his hands are palsied, and he sinks into despondency or misanthropy; and if they really *do* despise him, then his influence to do *them* good is lost; his very charities are misinterpreted, and the "locks of his strength" are shorn away.

Every young man knows this; keenly feels this. Touch him on the point, and you will see. Tell him he is an "underling," — it may be true enough, — but tell him so; tell him he is a "coward," a "cheat," a "loafer," and a "liar," you may be right, — but tell him so. You might as well push a needle through his eyeball; you might as well thrust your fingers into a nest of serpents. His anger, his resentment, flashes fire upon you instantly. Do you then, young

man, think it so important to stand well in the esteem of those that know you, to be respected, honored, loved by them? Do you place so high a value on the good opinion of your fellow men? Then set the "little kingdom" I have spoken of in order; keep it in order; let its secret councils be founded in wisdom and discretion; let them be such as to bear the scrutiny of God; and then the actions which arise therefrom will bear the scrutiny of man.

The public will come at your character in spite of you; it has a right to it; it will see how you govern the "little realm;" it will ascertain the doings of the "secret sessions" of the "cabinet;" it will set its estimate upon you — and that will differ somewhat from your own, but will be far more just and true. You, yourself, will try to turn your failings into virtues, or forget them. Those that know you will remember them, and judge you by them. I do not mean to say that they are *always* right; they have not individually seen every action of your life. Each one might err respecting special points; but one has seen, it may be, what another could not see, and so the GENERAL ESTIMATE of your character is in most regards correct. If a young man in his heart conceives and does things which in justice ought to be despised, he will most surely be despised; his thoughts and actions, rather than his words, make up his character. If he thinks and does things worthy to be honored, he will have the honor, — for a noble thought or a noble deed cannot be entirely lost.

If, then, you would have none despise you, as the word of God directs, (see Titus, 2:15,) it is inevitable that the "government" be such within that no man CAN despise you.

But do you tell me that however well you may control this "little kingdom," bad men will despise you? Bad men may *oppose* you, I admit; but bad men will respect you. There is enough still left in the ruined soul of man to admire a virtuous action. Though few will imitate, all, nevertheless, will praise the spotless character of a Howard or a Washington.

Our confidence in a ship is the result of our knowledge of the soundness of its plank, and of its power to breast the an-

gry way ; and so our respect for a young man arises from our knowledge of the soundness of his heart, and of his power to meet and breast temptation's dreadful wave and over-ride it. Would you command our high respect ? It is the result of causes under your control—of means within your hands ; employ them,—you shall have it ; fail to employ them,—all the eloquence of a Cicero, of a Henry, or a Webster, all the money of the Bank of England, the advantages of noble birth, or of a faultless person, could not gain it for you. The secret opinions of men in respect to your character are their secret opinions still. The Bible says, “let no man despise thee ;” thy parents say, “let no man despise thee ;” thine own heart responds, let “no man despise me.” Well, then, mark the counsels which I give you.

I.

BE INDEPENDENT ! You are a son of freedom ; her star spangled banner spreads its blazing folds above you, and this is your great birth-right ; dare then to be FREE. Dare to think and speak, and act for yourself ; dare to abide by your own convictions of what is just and right. Be independent ! Observe, examine, criticise, and determine for yourself ; that is according to what your own conscience tells you to be right. I give this rule because there is so much servile cringing—so much bowing down to power and riches in our day ; because there is so little real independence among an independent people. You sometimes think that all the slaves in America are upon the other side of “Mason and Dixon's line.” You are mistaken. There are many men around you who adopt this or that style of living for no better reason than that other men adopt it ; who believe this or that doctrine because other men believe it ; who endorse the sentiments of this book, because other men endorse them ; who like or dislike this man, because other men like or dislike him ; who vote in this or that way, because other men vote in this or that way ; who, instead of looking out of their own clear blue eyes upon this fair world around them, and believing what they see themselves, are ever peering through the dim and dusty spectacles

of other men ; who are, in one word, bond-slaves to the opinions of their fellow men. Instead of being independent, as they ought to be, — instead of standing up erect, and looking up, they are servilely dependent on riches, fashion, popular feeling ; on the notions, whims and caprices of their neighbors ; they cannot but despise *themselves*, and other men will of course despise them. Let this crowd of servile imitators go ; they are but the dross of the true bell-metal ; there is no *ring* in it at all.

I charge you, be not one of them. Be independent in your thought, and word, and action. I do not mean self-willed and obstinate — but independent. Examine other men's opinions with the keenest "critical inspection," honor those opinions when they deserve it, but have your own, and dare to act upon them and maintain them. I do not mean that you are to aim to differ from all men that ever lived before, or still live with, you ; but that you are to be independent — that is, have a mind of your own. If it agree with that of other men, so be it ; if not, still stand by it ; if it is right, still stand by it, though you may be the last man left upon the field where truth and error meet and grapple in the conflict.

If you cast your eye over the wrecks and ruins of time past, and mark the "heads" that rise up here and there in awful majesty, and command the admiration of the world, you will find that they were independent men, — men that dared to think their own thoughts, and speak their own thoughts, and stand by their own thoughts ; men who often stood in the minority, it is true, and even as a "forlorn hope" ; but men who had the respect of their enemies, even, and who now rise up above the cringing crowd to claim the respect of ages ; who shine, as beacon-lights of ocean shine, to guide the wandering over the dark surges. DANTE, HAMDEN, MILTON, CROMWELL, LUTHER, WHITEFIELD, WILBERFORCE, CHALMERS, PELLICO, were such men, who dared to think and act for themselves, — to express their own convictions of the just and right ; and although the truths they uttered were not palatable to the "powers that were," their names are held in "everlasting remembrance" !

Be, then, independent. Let the corners of your character stand out ; there is room enough in this country for it ; and it is the only way in which you can hope to be an original, useful, noble man. It may sometimes make you quite unpopular with the masses ; but with truth and an approving conscience on your side, you can well afford to be unpopular — for a season.

Be, then, independent. It is the only way in which you can respect yourself, or gain the respect of your fellow men. You are a “ little kingdom ” — let that kingdom be a FREE AND INDEPENDENT KINGDOM.

II.

My second point of counsel is: BE COURTEOUS. Let urbanity and civility mark all your intercourse with society. Cultivate a tender regard for the feelings of those with whom you live, and look, as the noble Fenelon did, with a lenient eye upon the infirmities of man. Speak in gentle tones of voice, and in all things let the preference be given to another.

Be courteous in argument, in debate, in listening as in speaking, — in the shop and store, as in the drawing room, — in the cars, as well as at the table, — with your most familiar friends at home, as well as when abroad with strangers. Do not suppose that you must compromise your independence to be kind and courteous. The lofty elm combines both strength and beauty, grace and majesty. The mightiest rivers flow on deeply, smoothly, gracefully ; while the shallow waters rave, and dash, and fret against the rocks opposing them. St. Paul was nobly independent in his thoughts and actions ; he was also very courteous in his behavior. These very words are his, not mine — BE COURTEOUS !

Courtesy is a “ power.” It oftentimes disarms the hand of malice, plucks the “ sting ” from the tongue of slander, and heaps coals of fire upon the head of him who hates you ; while clownishness and incivility fill the eye of friendship even with contempt and ridicule, and tarnish the lustre of the brightest virtues. Be courteous, if you mean that no man shall despise you. It is the oil which makes the wheels of the “ little kingdom ” roll on with ease and beauty.

To be continued.

THE HOME OF LOVE.

BY META LANDER.

Room in the grave,
Thou mourner crave,
Room under the fresh sod!
O, look thy last
Ere earth is cast,
Then lift thy heart to God.
Slow heap the clods upon her breast;
Soft, ashes upon ashes rest,
And dust give thou to dust;
Yet weep not so,
In hopeless woe,
Thy child is with the just.

That throbbing heart has ceased to beat,
That voice is hushed for aye,
That footstep light
And eye so bright,
That look of love,
Like gentle dove,
They all have passed away.
Yet raise on high
Thy weeping eye,
The home of love is passing sweet.

When cruel death
Stole thy child's breath,
We hovered nigh
And bore on high,
Up to the starry skies,
Thy bird of Paradise
On pinions white
Through fields of light,
To her Saviour above,
To the heaven of love.

O'er those fair plains,
In thrilling strains,
Upon her harp of gold,
'Mid cherub throng
She pours her song,
Of melody untold.

Fast thy days fleet,
Soon thou shalt greet
Thy child in bowers above.
There she attends,
O'er thee she bends
In ministries of love,
Cheering grief's hours,
Gathering fair flowers
Sweet solace to bring.
At the golden gates
Thee she awaits,
Resting on her wing.
With rapture sweet
Soon ye shall meet,
In the home of love
Thou shalt clasp thy dove,
Clasp her to thy heart,
Ne'er again to part.

A TRUE STORY OF THE "HARD TIMES."

BY MISS ALICE GRAY, IN PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

IF a country clergyman's daughter is at all loveable, she is generally the pet of the parish. Anna Irvin was pre-eminently so. Old and young looked upon her with affection as Sunday after Sunday she glided in her timid, graceful beauty, into the rectory pew, and her father might be pardoned if, even from the chancel, his eye sought her loved form, and his ear the soft tones of her voice. For sixteen years she read and studied, sang and laughed, surrounded by fond, admiring hearts. But there came a change, a day when Dr. Irvin preached his last sermon, and laid his head down in the old church-yard. Anna went away to New York. It is needless to trace the progress of the changes, misfortunes by which she sank, in four or five years, from a music-teacher to taking in sewing, and then working at hat-binding. When the "hard times" of this last fall fell upon the country, even this humble resource failed her. She could find nothing to do, and she had no money. Ruin had overtaken her few friends in the

city. Weeks passed. She sold and pawned most of her clothing, and all other articles of any value. She was obliged to leave her small but respectable apartment, and sleep on a rag mattress in a fireless, bare garret, glad of the privilege. One fearfully cold night last week she crept to that comfortless pallet, foot-sore from a whole day's fruitless walking in search of employment. For five days she had not tasted food. She had only a scant, worn rug for covering. For hours her teeth chattered, and her limbs ached. She curled herself into every imaginable position in the vain effort to obtain a moment's warmth of any portion of her frame. And then she thought of her home, where each night she had wrapped herself in thick, soft blankets, and lain in warm, dreamless rest till morning dawn. She thought of her father's good-night kiss and blessing. She slept at last, for she was utterly exhausted, waking to suffering every five minutes, tortured by hideous nightmares of food turning to stone, ice in her grasp by grinning faces; and never for one instant losing the pain of cold.

In the morning she saw a girl, who, with her old mother had slept, if sleep it could be called, in the same room, preparing to go out begging for cold victuals. Two little girls who lived in the opposite garret, also issued forth, and Anna, despairingly, and nearly wild with hunger and cold, went out after them. She soon found herself in a street where every surrounding showed wealth and luxury. She thought of the more respectable mode of begging, to ring at the front door, and asking for one of the family, tell her story. But her pride shrank from that even more than from flitting down the back steps. And this at length she did.

"I havn't anything," said the servant, who answered her knock.

"Won't you let me warm myself by the fire?" whispered Anna.

"I guess not," said the girl. "The lady don't like such people about the kitchen," and she shut the door in her face.

She could have lain down and died on the cold door-stone—willingly. After two or three gasps, she stumbled up the

steps, rolled her frost-bitten fingers in her thin de Bage cape, and went on down through the broad Avenue, bitter thoughts of man and of God — may He forgive her! — shrieking in her heart. The long rows of costly houses were to her like fortifications reared by hard, triumphant selfishness, to keep her and such as her from sharing in common comforts, defended by cruel, unerring weapons. Oh! what pitiless tyrants seemed human law, human society! Her feet were numb, but they carried her on over the ice-cold pavements like one in a dream, sensible only to the biting tooth of cold, and the raging of the hunger pangs. Down a broad stoop, a little below her, came a young lady, muffled in furs to her rosy cheeks. She paused suddenly with a look of compassion. "You seem very poor. Can't I do something for you?"

"I am hungry. I am cold," said Anna.

"Cold! I should think you would be," said the young lady, shuddering.

"For pity's sake, Harriet," struck in a gentleman, who had opened the door and come out immediately after her, "don't stand to talk to that girl. You'll catch your death. Here, I'll give her these, and do you come along. You'll have to walk fast to keep warm this bitter morning."

He held out two three-cent pieces. They slipped from his thickly gloved fingers, and he left Anna to pick them up. Before she had succeeded in doing so he was out of sight, with the young lady pressed close to his side. Anna ran to the nearest baker's, and bought a loaf of bread. "You can't stay here to eat it, girl," said the bakeress, and she reluctantly left the well-warmed shop, turned the corner into the Avenue, and sat down on a stoop. The bread was hot, and after filling her mouth, she plunged both hands into the middle of the smoking loaf, she pressed it to her freezing bosom.

"Come, young woman," said a policeman, taking her by the shoulder, "these are fine tragedy airs. Don't you know you mustn't sit here?"

The wretched girl rose and tottered away, completely overcome. Surely she had reached the depth of degradation, she had been "moved on" by a policeman.

The gentleman and the young lady re-appeared. "There's that girl hanging about here yet," Anna heard him say.

"Oh! father," replied the young lady, "she is eating a loaf of bread that she bought with the change you gave her."

"Well, let her go home, and eat it properly then. She's not starving now, certainly," said he.

Home!

The plate-glass doors of their house had only just closed after them, when Anna espied upon the pavement a lady's watch, dropped, doubtless, by the bright, rich girl who had just disappeared. She raised it, and held it a moment in her hand. Within that small enameled thing was hid food, warmth, clothing, shelter. What wonder if her eyes lingered upon it, and her brain grew dizzy with temptation. Let us not attempt to estimate that conflict, we who have never shivered homeless and hopelessly outside of a rich man's door. Anna had taken a step to restore the watch, when out bustled the tall gentleman.

"Here, police, police, my daughter has lost her watch, stolen, I think likely, by a girl who — oh! here she is, behind this post."

The watch was in Anna's hands. "Very fortunate!" said Mr. Miller. "But how hardened, as well as adroit you must be, to steal from one who stopped to give you a kind word!"

"Believe me," implored Anna, "I did not steal it. The lady dropped it."

"Nonsense! It would have been shivered in a thousand pieces. You'd do much better to confess it."

"I seed her around," said the policeman, "not a quarter of an hour ago, and told her to be off, but she knowed what she wanted to be at too well for that."

"Oh! be merciful!" shrieked Anna, wildly, "I am innocent. I can get no work. I am starving. I am perishing with cold. You will not even let me warm myself by any of your fires."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Miller.

"Come along without any fuss, young woman," said the officer.

Anna looked from one harsh brow to another. All light, all hope went out of her heart. Her hands and her head dropped, and the officer half carried her to the station-house. She fainted away when she arrived there, and they laid her on one of those beds which never get cold, occupied as they are by such a continual succession of dirty, noisome outcasts. There she, the child of a clergyman, educated, refined, spent the day and night along with the vicious, the debased, the intoxicated. The next morning she was marched into the police-court with the crowd of wretches.

"What is your name?" asked the magistrate.

She could not give the honorable name of her dead father. "Mary Jones," she said, a blush for the falsehood dyeing her cheeks.

"It's astonishing what a number of Mary Joneses we see here," said the judge. "Well, Mary, what have you to say to this charge?"

"I found the watch on the side-walk, sir," answered Anna, almost inaudibly.

"Found it? Oh! that's the old story."

But her words were corroborated by two boys, who had seen her take something from the pavement, and Mr. Miller declined to prosecute the charge, so the conclusion of the judge was, "You may go." It seemed a matter of indifference to her, so utterly broken down was she. They helped her to leave the court, and Mr. Miller followed her. Fastening upon her wan face a look of pity, he said, "My poor girl, I should like to do something for you. What is it that you want?"

"I want to be kept from losing the next world as I have lost this."

"Here, go to my house and ask for my daughter," said he giving her a card.

"Margaret," said Miss Miller, to her chamber-maid, after she had read the words on the card, and heard some of Anna's hardships, "couldn't you find a room for this girl in some lodging-house? There must be many such houses for poor people, I think."

"I dare say, mem," returned Margaret, "but I'm not used to going about among thim places, mem."

"Havn't you a sister who keeps house?" asked the young lady, "couldn't she take her in for a little while?"

The chamber-maid tossed her head. "I don't think she would like to, mem. She lives very respectable, does my sister."

"I don't know what to do," said Miss Miller, perplexed.

But when Anna next spoke, her words were wild and incoherent. Her sufferings for the last few days had been too much for mind and body, and she was now fairly delirious.

When Mr. Miller came home, he sent for a carriage, and had her taken to the hospital. There, two days after, she died.

OUR LITTLE SPOT OF LAND.

EDITORIAL.

We have a little spot of land,
 (I mean my wife and I,
 For we are partners joint on earth,
 Where our possessions lie :)
 Just o'er the village-green 'tis found,
 Close by a shady dell,
 Where silence reigns — except when death
 Rings out a solemn knell.

We have no title-deed of land
 Besides this narrow spot ;
 Others can boast their ample farms ;
 We have this little lot ;
 The grass waves sweetly o'er it when
 The summer air is bland ;
 'Tis worth — 'tis worth — we cannot rate
 Our little spot of land.

We've read of islets far away,
 Where balmy gales blow free ;
 Fair islets of the earth that lie
 Like emeralds on the sea ;
 But not for these far distant isles,
 By spicy breezes fanned,
 Would we exchange this humble claim —
 Our little spot of land.

There's Ind beyond the rolling main,
 Renowned for jewels bright;
 And yet with all her treasures told,
 Her pearls and gems of light,
 Her mines of wealth and sparkling streams
 That roll o'er golden sand;
 She charms us not — when once we view
 Our little spot of land.

Nay, bring the gold of every clime,
 The wealth of every shore;
 Let ocean yield her riches up —
 And lay them at our door:
 Then swell the pile a thousand fold
 By some enchanter's wand; —
 The whole can never buy of us
 Our little spot of land.

Ah, no! A dearer treasure this
 To hearts that once have bled,
 Though neither pearls nor rubies lie
 Within its grassy bed;
 'Tis all the land we've title to,
 And *this* deep sorrow gave;
 Our tears have watered it as rain, —
 It is our infant's grave.

CAUSES OF UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.

BY REV. M. BLAKE.

THE HAPPY HOME! These words look sweetly in print; and the idea is a bright paradise to many a young man's imagination, in which he sees some Eve, whose face he cannot yet quite distinguish, roaming lonely in search of her Adam, whom he fancies himself to be, and intends to prove himself bye and bye; but which is for the present closed and guarded by a writer with an ink-horn by his side, and a sober man in black, with white kerchief about his neck. Yet it is his fancy that, when he shall pass these guardians of the gate and find his Eve, it will be unto both a taste of the

“——— only bliss of Paradise
 That has survived the fall.”

That young Adam's fancy may be realized — which we anx-

iously desire,— and that his Eve, when he finds her, may rejoice in the reality of the happy home to which he shall introduce her, we beg that he will attend to a few advisory suggestions. At present, we will only speak of some of the causes which spoil the happiness of home.

I. Is an ill-matched union. In a fellowship so intimate as husband and wife, a congeniality of the parties is indispensable to any measure of true domestic enjoyment. Yet many a young man, and young woman too, has overlooked it entirely, whether they can live harmoniously together when the honeymoon has waned into the common moons which light us, plodding mortals, to our homes. But when the question has not been rightly settled, the risks are that it speedily answers itself to their great and lasting disappointment.

Many a marriage is formed from notions purely mercenary, — with no aim at all to true felicity afterwards. The young man is a spendthrift, and has, perhaps, become involved in debt. Too idle, or too proud to resort to honorable means of retrieving his affairs, he looks about for some wealthy man's daughter, whose dowry will extricate him and enable him to continue his abandoned career. It matters little to him if she be as uncongenial as the wife of Job, or of Ahab, provided the pecuniary endowment be ample. He reports himself a branch of some foreign nobility, and as some fathers, and daughters, too, will sacrifice themselves for titles, — an exchange of money for empty titles is made; and one more union is formed such as obtains between a felon and his fetters. God never intended selfish interests to be a foundation of his institution, and he blasts it with a curse.

Marriages are sometimes made of external attractions and sudden fancies. These are most frequent at watering places, balls, evening parties, — where every one is put upon their blandest hypocrisies. As woman cannot always be a flitting sylph, nor man a smiling courtier. A peep behind the mask after marriage reveals the true character, and closer acquaintance usually ripens into mutual repentance.

Some must marry romantically. To go about the prelimi-

naries in cautious, sober earnest, spoils the whole proceeding. They know how marriage is accomplished in novels, and plain prose shocks them. No! The fancy must be suddenly smitten. An inscrutable mystery must envelope the angelic being. And then parental opposition, and a big brother for an obstacle, are invaluable. And stolen interviews and a run-away match will be the very climax of a romantic union, and make it after the most popular models. Any common suitor, in a simple surtout, coming by twilight and announcing his errand in common English, would be so prosy, so vulgar, — the worthiest youth in the village could not be so entertained a moment. A miserable life, or a separation and a separate maintenance, is the upshot of romantic marriages.

Much of the domestic misery in the earth is the result of such and similar ill-mated and unwise unions. Wherever there lacks a purity of purpose, a harmony of character and feelings, there is no basis for any superstructure of domestic happiness. For “how can two walk together unless they be agreed?”

II. Another hindrance to home felicity is indifference and neglect subsequent to marriage. If there have been a wise connection, founded upon natural congeniality, and mutual esteem, indifference will have small opening for entrance. But carelessness will enlarge what opening there may be. Esteem is the fruit of prolonged acquaintance with estimable qualities. A transient glimpse may excite our admiration; the frequent exhibition must ripen that admiration into permanent esteem. The elements of genuine domestic enjoyment are mostly elaborated after marriage. Let not the young Adams and Eves forget this fact, if they would exclude a serpent from their Paradise.

Many a silly pair think that, now the law has made them indissolubly one, they shall remain one; and that, therefore, all the little attentions, once such potent filaments in drawing them together, may be dispensed with since they have become one. Being plain husband and wife, and the congratulatory calls all received, they can settle down, each in the center of

his own sphere, as if the duty of further mutual regard and delicate expressions of love were ended, since they are so closely connected, though with as little cordial sympathy as a man and his shadow.

Mutual indifference, and the flight of domestic felicity in its purest quality, is the almost inevitable result of such an impression. The diminution of those former attentive regards will be sure to beget mutual neglect; and neglect will double itself, faster than compound interest. Unintended, and then intentional slights will follow; then verbal differences, increasing in volume as they flow on, rippling, then cascading, then cataracting, with noise, heard perhaps outside of the paradise. If they cease, it is in a portentous calm, with subterranean rumblings, showing that the explosive elements are smothered, not extinguished.

And all this alienation of heart, and loss of joy, comes of unmeaning neglect. The flame of the heart's affections, having flashed up brightly through the dry kindlings which the match first fired, and coming next to attack the solid substantial of a genial and glowing home-fire, was not assiduously tended, nor now and then helped with a kindly puff of loving attention, but was left to take care of itself; and, as all flames, literal and figurative, will do, it just naturally went out, and left the hearth-stone cold, and the occupants about it shivering and curled up, each in himself, for personal warmth. Every tender sympathy, venturing forth a bud amongst long waiting leaves, was checked and chilled; and hearts, which could have loved and made a happy home, are henceforth separate, distant, strange. This is the secret home-life of many a pair, who appear passingly agreeable in public, but make up for the deception abroad, by perpetual differences at home.

These are not the only causes which make homes unhappy, but enough is given to show the aspiring Adam that it is not enough to get into paradise with his Eve to make it a bower of bliss.

CHILD'S DEPARTMENT



THE HORSE.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

Behold this noble horse,
 How glossy is his hide;
 He waits before
 The parlor door
 To let his master ride.

How high he holds his head!
 How beautiful he stands!
 A native he
 Of Araby,
 Yet found in many lands.

Who has not seen a horse
 Go trotting gaily by,
 With step of pride
 And nostrils wide,
 And courage in his eye.

The war-horse—he is large,
 And strong of neck and limb;
 He snuffs from far
 The smell of war.
 It brings no fear to him.

The heavenly armies ride
 On horses clean and white;
 Might we but see
 Their company,
 O, what a goodly sight!

Their Captain rides before,
 His vesture dipt in blood—
 Blood shed for me;
 Thine let me be,
 O, conquering Lamb of God!

GIRLHOOD OF GOOD WOMEN.

M A R Y L Y O N .

EDITORIAL.

MARY LYON was born just sixty-one years ago, in the town of Buckland, Mass. Her father was a farmer, and, so long as he lived, the family were in comfortable circumstances. After his death, which occurred when Mary was only five years of age, the mother was obliged to study economy, and toil early and late, to feed and clothe her children. Little Mary deeply felt the loss of her father, and her heart turned, at once, with increased love, to her pious mother. Some things are related of this little girl worthy of being pondered by all the girls in the land.

She was very thoughtful. When other girls of her age, in their "wild and careless glee," would transgress the bounds of propriety, at school, or elsewhere, she always stood aloof, and expressed surprise in her eyes, if not on her lips. At home, she had much regard for her mother, and seemed to appreciate her great toils and cares.

She was amiable. Her companions never saw her in a passion. She was pleasant and happy at home. The birds that sung their morning hymns in the trees about her mountain home never arose more cheerily than she.

She was a dutiful daughter. She loved her parents too ardently to disobey them. After her father's death, and her dear mother had all the care of the family, it seemed to be her special delight to be obedient. In this respect she was a great comfort to her mother. Always willing to do what she could, without pouting or delay, it was really pleasant to see her tripping about the house.

She gave heed to the religious counsels of her parents. Her father was a very pious man, and "was never known to speak an angry word." This can be said of even very few good men. Her mother was not at all his inferior in piety. Her praise was in all the churches. Of course they instructed their daughter religiously. Although Mary did not become

truly pious until she was eighteen or nineteen years of age, yet she respected the excellent lessons which she heard at home, and externally observed them. For example, her parents taught her to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," and she put their teaching into practice. As there were no Sabbath-schools at that time, and many families could not go home at noon, on account of the distance, there was more or less noise made by the children, who would collect together and be merry. But Mary never joined these lively groups, and often expressed her surprise that they could be so thoughtless. There is an old beech-tree behind the school-house in Ashfield, where Mary sometimes attended school while staying with a relative in that town, on whose crooked trunk she sat many hours, during a revival season, telling her companions about the way of salvation, as she had been told it by her parents. Yet she was not then a Christian. These facts show that she respected and remembered the pious lessons of her parents.

She was always obedient and studious in the school-room. She made very rapid progress in her studies, by improving every moment of time. One of the teachers said, "I should like to see what she would make if she could be sent to college." In four days she committed to memory all that scholars were wont to learn of Alexander's Grammar, and repeated it at one recitation.

She was energetic and persevering. This did much to make her a good scholar. Persevering girls never say "I can't." Their language is, "I'll try," and they usually succeed. It was so with Mary Lyon. She did almost everything she undertook.

She was also very benevolent. Her parents gave her much instruction on this point. They were benevolent themselves, and, though in humble circumstances, they often gave more away than some rich people. And when the good father went to his reward, the poor widow always managed still to give her generous "mite." Mary imitated their example, so that it was said of her, after she died, "she lived more for others,

for her pupils, for the church, and for the world, than for herself."

This bright, lovely, active, dutiful, virtuous, benevolent girl made a good, yes, a *noble* woman. Her life was filled up with pious deeds. For thirty-five years she was a teacher of youth. By self-denying efforts, she succeeded in establishing Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, where the last twelve years of her life were spent. Over her remains a beautiful monument of white Italian marble has been erected, bearing the following inscription : —

MARY LYON,

The Founder of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary,
and for twelve years its Principal ;

A Teacher for thirty-five years,
and of more than THREE THOUSAND pupils.

Born, February 28, 1797. Died March 5, 1849.

We are told that "the boy is father of the man." Is it not equally true, if we may judge from the life of Mary Lyon, that *the girl is mother of the woman* ?

ONLY ONE BRICK UPON ANOTHER

Edwin was one day looking at a large building, which they were putting up, just opposite his father's house. He watched the workmen from day to day, as they carried up the brick and mortar, and then placed them in their proper order.

His father said to him, "Edwin, you seem to be very much taken up with the bricklayers ; pray what may you be thinking about ? Have you any notion of learning the trade ?"

"No," said Edwin, smiling ; "but I was just thinking what a little thing a brick is, and yet that great house is built by laying one brick upon another."

"Very true, my boy. Never forget it. Just so it is with all great works. All your learning is only one little lesson added to another. If a man could walk all around the world, it would be by putting one foot before the other. Your whole life will be made up of one little moment after another. Drop added to drop makes the ocean."

Learn from this not to despise little things. Learn, also, not

to be discouraged by great labor. The greatest labor becomes easy if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember that the whole of the great building is only one brick upon another."

A LITTLE CHILD MAY BE USEFUL.

I may, if I have but a mind,
Do good in many ways.
Plenty to do the young may find,
In these our busy days.
Sad would it be, though young and small,
If I were of no use at all.

One gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May, though a trifle poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed ;
And who can tell what good may spring,
From such a very little thing ?

Then let me try, each day and hour,
To act upon this little plan,
What little good is in my power,
To do it while I can.
If to be useful thus I try,
I may do better by and by.

WHAT DID THE CLOCK SAY?

THE clock upon the tower of a neighboring church tolled forth slowly and solemnly the knell of the departed hour.

As the last sound died away, Willie, who was sitting on the carpet at his mother's feet, lifted his head, and looking earnestly in her face, asked,

"Mother! what did the clock say?"

"To me," said his mother, sadly, "it seemed to say, Gone—gone—gone—gone!"

"What mother! what has gone?"

"Another hour, my son."

"What is an hour, mother?"

“ A white-winged messenger of our Father in heaven, sent by him to inquire of you — of me, what we are doing, what we are saying, what we are thinking and feeling.”

“ Where is it gone, mother ?”

“ Back to Him who sent it, bearing on its wings, that were so pure and white when it came, a record of all our thoughts, words and deeds, while it was with us.”

“ Were they all such as our Father could receive with a smile of approbation ?”

Reader ! what record are the hours, as they come and go, bearing up on high for you ?

GOOD FOR EVIL.

A little boy in a public school had often been laughed at on account of his mean clothes by another boy older and richer than himself. This grieved the little fellow very much, and he was afraid to venture on the play-ground at all, from a fear of the bad boy who so roughly treated him ; and so he would go away alone, and spend his playtime in reading or learning his lessons.

One day he had been so employed, when he heard the large boy say, in tones of distress, “ I have learned the wrong history-lesson, and now I shall be sure to lose my place ; for I have left my book at home, and there will not be time to go for it and learn my lesson too, before the class is called. What shall I do ?” Most of his class-mates only laughed, for they were envious at him for keeping at the head so long, and they rejoiced at the prospect of displacing him.

Not so Edward, the little boy he had so misused. Edward felt and acted just as he would have desired another to do towards himself under similar circumstances, and so, going up to the large boy, he said, “ Here, Henry, is my book ; you are welcome to use it as long as you wish, and I will help you about your lesson, if I can.”

Was not this a noble boy ? And did he not beautifully exemplify the precept laid down in God’s own word ? “ If thine enemy hunger, feed him ; if he thirst, give him drink ; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.”

A NOBLE BOY.

EDITORIAL.

When John Kitto, of whom we wrote in the January number, was a boy, and after he was carried to the poor-house, the following incident occurred. When he was at home one day, his father, who was a drunkard, desired him to ask Mr. Barnard for a certain favor, and to give as a reason for the request, that he (the father) *was out of work*. John knew that he was not out of work, and that strong drink alone was the cause of his idleness, and he replied, "Father, thou sayest the thing that is not — you are not out of work." But his father insisted upon his carrying the message, which he wrote upon paper. John replied again, "Are you out of work, father?" His father said, "No!" "Then," continued John, "do you think that I will deceive my benefactor, and permit you to say, through me, that you are? I will not give it to him." This was a noble stand to take for the truth. It would have been wicked for him to lie even for his father. If his father had desired him to carry a proper message to Mr. Barnard, John was the boy to do it, for he was obedient. But he knew that lying was a great sin in the sight of God — that it was forbidden in the Bible, and he ought to obey God rather than his father. Many children would not be so thoughtful. They would do just what they are told to do even by their companions, whether it is right or wrong. A few months since, we heard a boy say, in reply to his mother, who was reproving him for taking an apple from a neighbor's tree, "James told me to do it." Well, what if James did tell him so? He knew it was wrong, and he ought to have said, "No, I will not do it;" even if he had to say it in the face of all the Jameses that live. That would have been noble. It would have been like John Kitto, determined to do right.

Let the boys who read this never do wrong because they are told to do it. Remember that there is an unseen Being continually watching you, wherever you are. Let him see that you heed his commands more than all the counsels of men.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

OTHERS' EYES.

Dr. Franklin once made the following wise remark : " The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses, nor fine furniture." Every word in this somewhat original sentence contains truth. It is surprising to see how much men and women are influenced by the opinions of others. " How will this, that and the other thing, strike the eyes of beholders ?" This is the question that decides much that is done at home and abroad. It is the basis of fashion and custom to which so many people are the most cringing slaves. Few men erect splendid houses solely to delight their own eyes. Few women furnish their habitations elegantly solely to please themselves. Few aristocrats keep a costly coach and trappings of the stable, to gratify their own love of riding. Few belles blossom out in plumes and flowers, laces and satins, and expensive jewelry, for their own comfort. No ! They are very unselfish in this regard. They study little to please themselves in these particulars — it is to attract other eyes. Strike them stone blind at once, and the true reason of their display still remains. Visit them in seclusion, when they are not expecting to be seen, and how is it ? Do you find this parade and show ? Are their golden trinkets worn, away from the gaze of men ? Nay. You would scarcely know the *fashionables* whom you meet on Broadway and Washington street, were you to pay them an unexpected visit in their retirement, they are such slaves to others' eyes !

Some people go to meeting to be seen. A great part go to watering-places for this purpose. They are equipped for these occasions. Hundreds walk the streets of our cities with no higher aim ; neither is it difficult to discover who they are. But time would fail us to tell of all that is done for effect upon lookers-on.

Here we discover a reason for the extravagance and waste that abound in our country. People go beyond their means in their style of living just because their neighbors are looking at them. Instead of cutting the coat according to the cloth, they cut it without any reference at all thereto. They graduate their expen-

ses without any regard to the purse, the result of which is that the purse gives out, while their expenses run on. We see but two remedies for this evil. One is — UNIVERSAL BLINDNESS ; the other — THE SPIRIT OF GOD.

A DEFECT OF BIOGRAPHY.

Biography, as it is usually written, has one marked defect ; viz., the boyhood and girlhood of the parties whose lives are sketched, are almost entirely overlooked. There are very few biographies that are faithful in this respect, and, for this reason, very few of them, are particularly interesting. The life of Samuel Budget and that of Isaac T. Hoppin, with a few others that might be named, are exceptions to the general rule. The consequence is, that our biographies fail to illustrate the important truth, that "the boy is father of the man." No reader can learn from them what relation the circumstances and culture of childhood bear to manhood and womanhood. This, of course, is a very important omission. It is overlooking the true philosophy of life. No one wants to read a biography simply to kill time, or be amused. He wants to learn the true character of the distinguished person whose life he reads, and how he achieved his success. The latter point is a more important consideration to the reader than the former. But he can learn little about it unless the early life of the individual is faithfully portrayed.

CALCULATION.

Calculation ! It is one of the finest yet most abused words in the English language. Who would not calculate ? Who *should* not calculate ? Without this kind of mental effort mankind would be raised scarcely above the brutes that perish. Men must calculate or fail wholly in their life-mission. But when calculation becomes careless or reckless speculation, which conceals deep-rooted selfishness and studied wickedness, it is quite another thing. Judas calculated when he betrayed his Lord for thirty pieces of silver ; and his calculation may serve as a fair illustration of much that is done under this name now-a-days. Joseph's brethren calculated when they sold him, a kind, amiable, lovely boy, into hopeless bondage. The man who gains the whole world and loses his own soul, calculates ; alas, how madly ! — Such kind of calculation has filled the world with vice and crime, and sent countless souls, lost and wailing, to perdition.

But there is a brighter side to this picture. This exercise of the mind is sometimes nobler and higher, and yields the happiest results. Luther calculated when he attacked the Papal Church, and sowed the seeds of the Reformation. Clarkson calculated when he projected a plan for the emancipation of slaves in the British dominions — one of the brightest deeds on the page of history. Howard calculated when he resolved to go from prison to prison, to bless and cheer the outcast and criminal. Mills calculated when he pledged himself before God to bear the tidings of salvation to heathen shores. And that probationer calculates who goes smiting upon his breast, to Christ, crying, "Be merciful to me a sinner." This is such calculation as meets with the favor of God. It is such as renders life real and vital. We shall love to meet it at the bar of God and recount its results. We shall be willing that the Judge scrutinize it, as none but the Judge of the quick and dead can.

HIDDEN CARE.

That God is our Protector all admit; and yet we are not always able to recognize his care. There are seasons when we are almost persuaded that he disregards both our wants and our prayers. Dangers thicken so fast around us, and experience becomes so bitter, that we cannot see the Divine hand; as if perils and sorrows were inconsistent with the kindest Divine protection. We pass through these seasons, and come out brighter than we expected, and we are then able to discern the care of God. But it was a *hidden* care at the time. If we had enjoyed our own way, the result would have been disastrous. That California merchant, who hurried himself that he might be prepared to sail in the Central America, saw nothing but disappointment in the providence that kept him at home, until the news of the terrible loss fell with startling sound upon his ear; then he could see a hidden care, to which he owed life itself. So it is often. Because God imposes restraints, which are just as necessary sometimes as indulgences, we say, "He does not care for us." Because He withholds, when withholding is a better protection than giving, we conclude that His ear is closed to the voice of our prayer. How strange! with all the good lessons of experience, and all the precious promises of the Bible, that tell of hidden care, how passing strange that the soul is so thoughtless! We need to ponder this *hidden* protection more and more, for it will open a source of hope and consolation in seasons of darkness and trial.

Hidden ! It is replete with meaning when it relates to Divine goodness — one of the sweetest words to the trusting heart.

The following German fable conveys an important lesson upon this subject : — “ During the violence of a storm a stranger offered up his supplications, and besought Heaven to assuage the tempest. But the storm continued with unabated fury, and while he was drenched with the flood, fatigued with his journey, and exposed without shelter, he became peevish, and even complained aloud of the ways of Providence. Approaching at length the borders of a forest, he said to himself, “ Here I shall find protection notwithstanding Heaven has neglected me, and turned a deaf ear to my prayers.” But as he went forward a robber sprang out suddenly from behind a bush, and the traveller affrighted at the prospect of instant death, fled out of the forest, exposing himself again to the tempest, of which he had so grievously complained. The robber, in the meantime, fitting an arrow to his bow, took exact aim, but the bow-string being relaxed by the moisture of the weather, the arrow fell short of its mark, and the traveller escaped unhurt. As he continued his journey, a voice proceeded, awful, from the clouds ; “ Cease, mortal, to repine at the Divine dispensations, and learn to acknowledge the goodness of God in refusing as well as in granting your petitions. The storm which you complained of so bitterly, has been the means of your preservation. Had not the bow-string of your enemy been rendered useless by rain, you had fallen a victim to his violence.”

THE BUTTON RELIEF.

We read that some years ago, when the button-makers of England were in great distress, the Court came to their relief by ordering that four additional buttons should be added to coats of an approved style. It was not much of a tax upon a single individual, this outlay for four extra buttons, but it brought the necessary relief, and the panic among the button manufacturers soon passed away. We should infer from this fact, that the fault of the people then lay in being so cautious of adornments as not to make business good. They wore buttons to use, probably, and not merely to glitter. The four which the Court decreed were only to look at for the sake of the trade.

Times have changed and so have the people. Our trouble now lies at the other extreme. Our merchants and manufacturers are

embarrassed, not because the people wear too few buttons, but the reverse—because they wear too many. So much is worn in the shape of costly garments and jewelry that the funds are exhausted. Congress will not have to enact laws for the increase of extravagance, for this comes about without law ; yes, and without gospel, too. Retrenchment is the duty of our day and our land ; and even if it amounted only to the value of four buttons for each individual of our population, the aggregate would afford some relief. At one cent each, these buttons would amount to ONE MILLION OF DOLLARS — enough to make many a home of penury glad with the necessities of life.

THE JEHUS.

There is a class of young men in the community who remind us of that Scripture character known as Jehu. Not a great deal is said about him although he figured for a while as king. But one fact is told of him which is not unworthy of our notice. It is told in the language of Joram's watchman, as follows : " The driving is like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi, for he driveth furiously." It seems that Jehu had a reputation for fast driving, and by this characteristic he was known. When any one saw a vehicle dashing on at a furious rate, he thought of Jehu. So it was perfectly natural for Joram's watchman to think of him when he saw the approaching chariot.

Now, the class of young men of whom we speak are known for this same ability to make a horse go fast. The reader will at once recall one or more in his community who answer this description. It is their prominent characteristic, known and read of all. Not a very exalted quality, to be sure, in comparison with sober-mindedness, intelligence, or virtue ; but, nevertheless, that for which they are distinguished, more than for anything else. Only two days ago, a carriage-maker, to whom we expressed some doubt about the strength of certain wheels he had made, replied, " They would not last long to ride as fast as — does." He alluded to one of these modern Jehus whose highest reputation, and perhaps highest aspiration is to drive " furiously." We quote his remark in confirmation of what we have been saying.

This fast driving ability is a key to character. We may generally conclude that this class are not as circumspect in their behavior as they should be. It is not unusual for them to tarry

long at the wine, to be the special friends of balls, to advocate bowling and card playing, not to mention more pernicious evils, so that we can hardly look upon one of their number dashing by our home without thinking of some other things they do which are even worse than cruelty to a horse.

But can it be that a young man lives who is actuated by no higher purpose than to be a fast driver? It seems so. What a recommendation! Suppose we give him a certificate, certifying to his acquisitions, and send him off for a clerkship, or some other berth. It would read somewhat like this :

“ This is to certify that THOUGHTLESS JEHU is a young man well known in this community, it being the place of his birth ; and he has grown up in the midst of schools and other privileges with no acquisition more prominent than that of driving ‘ furiously.’ ”

And yet this is precisely the character of some young men to be found in city and country. Nor is this the most deplorable view of their case. Let them live on in this way year after year, and let death find them with the same spirit and aims that now animate their breasts ; — what a life has theirs been ! Certainly not much can be said to their credit, and when the scene is over, and the clods cover their remains, the hand of fidelity must inscribe upon the stone that marks the spot of their burial — JEHU.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

HEROISM.

We have seldom read more stirring incidents of heroism than the following, which Rev. Mr. Scudder, of India, communicated to the Christian Intelligencer. The struggle with the Sepoys has been terrible, and the tales of butchery and blood connected therewith are long and heart-sickening, but the following incidents are as bright spots upon that dark background of cruelty :

“ Let Americans never be ashamed that Englishmen are their forefathers. England is a noble country — her sons are heroes and her daughters are heroines. This rebellion has brought out deeds that deserve to be associated with those valorous actions which we, with throbbing pulses, read in history. In one place, a lady and her husband fled in their carriage. He stood upright — she took the reins. She lashed the horses through a band of mutineers, while he, with cool aim, shot dead one who seized the horses’ heads, and another who climbed upon the carriage behind

to cut him down. On they fled, till again they found themselves among foes, and a rope stretched across the road made farther progress appear impossible. True to herself, she dashed the horses at full speed against the rope, and as they, bearing it down, stumbled, she, by rein and whip, raised them, while her husband's weapons again freed them from those who succeeded in leaping upon them. He was wounded, but both escaped with their lives. In another place, a young lady, the daughter of an officer, shot seven mutineers before they killed her. A captain, pressed by his Sepoys, with his good sword, slew twenty-six of them before he fell!"

TEACHING FALSEHOOD.

In the February number of this Magazine was an article on "Teaching Children to Deceive." The following incident which has just come to our notice, is a good illustration of that topic. It is from the New York Evangelist:—

TEACHING CHILDREN TO LIE.—On my way to New York, not long since, I found occupying the seats in front of me a mother and her two children. The eldest was a girl of six, the youngest, a noisy boy of less than three years. Restless and uneasy, the little fellow gave his mother constant trouble, climbing on to the seat and then down to the floor, until, trying to walk towards the door, a sudden jolt of the cars brought his head against the corner of the seat and he set up a loud cry.

Picking him up, his mother seated him beside her, saying,—"Now, Charlie, if you don't sit still, the man who takes the tickets will put you right out of the cars. Look there," pointing to the card near the door, "don't you see it is written there that all naughty children will be put out of the cars?"

Pouting and half afraid, Charlie choked down his sobs and tried to keep still. The little girl, who sat beside her mother, patiently spelled out the words on the card, "Passengers not allowed to stand on the platform," and then exclaimed, "Why, mother, it don't say anything about putting out naughty children."—"Hush, no matter if it don't Mary; if Charlie only thinks so, it will keep him still."

Soon stopping for a few moments at the depot in S —, the mother left the car for a few moments, putting Charlie in his sister's care until her return. The little fellow beginning to trouble her by pulling towards the door, was checked by "No, no; if you don't sit still, the man will throw you right out; don't you know mother said so? — it is written so up there."

She had learned the lesson well, and why not? it came from her mother's lips. In the progress of our journey, I learned that that mother was a member of Dr. A's church, in New York. My soul was stirred within me as I thought of the future of these

children. How soon will bright-eyed Charlie learn that his mother does not always *mean* what she says, and as he grows on in years, will he not remember and practice the lessons of childhood. He may bring down the gray hairs of his mother very early to the grave. And who will be the guilty cause? Already has the sister learned to tell an untruth, for convenience sake, and will she stop here?

Little ears are quick to hear, and young hearts quick to remember. How often have I heard a child say, "Mother won't punish me, for she hardly ever does when she says she will." — Of *Christian* mothers have I heard this said.

Little do mothers realize when thus they fail to fulfil their promises, or when for convenience sake they say what is not *strictly* true, that they are teaching their children to deceive and lie. How many times when a child says, "Mother, you said so; you told me I might go;" is the child turned off with, "Well, some other time, but I cannot spare you now."

The child's feelings are soured, his mother lowered in his esteem, and he is made to feel that her word is not to be trusted; and what wonder is it if he soon learns boldly to speak an untruth?

LESSONS FROM AN INKSTAND.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher recently received a present of an ink-stand from the young men of his charge, and in his letter of acknowledgment, he makes the following characteristic reflections. It is probable that he discovers more emblems upon the article than the manufacturer ever dreamed of.

Did it occur to you, in selecting this article, how many curious and fit emblems were combined in it? In the centre is an old-fashioned Bee-hive, containing no honey but *ink*, which may, in the service of religion, become sweeter than honey in the honey comb: creeping in the strawy covers are bees, emblems of industry — surely most fit to a man in my vocation. The ink is gained through the butt of an inverted sheaf of wheat, giving me a due caution not to fail to give in my writings *bread* for the mind. A winnowing basket is spread out in front — bidding me to cleanse my discourses of all chaff, and retain only the clean wheat. On either side is a fruit-basket of a beautiful pattern, with floral and pomonal covers, suggesting fitly the union of ornament and profit in my ministration.

Nor are the accessories less worthy of regard; the pen-rack is made up of a scythe, a sickle, a fork, a shovel, a pruning-knife and a broom, tied together with flowers. It is my business to cut down weeds, to dig up "roots of bitterness," to reap good grain, to prune each vine, and to cast the refuse into heaps for burning; and yet, as all these implements are bound with flow-

ers, so am I to perform my work with gentleness and the grace of kindness.

I understand your wishes, my friends, and I will endeavor to profit by all these symbols. Neither shall I forget that mouse which lies on the edge of the winnowing basket, thievishly eating a head of wheat. I will watch against all such destroyers of time and profit both in you and in myself.

Be sure, gentlemen, that I feel deeply your remembrance of me, and accept my thanks, and believe that I shall steadily use your gift to promote piety, virtue, patriotism and humanity to all mankind.

A HEBREW WEDDING.

The only daughter of the late Major M. M. Noah, of New York city, was recently married, and the Times gives a good description of the wedding. It is interesting as illustrating Hebrew customs and ceremonies :

It occurred about noon, at the dwelling of the mother of the bride, in East-Twelfth street, and our curiosity was first excited by the singular appearance of a crowd of gentlemen in the parlors, all of whom, according to Hebrew rule, wore their hats during the entire ceremony. The next object of interest, was a canopy of crimson damask, supported by four of the grooms-men of the occasion. A moment after, the youthful bride, looking very lovely indeed, elegantly arrayed in a richly embroidered white silk, and covered with a white lace veil, entered the room, to the music of a band brilliantly performing the "Wedding March" in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' She was accompanied by her mother, (the widow of the late Major Noah, and still a lady of great personal attractions,) her eight brides-maids, dressed with great taste, and a *cortege* of intimate acquaintances.

The bride, the groom and their relatives, as well as the officiating Rabbi, Rev. I. I. Lyons, were now stationed beneath the canopy. The Rabbi next chanted in a sweet musical voice, the Hebrew marriage service—one of the most impressive things we have ever listened to. He held in one hand the sacred Book, and in the other the consecrated wine. The bridegroom then placed a plain gold ring upon the finger of the bride, murmuring in Hebrew, "With this ring I wed thee according to the law of Moses;" after which he tasted the consecrated wine, then gave it to his bride, who followed his example, and shivered the glass to pieces, as an emblem of the fragile nature of all human happiness. This done, the wedding ceremony was complete—the marriage contract (*Katubah*) having been previously read to the groom and signed by him, as well as attested by the proper witnesses. The bride, it appears, does not sign the contract, as the husband is considered responsible for the fulfilment of most of the marital obligations.

DO INDIANS SWEAR ?

An editorial, in the *German Reformed Messenger*, with the above caption, is worthy of universal attention. Let civilized men learn from the savage :

This question has really been asked. It may seem strange, that there should be any ground for it. Swearing, or the use of profane language, as vile and sinful a habit as it is generally admitted to be, is fearfully prevalent amongst our white as well as black population. Yea, this useless and at the same time wicked practice, appears to be greatly on the increase. The youth of our towns especially seem to be growing up under its influence from their earliest years. We scarcely appear on the streets, without having our ears shocked by awful imprecations, falling often from quite youthful lips. The evil is so common, that many look upon it almost as a matter of course. The question then, "Do Indians swear?" may naturally enough be regarded by some as a curious one. The answer given to it by Mr. Schoolcraft, should put the white man to the blush. This gentleman, who has for many years closely studied the characteristics of the race, says :

"Many things the Indians may be accused of, but the practice of swearing they cannot. I have made many inquiries into the state of their vocabulary, and nothing is more bitter or reproachful than *match annemoosh*, which indicates simply bad dog. They have terms to indicate cheat, liar, thief, murderer, coward, fool, lazy man, drunkard, babbler ; but I have never heard of an imprecation or oath. The genius of the language does not seem to favor the formation of terms used in oaths or for purposes of profanity. It is the result of the observation of others as well as my own, to say that an Indian cannot curse."

LITTLE THINGS.—Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams—a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship—a bridle bit is a little thing, but see its use and power ; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the large parts of large buildings together—a word, a look, a frown—all are little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt—it's promised, redeem it—if it's a shilling hand it over—you know not what important event hangs upon it. Keep your word sacredly—keep it to the children, they will mark it sooner than anybody else, and the effect will probably be as lasting as life. Mind the little things.

FAMILY RECEIPTS.

A WATER-PROOF MIXTURE FOR LEATHER.—Take one pint of tanner's oil, half a pound of tallow, a lump of good rosin the size of a hen's egg, lamp-black three cent's worth ; mix together, and melt gradually over a slow fire. When to be applied, the mixture should be made about milk-warm, and put on with a clean sponge. The leather may be made a little damp, not wet. The above cement, when applied to boots and shoes, will effectually prevent their soaking water, and keep the leather pliant, and the feet of the wearer warm and dry. Every farmer who regards comfort as a *desideratum*, should supply himself with this article, and apply it to his boots and shoes.—*Germantown Telegraph*.

PASTE FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—Mix 1-4 lb. of unsalted hog's lard, which has been washed in soft water, and then rose-water, with the yolks of two new laid eggs, and a large spoonful of honey. Add as much fine oatmeal or almond paste as will work into a paste. Or — blanch one pound of bitter almonds, pound them smooth, in a marble mortar, add 1-2 oz. of camphor, one oz. of honey, 1-4 lb. of spermaceti, all pounded and mixed with the almonds, till it becomes a smooth paste. Put it into jars or china boxes, and tie it down till wanted.

A REMEDY FOR A BURN OR SCALD.—Apply immediately a thick covering of wool to the burnt part, and bind it on tight ; in the course of half an hour very little pain will be felt, and scarcely any blister will remain. As this remedy is so simple, no house-keeper should be without loose wool at hand in case of an accident.

The following are from Peterson's Magazine :—

RACCO HOO.—A beverage to be used in the same way as tea or coffee. Mix together one pound of grated chocolate, one pound of pulverized sugar, one pound of rice flour, and four table spoonsful of arrow root. When used, boil one pint of milk, and then add three table spoonsful of the above, with a little water.

DROPPED SUGAR CAKES.—Dissolve two table spoonsful of saleratus in a teacup of sour cream ; add it to one teacupful of sugar, five eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter, and enough flour to make a batter thick enough to drop on a buttered tin ; flavor to your taste.

SODA PUDDING.—Mix together four eggs, four tea cupsful of flour, two of brown sugar, the same quantity of butter and a tea-spoonful of soda. Bake the pudding in a mould, and serve it with wine sauce, which may be made with milk instead of water.

BOOK NOTICES.

MAGAZINES FOR JANUARY.

The following magazines received at our office would have been acknowledged in the last number but for an oversight.

THE LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE. By T. S. Arthur and Virginia F. Townsend. Devoted to Literature, Art, and Fashion.

GRAHAM'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. Edited by Charles G. Lelan, Esq., THE LADY'S REPOSITORY. Devoted to Literature and Religion, Edited by Rev. D. W. Clark, D. D. A Methodist Monthly, ably conducted.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. Edited by J. Fley, devoted to Literature, Art and Religion. A Religious but not Sectarian work.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

THE RHODE ISLAND SCHOOLMASTER. Edited by William A Maury. Devoted to the cause of education. A valuable work.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE, AND FORRESTER'S BOYS AND GIRLS MAGAZINE. A reader for Schools and Families. N. A. Calkins, Editor.

MERRY'S MUSEUM, SCHOOLFELLOW, AND WOODWORTH'S CABINET. Edited by Robert Merry, Uncle Frank, and Hiram Hatchet. Three Magazines for youth united.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH. W. W. Hall, Editor. We see no better periodical on the subject of health.

To the above we will add a notice of the **SCHOOL VISITOR**, a monthly sheet, published at Hudson, Ohio, and devoted to the interest of Common Schools. It is a new thing, in that particular field of effort, well begun, and we wish it success.

NEW MUSIC.

From O. Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street:

1. *The Melodean* No. 21, Few Days; popular airs arranged for the Melodean and other Reed Instruments, by F. Bissell.
2. *Pleasant Sounds from the Old Dominion*, by V. Busch.
3. *Sounds of Friendship*; by I. H. Scheruit.
4. *Washington's Quick Step*; by E. Ambichi. Very fine march.
5. *Mammoth Cave*, Piano Forte, by C. Spinter.
6. *Abby Waltz*; by Charles Fiehr.
7. *Gems of Sacred Music, Jesus Saviour of my Soul*, composed by Henry Wilson.
8. *Josephine's Grave*. By Wm. Sherlock Esq., Music by M. Hobson.
9. *Napolitaine*; by James Bellak.
10. *Toplift's Sacred Songs. Blessed are they that mourn.*
11. *The Magyar*; by V. Busch. Polka.
12. *Wilt thou be my Dearie*. Words by Burns; music by E. O. Eaton.
13. *Gentle Words and Loving Smiles*. Ballad, by E. O. Eaton.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—"Marriage and Divorce"—"Arthur Graham, or the Unloved Home"—"Ecce Home"—"The Power of Sympathy"—"Vesper Lay for Fannie"—"The Power of Home Attractions"—"Home."

ANOTHER WORD ABOUT WRITING.—We have been obliged to reject several good articles on account of their length. Poetical articles especially must be brief. It is impossible for us to insert a piece of poetry that will fill from three to five pages of our magazine, unless it is worthy of the pen of a Bryant or Whittier. For this reason we decline the long poetical articles just received.

F A S H I O N S .



MORNING ROBE.

MORNING ROBE.

Of white merino. The back is plain; the front cut without division at the waist. A deep pattern of grape-leaves and tendrils graduates from the bottom of the robe to the waist. The stems and tendrils are of delicate round braid. The leaves are of blue silk applique, vined with delicate cord. This vine ascends up the front to the shoulders, where it meets a small round collar, over-run with a light braid pattern. The sleeves are formed by a deep cap overlapping two flounces, all edged with blue embroidery, like that on the skirt. The middle flounce is looped to the cap with a cord and tassel. The dress is fastened down the front with blue silk buttons, and girded to the waist by a long blue silk cord terminated by rich tassels.



No. 1.



No. 2.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

No. 1. Another charming little lady, in a blue silk dress, with its double skirt enriched with a narrow border of embroidery, its simple infant's waist, and short sleeves, with their pretty pointed capes around which that delicate embroidery creeps. The apron has three ruffles across the bottom, and two miniature pockets ruffled to match. The pantelettes are of Irish needlework, neatly wrought in points.

No. 2. Dress of green poplin, striped with bright color, made very simple; a little figured galoon on the waist and sleeves, is all the ornament to it, and yet how very childish and pretty the sweet little darling is.



CROCHET PURSE.



CROCHET D'OYLEY.

THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS PEAR.

SEE COLORED ENGRAVING.

The Duchess of Orleans is a peculiarly prepossessing fruit. In form it is very regular, pyramidal, and the skin, which is of a fine rich yellow, when mature, is beautifully mottled with golden russet, often so profusely as to cover the whole fruit. It comes into eating at a good season, just after the Williams's Bon Chretien or Bartlett, and keeps better than most autumn pears.

The trees are tolerably vigorous growers, with a somewhat peculiar, upright habit; the branches are long, curved or wavy, with the ends inclined towards the main stem. It is rather late in coming into bearing, being generally the fifth or sixth year. It does not grow freely on the quince.

TREE. — Moderately vigorous, upright, somewhat irregular, with the branches curved inwards; annual shoots long and rather slender.

WOOD. — Yellowish olive, rather thickly dotted with oblong, grayish white specks, rather slender, and long-jointed; old wood brownish olive; buds, small, slender, sharply pointed, diverging with moderately prominent shoulders: Flower-buds, medium size.—*Hovey's Fruits of America.*







THE COMMELINE.

SONG. SAW UP AND SAW DOWN.

WORDS BY E. PORTER DYER.

MUSIC BY L. MARSHALL.

Allegro Moderato.

1. I will sing you a song of "saw up and saw down," And a nice little song it shall be, How a rich father died when his
 2. She re - tired to a Cottage both simple and neat With a barn and a garden be - hind, Where her orphans she taught, by her
 3. As her eldest, one morning, was saving her wood, She observed on his forehead a frown, For disheartened was he; but be -
 4. He re - gar - ded her counsel and conquered the pile, For a brave little fellow was he, — He was cheered by observing her
 5 When the boys had well learned what their mother had taught, That 'saw up and saw down,' was the way To accomplish an object, they
 6. And the Bos - sy was counted a won - der - ful pet, For her price was, 'saw up and saw down!' And her milk was the sweetest they

SAW UP AND SAW DOWN. Concluded.

rich - es had flown, And his poor wid-ow tried, in her
 wis - dom dis - creet, That the bread which is earned is ex -
 side him she stood. And in - spir - ing - ly said, as a
 moth - er - ly smile, And he felt in his own, hap - py
 ve - ry soon brought to their mother a nice lit - tle
 ev - er yet ate, And the les - son they learned, they
 sor - row, a - lone, To en - cour - age her lit - tle boys
 ceed - ing - ly sweet. And will fur - nish de - light to the
 fond moth - er should. *It is* on - ly saw up and saw
 bo - som the while, What a boon per - se - verance would
 cow they had bought As the earnings of un - ny a
 remember it yet. For it made them all men of re - nown,
 To en -
 And will
 "It is
 What a
 As the
 For it

cour - age her lit - tle boys thr e.
 fur - nish de - light to the mint.
 on - ly saw up and saw down.
 boon per - se - verance would be.
 earn - ings of un - ny a day.
 made them all men of re - nown.

FAMILY SCENES OF THE BIBLE.*

NO. IV.

FILIAL LOVE.

EDITORIAL.

THE engraving represents the meeting of Joseph and his father, after a long and painful separation. The narrative informs us that Joseph made provision for the removal of his father, and all the family, amounting to sixty-six, to the land of Egypt over which he presided. The brothers went at his request, to bring down the aged father, and when Joseph heard of their approach he started off to meet them. The record is, "And Joseph made ready his chariot, and went up to meet Israel his father, to Goshen, and presented himself unto him; *and he fell on his neck and wept on his neck a good while.*" And Israel said unto Joseph, now let me die, since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive. And Joseph said unto his brethren, and unto his father's house, I will go up, and show Pharaoh, and say unto him, my brethren, and my father's house, which were in the land of Canaan, are come unto me. . . . And Joseph brought in Jacob his father, and set him before Pharaoh; and Jacob blessed Pharaoh. . . . And Joseph nourished his father, and his brethren, and all his father's household, with bread, according to their families."

This is a bright picture of filial devotion. It is worthy of being engraved and hung up upon the walls of every dwelling. Every parent and child must admire it. It furnishes a key to Joseph's character, so that it would not be at all difficult to give a truthful sketch of the son without any other clue to his history. How beautiful and refreshing it is in contrast with the unnatural conduct of Absalom! There is not a more painful sight in the world than that of a son plotting against the happiness and life of a parent. That must certainly be a fiendish spirit which could pursue a father with relentless

*Entered according to Act of Congress, by C. STONE, in the year 1858, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

hate, as Absalom did. We can scarcely find words to express our abhorrence of his flagrant deed. Popular sentiment has always been true to nature here, and branded all such gross unfilial acts with ignominy. The name of TULLIA has been associated with shame and inhumanity ever since she lived. It was in a time of political disturbance that her father's dead body lay across the street through which she was riding in her chariot. Her charioteer reined up the horses to avoid trampling upon the corpse. But the indignant daughter cried out, "*Drive on!*" It was uttered in such a heartless tone that the driver shuddered. Afraid to disobey, however, he started up the horses, and, as the wheels struck and crushed the lifeless body, the blood spirted upon the daughter's dress. The Romans themselves expressed their horror of this unfilial deed by naming the street *Vicus Sceleratus*, or Wicked Street. I say the name of Tullia is associated with infamy in the mind of every reader of ancient history. Every noble and generous sentiment of the heart revolts at such demonstrations of hatred to a parent.

Indeed, filial ingratitude and disobedience of a more moderate kind awakens our surprise and indignation. In every community we meet with examples of unkindness to parents, which present a striking contrast with the conduct of Joseph. No one can regard these disobedient children, whether sons or daughters, with the least favor. Their conduct indicates a degree of recklessness that is alarming.

The example of Joseph is particularly instructive to young men. There are some among this class who consider that a certain degree of indifference to the claims and position of parents is evidence of true manliness. In their view, marked tender regard for parents is a compromise of dignity and independence which they are not quite willing to make. To such the character of Joseph may become of priceless value. Does the reader belong to that class? Was there anything in Joseph's respect and love for his grief-worn father inconsistent with true manliness? Behold him as he meets his father at Goshen, when the old man's heart is well nigh bursting

with joy! He falls upon his neck, and bursts into a flood of tears. A throng of pleasant and sad recollections overwhelm him in that hour. His heart is too full for utterance. Tears only can express all that he feels. They became the language of an obedient and loving child, when words were too barren to express his gladness. Is it strange? How long the pious father had mourned for his lost, lost son! How often the dutiful son had wandered in thought to his home, and heard again the voice, and beheld again the face, of his venerable parent! And now the glorious reality has come — the father and son fly to each others arms! Is it unmanly for Joseph to weep now? Say, young man, would you have withheld your tears at such a time? Away with such false views of manly character. There is manliness and virtue in the tears of Joseph that would adorn your life. One tear of his becomes a costly diamond in contrast with your ignoble dignity. All the golden trinkets that you wear, your expensive wardrobe and exquisite manners, could not buy it were it mine. Yes! a tear of his has more true manliness in it than ever attached to a faithless son.

There have been instances of filial ingratitude and neglect caused by affluence, or prosperity in some other form. Sons of the humblest origin have become rich or renowned, and thereafter been ashamed of poor and ignorant parents. Pride has influenced them to ignore their family connections in certain circles, strange and cruel as it may seem. How much more honorable was the conduct of Joseph. Although he was elevated to a high post of distinction and trust, he was not ashamed of his decrepit, aged, and tottering parent. He led him into the presence of Pharaoh, and introduced him as his father, evidently delighted with the opportunity to perform such an act. "Who," says a writer, "After looking at this, will ever be ashamed of a parent because he is clad in the garb of poverty? What a halo of glory did that one act draw round the brow of the honored Joseph! The lustre of the golden chain that hung from his neck was dim compared with the brightness of this action, and the chariot in which he rode

with almost imperial pomp before the people, raised him not to so high an eminence, as that which he occupied when he stood before the monarch with the patriarch of Canaan leaning on his arm."

Epanimondas was distinguished for fidelity akin to that of Joseph. He was one of the greatest generals, and best men, that Greece ever produced, and he was honored as such. Yet he publicly declared that he derived more satisfaction from the thought that his victory would afford pleasure to his father and mother, than he did from the honors bestowed upon him as a conqueror. It was in view of this filial regard that Rollin, the historian, said, "Nothing in history seems so valuable to me as such sentiments, which do honor to human nature, and proceed from a heart which neither false glory nor false greatness has corrupted. I confess it with grief, I see these noble sentiments daily expire among us, especially in persons where birth and rank raise them above others, who too frequently are neither good fathers, good sons, good husbands, nor good friends; and who would think it a disgrace to express for a father and a mother the tender regard of which we have here so fine an example from the pagan above mentioned."

It appears from these words of Rollin that filial love was quite as rare in his day as it is now. If history gives a faithful record of Grecian and Roman affairs, at that period, then we may justly infer that violations of the filial tie were then more frequent and aggravated. Perhaps it was for this reason that the Greeks and Romans crowned filial deeds with so great honors. A Roman mother was condemned to death by starvation. Her daughter sought and gained entrance to the prison where she was confined and nourished her from her own breasts. The Senate were so much impressed with this devotion to a parent, that they caused the mother to be liberated, and a temple in honor of filial piety to be erected on the spot where the prison stood. The fact shows that this noble virtue was held in high respect at that time.

Some youth and young men, who are quite disposed to treat a father with such reverence and love, do nevertheless with-

hold it from a mother. For some reason this class consider that devotion to a mother compromises independence and manliness more than the same shown to a father. We cannot say by what reasoning they come to this strange conclusion ; but the fact is clear — it has obtained quite a strong foothold among youth. We should suppose that the reverse would be the case, judging from the characters of the two parties. As the mother is more gentle and tender than the father, and possesses more of the refined qualities of human nature, so it would be natural to accord to her more affection and devotion. Hence unkindness to mothers is more unnatural than unkindness to fathers ; and here we discover a reason for the fact that boys who grow up to treat their mothers with contempt usually make shipwreck of their hopes.

Solomon never performed an act more honorable and grand than when he rose from his throne to meet his mother, and seated her at his right hand. “And the king said unto her, ask on, my mother, for I will not say thee nay.” It was contrary to the rules of royal courts for kings to arise, and thus honor a guest. All the deference was to be paid to the monarch himself. But on this occasion, the king considered it his duty and privilege to act the part of a son, and not of a ruler, towards his beloved mother. How much more kingly he appeared by this act of filial affection ! His conduct contrasts favorably with that of Napoleon when he occupied the throne of France. One day he met his mother in the garden of St. Cloud, and, instead of regarding her with the deference and feelings of a son, he extended his hand for her to kiss. She immediately extended her own hand saying, “Not so, my son, it is your duty to kiss the hand of her who gave you life.” How exceedingly vain and contemptible his act ! Instead of maintaining his royal dignity thereby, he lowered it immensely. If there were no other deed in his life to stain his character, this alone would do it.

David also honored himself by honoring his parents. When his parents went to the cave of Adullam to sympathize with him, as he concealed himself there from Saul, he would not

consent to their being thus exposed. So he took them to Mizpeh of Moab, and said to the king, "Let my father and my mother, I pray thee, come forth and be with you till I know what God will do with me. And he brought them before the king of Moab; and they dwelt with him all the while that David was in the cave." It is supposed that it was after the death of the venerable pair that David uttered the following language from the depth of his bereaved soul; "Leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation! When my FATHER and my MOTHER forsake me, then the Lord will take me up!" Says a writer, in view of this bright example of filial regard, "For an individual grown up to manhood who had already been celebrated by the daughters of Israel for his powers as a warrior, who had been anointed to be king, and who had the prospect of a throne, and such a throne! for such a man thus to refer to his FATHER AND MOTHER, and to hand this down to posterity, I must consider as indubitable proof of a great mind; and if, by this time, he was already on the throne, these expressions of filial regard render him greater still."

Was the name of Washington ever less dear to his countrymen in consequence of his reverence and affection for his mother? Nay, his filial piety, on the contrary, won him fresh honors wherever it was known. After he was elected President of the United States, he paid a visit to his mother. He met her as a son. Though the first man in the hearts of his countrymen, he gave the first place in his own heart to this venerable parent. As he stood before her a thousand recollections crowded his memory, and he laid his head upon her shoulder and wept. How much like Joseph! Great man as he was, wearing the fairest wreath of fame that ever adorned a human brow, he wept upon his mother's neck! Wherever the name of Washington is known, this act has been told for "a memorial unto him." Orators have cited it, Poets have sung it, Artists have painted it.

Then let the youth and young men away with the thought that devotion to a mother is particularly undignified. It is enough that you have such bright examples as those enumerated

to imitate. The filial regard of Joseph, David, Solomon and Washington did not detract from their worth or their fame: be assured it will not tarnish your characters.

“My mother! at that holy name
 Within my bosom there's a gush
 Of feeling, which no time can tame,
 A feeling, which, for years of fame,
 I would not, could not crush!”

The absence of filial love betokens future evil. It is evidence of a very unfeeling heart, which will probably wax worse and worse. Hence it is that disobedient children usually become vicious, and close their career in shame. Perhaps for the reason that disobedience is the seed of vice, the Scripture denounces it in fearful terms, while, at the same time, they extol the opposite.

“Cursed be he that setteth light by his father or his mother, and all the people shall say, Amen.”

“The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagle shall eat it.”

“Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.”

“My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother; bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest it shall talk with thee.”

It is in such language that the Scriptures speak of filial fidelity and its opposite. Indeed the law of Moses was more terribly severe than this against all violations of the filial bond. “If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that when they have chastened him, will not harken unto them; And all the men of the city shall stone him with stones that he die; so shall thou put evil away from among you, and all Israel shall hear and fear.” The last clause seems to imply that the removal of disobedience to parents would put away other forms of evil also. Whether this is im-

plied or not, it is certainly a fact. A son like Joseph is far less likely to go astray than a son like Absalom. The calendar of our courts proves which of the two plunge deeply into sin.

No virtue is more certain to find its reward than filial piety. Public opinion awards its praise; while conscience lends its approval, and joy springs up in the soul. And what is far better, the approbation of God is secured. His promises we have quoted, and not one of them will fail to the faithful son or daughter.

We have scarcely ever read a more touching instance of filial love than the following, which we cannot refrain from bringing to the reader's notice. It is related in Bruce's *Juvenile Anecdotes*, and we give it in the author's own words."

"An officer, having remained some time at Kingston, in Surry, [England,] for the purpose of raising recruits, received orders to join his regiment. On the evening before his departure, a young man of the most engaging aspect made his appearance, and desired to be enlisted into his company. His air at once indicated a well cultivated mind, and commanded respect.

"He betrayed, however, evident marks of perturbation, and was greatly embarrassed. The officer asked the cause of it; 'I tremble,' said he, 'lest you should deny my request.' Whilst he was speaking, the tears rolled down his cheeks. 'No,' answered the officer, 'I accept your offer most heartily; but why should you imagine a refusal?' 'Because the bounty which I expect may perhaps be too high.' 'How much, then, do you demand?' said the officer. 'It is no unworthy motive but an urgent claim that compels me to ask ten guineas; and I shall be the most miserable of mankind if you refuse me.' 'Ten guineas!' said the officer, 'that, indeed, is very high; but I am pleased with you; I trust to your honor for the discharge of your duty, and will strike the bargain at once. Here are ten guineas; to-morrow we depart.'

"The young man, overwhelmed with joy, begged permission to return home, to perform a sacred duty, and promised to be back within an hour. The officer, impressed by the honesty of his countenance, yielded to his desire; but observing some

thing mysterious in his manner, he was induced by curiosity to follow him at some distance. He saw him hastening towards the town prison, where he knocked and was admitted. The officer quickened his pace ; and when he came to the door of the prison, he overheard the young man say to the jailor, ‘ Here is the money for which my father is imprisoned ; I put it into your hands, and I request that you will conduct me to him immediately, that I may release him from his misery.’ The jailor did as he requested.

“ The officer delayed a few minutes, that the young man might have the opportunity of being alone with his father, he then followed him. What a scene ! He saw the son in the arms of a venerable and aged father, who, without uttering a word, pressed him to his heart, and bedewed him with tears. A few minutes passed before he observed the officer, who, deeply affected, approached them, and said to the old man, — ‘ Compose yourself ; I will not deprive you of so worthy a son. Permit me to restore him to you, that I may not regret the money which he has employed in so virtuous a manner.

“ The father and son fell upon their knees at his feet. The young man refused, at first, to accept of his proffered freedom ; but the worthy officer insisted that he should remain with his father. He accompanied them both from the prison, and took his leave with the pleasing reflection of having contributed to the happiness of a worthy son and an unfortunate father.”

Did not the son receive a rich reward for his fidelity ? It is an illustration of the reward which such conduct always shares from men. Such deeds are never lost to the gaze and admiration of mankind, who are ever ready to befriend and honor the noble actors. And more than all, think of the blessed reminiscence of that faithful son, when he laid his worn-out father in the dust. Think, too, of his happy thoughts, when he himself reached the goal of life, and laid down to die ! Happy, he, who can feel at death that he has poured some sweet into the cup of parental joy ! Happy, thrice happy he, who knows that God will not lay the sin of filial neglect to his charge ! ! “ Children, obey your parents, and honor your father and mother ; *for this is well pleasing to the Lord.*”

FILIAL AFFECTION.

OR, THE MEETING OF JACOB AND HIS SON JOSEPH.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

Sadly, for Joseph slain, did Israel mourn!—
 “Without doubt Joseph is in pieces torn,—
 Some evil beast my darling hath devoured;”—
 Thus Jacob spake, with deep grief overpowered,—
 Then rent his clothes—his heart with pain oppressed—
 His loins with sackcloth clad—his soul distressed:—
 The ‘Coat of Colors’ smeared with clotted blood
 He saw, and grief rolled o’er him like a flood—
 Then spake his anguished spirit in its woe,
 “Down, down, to Joseph’s grave shall Israel mourning go!”

But when sore famine had through Canaan spread,
 And he, to Egypt, sent his sons for bread,
 What griefs in that far land their hearts befel,—
 By Moses told,—I need not stop to tell;
 Suffice to say, what cannot but be said,
 That he whom Israel mourned among the dead,—
 Whom they, for envy, unto Ishmael sold,—
 Is still alive! He, whom their eyes behold,—
 With Egypt’s treasures at his sole command.—
 Is *Joseph*,—Jacob’s son, the lord of all the land.

Long years had passed since Joseph’s ears had heard
 Of Israel’s welfare;—now his soul is stirred—
 He asks of “*that old man*” of whom they spake,
 “*Is he alive?*” It seems his heart would break
 With longing, of that “old man” more to hear,
 Who now to his fond heart seemed doubly dear,
 He yearns to see once more that “old man’s” face
 His bended form with filial love t’embrace—
 “Go tell him all my glory here,” said he
 “And bring my father down,—*haste*, bring him down to me.”

Then Jacob’s sons, obedient to command,
 Went up from Egypt to their father-land,
 Laden with gifts which Joseph sent to prove
 His filial piety and tender love—
 “*Joseph yet lives!*” they said; the Patriarch heard
 And fainted; how could *he* believe their word?—
 But soon revived; he saw the wagons sent,
 And cried “IT IS ENOUGH!” My grief is spent,
 “Joseph my son is yet alive, and I,
 Will down to Egypt go, and see him ere I die!”

Then Jacob took his children, every one,
 His flocks and herds,—and towards the setting sun,
 To Goshen journeyed;—’twas a weary way
 For an old man in life’s declining day—
 Him Joseph in his chariot came to meet
 With fervent love his aged sire to greet,
 Adown whose channelled cheek full many a tear
 For him had fallen in vain for many a year,
 They met. And Joseph on his father’s neck
 Wept like a boy so loud it seemed his heart must break.

How passing beautiful that page appears,
 Which speaks of filial love, and filial tears,
 No pomp of power can make such love forget
 To ask, “*My father, is he living yet?*”
 Reader, whoe’er my reader chance to be,
 From Joseph learn a lesson meant for thee.
 Should God to honor e’er exalt thee high,
 Let not thy love to her who bore thee, die;
 Think of thy sire, whate’er his’ lot may be,
 And let thy filial love for him unbounded be!

THREE ERRORS IN TRAINING DAUGHTERS,

EDITORIAL.

THE first is, educating them to live *without a purpose*. Sons are trained for particular vocations. One is designed for a farmer, another for a merchant, another for the bar, and another for the pulpit: They are taught to think that they must make their mark upon the world, that it is unmanly to grow up and live without a purpose. But how different it is with many girls! Perhaps the same parents are educating their daughters with little or no reference to the spheres they will occupy in womanhood. The idea that they will ever have to depend on their own exertions for support, or may occupy a position where their talents, wisdom, or foresight, will be particularly called into requisition, is never forced upon their attention. They are educated for the present hour, as if they were not to occupy places of as high and sacred trust, by-and-bye, as sons occupy. Ask them for what sphere

they are educated; is it for teachers? "No," they say. Is it for seamstresses? No; for that would be quite beneath their notions of dignity. Is it for nurses? No, indeed; for that is worse yet. What! they take care of the sick, administer to their comfort, and alleviate their pains! By no means; for that is not lady-like. For what, then, are they educated? Echo answers, what? They cannot tell you, so aimless are their lives. What they are to be, is left for matrimony to decide; and, for this reason, many a man finds himself wedded to a woman who is not qualified to superintend the preparation of even a good dinner. She can neither bake, sew, nor take care of her own children. Why? Because her parents educated her without a purpose. They did not train her even for a wife or mother, although they knew that she might become both. Her youth was aimless, and why should not her womanhood be? If we consult history, we shall find that all females who have been distinguished in any sphere, formed a definite purpose in early life. They qualified themselves to be useful, so that they were prepared for almost any position. There are certain attainments, which, once made, fit a daughter for almost any place, from the wife of a king to that of a peasant. When the present Queen of England, Victoria, was a babe eight months old, her father died. The House of Commons sent a Committee to the bereaved widow with an address of condolence; and, as she met the deputation with the young princess in her arms, she introduced the child as their future sovereign, and promised to devote her life and energies to training her to be a good queen. From that hour it was her study and labor to educate the daughter to rule well. Every effort was made to cultivate humility and thoughtfulness, to the exclusion of pride and vanity. In short, she was reared to be a true woman, and not a royal belle. Because she was taught to aim at a high, noble object, she has been a good queen. She would be equally useful in another sphere. She has ruled her household just as well as she has her kingdom. She would make a farmer's or merchant's model wife, for the simple reason that she possesses qualities that adapt woman to almost any place.

Another error in the education of many daughters is, training them *to attract admiration*. The attention paid to dress, and what are erroneously called “accomplishments,” in some circles, is well suited to make the young girl think mainly of this. Much of boarding-school culture aims only at effect. The reference is almost entirely to what people will think and say of such things. And this kind of fashionable education is continued until the subject thereof is sixteen or eighteen years of age, when she is prepared, as her parents think, to “go into society.” She makes her appearance with great eclat, so far as apparel and boarding-school manners are concerned. If she *shines* and *allures*, the great end of her culture is attained. Alas, for the folly! Would that the picture drawn were fiction; a mere figment of the imagination! But it is too true, as the vanity and butterfly life of fashionable circles prove. Thousands of young women in our land are ushered into society every year for no higher and nobler purpose than to excite admiration. With scarcely a sentiment in their hearts that is worthy of accountable and immortal beings, they trifle away the precious moments of probation in seeking the gaze of a vain-glorious world.

The third error of which we would speak, is *an extravagant waste of time in attention to music*. This art is worthy of a place in every family, and exerts no small degree of influence in the discipline of youthful hearts; but this is no reason why it should receive an undue share of attention. We have known parents to keep their daughters out of school for a season, while they were attending to music, because the acquisition of this art consumed so much time as to leave little for other studies. We have known scholars to pursue only half the usual number of studies at school, because they were attending to music, thus giving to this branch as much time as they gave to all others. It is customary for music teachers to demand three and four hours a day of their pupils, at the piano, for a long time. We know one young lady who qualified herself to teach music. She had an experienced in-

structor, and he exacted four hours of her time daily, for four years, and then, after being prepared to teach, she must practice two or three hours per day, in order to retain her skill and continue to improve. Now look at the arithmetic of this method. Four hours a day for four years, Sundays excepted, would amount to *five thousand hours*, which is equal to EIGHT HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THREE SCHOOL DAYS, of six hours each, or *one hundred and thirty-nine weeks* of schooling, equal to about THREE YEARS of school term. Is not this an extravagant waste of time? Nor is it an extreme case. How many girls commence music at six years of age, and continue to practice from two to four hours a day for ten years! We ask again, is not this a waste of time, especially when we reflect upon the mission of usefulness for which they should be educated? Ought not their time to be distributed more equally with other studies?

All three of the foregoing errors should be avoided in the training of daughters. They are incompatible with high female excellence and usefulness. Says Hannah More, "The profession of ladies, to which the bent of *their* instruction should be turned, is that of daughters, wives, mothers, and mistresses of families. They should be therefore trained with a view to these several conditions, and be furnished with a stock of ideas, and principles, and qualifications, and habits, ready to be applied and appropriated, as occasion may demand, to each of these respective situations. For though the arts which merely embellish life, must claim admiration, yet when a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion he wants, and not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and sing, and draw, and dress, and dance; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason, and reflect, and feel; and judge, and discourse, and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, soothe his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children!"

PHYSICAL EDUCATION, LAWS OF HEALTH, &c.

BY WILLIAM M. CORNELL, A. M. M. D.,

NO. I.

INTRODUCTION.

IN complying with your request to furnish a few brief articles for the "Happy Home" upon our *physical* being, allow me to suggest, at the outset, that there is scarcely any subject of more importance than this. While it remains preëminently true that religion is *the* "one thing needful," it is also true, that very much connected with religion, and our social happiness, our usefulness to our fellow men, and the health of the community, depends upon a proper understanding, and due observance of the physical laws of our being, which the Creator has ordained for our own safety, and an infraction of which never fails to bring with it human suffering.

God has a system of natural laws, as well as of moral, for the government of the compound creature, man. If we violate the moral law of our Maker, we are guilty, and deserve punishment. If we transgress a natural law of our being, injury and suffering must inevitably follow. It is a natural law of God that fire shall burn, and if we transgress this law, and plunge our hands into the fire, we experience the natural consequences of that transgression; namely, pain and suffering. This is but a specimen of every other natural law of our existence.

There are certain laws of *health* which must be obeyed, if we would have all our faculties, powers, and organs, both of mind and body, in the most perfect and successful operation.

The infant *should* come into being with all the powers in miniature for a vigorous mind and a healthy body. I do not say this *is* so. On the contrary, it may appear in the sequel that it is far otherwise. We are born to trouble, as naturally as for the sparks to fly upward. But what if it should appear that even *this* "trouble," to a very great extent, is the natu-

ral result of human disobedience? There are more ways than one in which God visits the iniquities of the fathers, (and of the *mothers*, too,) upon the children; and, it may be, that parents have a far greater responsibility, as respects the health and peculiar obliquities and idiosyncrasies of their offspring, than they are wont to suppose.

"I am fearfully and wonderfully made," said the "sweet psalmist," and pious king of Israel. Well might he say this, if he had confined the remark to the human *body*, where every bone, muscle, nerve, sinew, even the minutest vessel, has its appropriate use — is adapted to answer its own end, and to accomplish its proper purpose, just as much as the eye to see and the ear to hear. The more this exquisite workmanship — the human body — has been examined, the more traces of the wisdom, power, and goodness of the Great Architect have been discovered.

Who can wonder that a distinguished atheist should once have been convinced of the being, and of the power, and wisdom, and goodness of God, by the minute dissection and examination of the body! Look at its elementary parts! Its structure, functions! Examine its organs! What variety! How unlike! How singular! How diverse its functions! See the bones and blood, — those dark muscles and transparent humors, — the glossy, brilliant, adorning, vegetating hair, — its sensitive nerve, — its curious digestive apparatus, — its "breathing lungs and beating heart!" In health, like the motion of the heavenly bodies, how silent, and easy, and pleasant, are all their duties fulfilled, — in disease, how they grate and ex-cruciate!

How unlike are the materials of this body! Elements which corrode and destroy each other, out of the body, are here stowed side by side, and operate in harmonious union, and for the well-being of the whole body; — oil and water here mix — acid and alkali produce no effervescence — solid and fluid commingle; iron does not corrode when mixed with oxygen. The whole is "compacted by that which every joint

supplieth, so that one part cannot say to the other, I have no need of thee ! ”

“ At last to show my Maker’s name,
God stamped his image on my frame ;
And, in some unknown moment, joined
The finished members to the mind.”

Man is made to be educated. “ *Train* up a child,” says God. All systems of education are imperfect without that of the *home*. Even the best of schools, yes, even the *Sabbath* school, if it be designed to release parents from the duty of *home* education, will prove a failure, and worse than a mere failure. No school, no instruction, no means of culture, are equal to that of the parents, that of *home*, — and here lies the cause of failure in all our educational efforts and movements.

Man was made to be *happy*, and hence the propriety and necessity of “ *The Happy Home*,” and of treating of this subject in such a journal. That “home” was never happy, and never can be where physical education is wrong, or where it is neglected. Hence, I have been induced to comply with your request, and give your readers a few *hints* upon a very important, but much neglected subject.

I well know that there is a morbid sensibility in the community upon “Physiology and Hygiene ;” and that it has often been fostered, if not created, by many books of a questionable character, and by many itinerant, catch-penny lecturers. But it is only necessary for clergymen, physicians, teachers, legislators and parents, to do their duty upon this subject, to dissipate *such* books, and send into exile *such* lecturers.

Let such men as I have named take up this subject ; men of science, taste, and principle, and inculcate its importance, and show what is needful to be done, and how to do it, and we shall soon see our community rejuvenated. “The signs of the times” look favorable as to this matter, and when our whole duty shall have been done as respects it, we shall see a healthy race of men and women taking the place of the present invalids of our day ; and find men and women of honest principles managing our railroads, manufactures, and families.

"Know thyself!" came from Apollo, to the ancients. It comes from heaven to us in the inspired volume. It is incumbent upon us, as respects physical, as well as moral laws. Physical and moral laws are united in our being by an all-wise Creator. They are in perfect harmony with each other, and cannot be separated in any system of training, without injury; and the more they are disjoined, the greater will be the injury sustained. They are at the foundation upon which the whole superstructure of education is to be reared. That system of education which does not give a thorough knowledge, and make a just application of these laws, is essentially defective, and can never answer the grand end of a proper training.

Mere book-learning is comparatively of but little value; but those influences which operate in forming the "sound mind and sound body," in developing the character and directing the hands, the mind, and the heart, are the sum and substance of a good education.

It was a wise answer of Agisilus to the question, "What things is it of the most importance for boys to learn?" "Those which they are to practice when they come to be men." The proper system of education must commence in the nursery, be carried through the family, common school, academy, college, and into the active and busy scenes of life.

To aid in accomplishing such a noble work, your "Happy Home," if happily conducted, may be made a happy instrument; and that there is an important niche for it to occupy is demonstrably true.

I propose, in these papers, to give your readers my views of the duties of parents to themselves as relating to the transmission of disease, and idiosyncrasy of mind and body to their children, and of the physical management of children from their birth to maturity; and, in connection with these points, I must necessarily touch upon the subject of intellectual and moral education, as the one cannot be wholly separated from the other. The diet, clothing, regimen, medicine, mental and moral culture, and all that goes to educate the boy or girl must come into the account. I shall not, however, make the

papers longer than that their contents may be readily remembered ; nor couch the ideas in language which cannot be understood by ordinary minds. I design to write for parents, teachers, and the young of both sexes, who are able to read and understand, and be profited by plain English. Should some of the ideas be new, and some of the advice seem incompatible with the pre-conceived notions of your readers, I can only ask them to consider well, and practice thoroughly, before they reject or condemn them. They will be based upon an experience of long standing, and he who has lived half a century, and been both a clergyman and a physician, if of ordinary capacity and observation, ought to be able to state many things that should be worth remembering, by those who have young families, and who are desirous of a "Happy Home."

THE NEED OF PRAYER.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

O! who at morn can lift the eye, and say,
 To learn thy holy law this heart is given;
 In sin's dark devious paths I shall not stray,
 Mine shall not be the downward path to-day,
 By sorrow, or by sin's dark tempest driven;
 But mine shall be a bright and flowery way;
 No tender tie of love shall e'er be riven;
 No dark temptation lurk around my way,
 My heart and hands are strong, I have no need to pray,
 I do not need the aid, or care of heaven?

O! who at night can raise the hand, and say,
 To do thy holy will this heart has striven;
 I have not trampled on thy law to-day,
 I have not walked in the forbidden way,
 By love of fame or sparkling pleasure driven;
 I have not gone in thought or deed astray,
 No gains unholy to my stare are given,
 The poor I have not turned unblest away,
 My heart and hands are pure, no need have I to pray,
 I have no sins, great God, to be forgiven.

WHEN DO BOYS FINISH THEIR EDUCATION?

EDITORIAL.

SOME one has said, in substance, that boys are not educated in the schools — that these institutions do very little towards forming their characters, in comparison with other influences which impress them. The remark may seem rather unauthorized at first, and yet it contains the gist of an important truth. There is little doubt that we attach too little importance to many of the influences which mould the young out of the school-room. Relying upon the culture they receive at school, in connection with certain home lessons, we are apt to consider their education “finished” when their school days are over, and they enter upon some vocation for life. Subsequent events often prove that parents and guardians made a fatal mistake in supposing that their sons had “finished” their education when they bade adieu to school, for all impressions made upon them previous to their entering upon a chosen profession, were less moulding in their character, than those which were experienced thereafter. There is a youth, for instance, who was religiously instructed at home, and his whole deportment, to the time he was sixteen or eighteen years of age, was correct. The young man in the gospel was not more amiable and moral than he. But his school-days are over, and he goes forth to his life-pursuit. Perhaps it is a mechanical trade in some thriving village, or a clerk-ship in a populous city. In either case, he is introduced into new scenes, and additional temptations spring up around him. New companions, new pastimes, new everything almost, are incidental to his new field of toil. Time rolls on, and his principles break down under corrupt associations, and the once amiable youth becomes a loose young man. No counsel or prayers reclaim him, and his ripened manhood is dissolute and wretched. Was he educated in the schools? Did books mould his character? Did the discipline of the first sixteen or eighteen years of his life impress him so much as the first few years of absence from home? No! When his last day at school was

closed, and his books were laid on the shelf, and he shook hands with his father, and dropped a tear for his mother as he left, he said, "I have 'finished' my education." His parents thought so too. But was it "finished?" Nay, far from it. It was not until he came under Satanic tuition, and his unsuspecting heart yielded to suggestions and insinuations which sap the foundation of character, that his education was finished. The tempter "finished" him in more senses than one. This may be an extreme case, though we are scarcely willing to admit it. But, extreme, or otherwise, it shows that books and schools cannot do all the educational work for sons that is needful. Before we can say that a youth was educated by Mr. ———, at ——— school, we must wait and see how he gets on in the world. After he has come in closer contact with the world, and handled some of its realities, we can settle this question more satisfactorily.

But take another example, that will afford us another view of the subject. There is a poor boy who never went to school but six weeks in his life. True, he received some education in other ways; but he never rose above a tolerable reader, a poor speller, and cyphering in the four fundamental rules, in addition to Interest. No person thinks he will do much, since he has not been educated at all. He is a poor, ignorant, awkward, clever fellow, and that is all. But he leaves home to seek his fortune. Years pass by, and we find this once unlettered youth a wealthy business man in a great city, possessing influence and moral character such as any one of us respects. Now, where was he educated? Not at school, because he did not attend. Not by books, because he had little to do with them. He was educated out in the bustling world. He had some traits of character that made him a ready learner in the rough school of experience. This old school-master — experience — who has long had the reputation of being the best teacher, beat many things into his head and heart which books failed to do. His keen observation, his good judgment, his circumspection and foresight, aided him in working his way upward. But he acquired something new every day. We doubt if a mind like his could have been so well educated

in the schools, for the sphere he occupied. He was too practical for our theorizing modes of instruction. The stern realities of life, as they relate to trades and professions, were just suited to educate him.

Surely, then, it is neither wise nor safe to consider a son educated when he leaves school and home. The utmost precaution should be taken that the education begun at home, if it be good, should continue wherever he goes.

THE HEART — THE HEART.

The heart — the heart! O let it be
A bright and bounteous thing;
As kindly warm, as nobly free,
As eagle's nestling wing.
O keep it not like miser's gold,
Shut in from all beside;
But let its precious stores unfold,
In mercy far and wide.
The heart — the heart that's truly blest,
Is never all its own;
No ray of glory lights the heart
That beats for self alone.

The heart — the heart! O let it spare
A sigh for other's pain;
The breath that soothes a brother's care
Is never spent in vain.
And though it throb at gentlast touch,
Or sorrows faintest call.
'Twere better it should ache too much,
Than never ache at all.
The heart — the heart, that's truly blest,
Is never all its own;
No ray of glory lights the breast
That beats for self alone.

ELIZA COOK.

INFLUENCE OF YOUNG LADIES.

EDITORIAL.

A CLERGYMAN relates that he was once expostulating with a young man concerning his habits, when the latter charged much of the dissipation among his companions to the influence of young ladies. "You may rely upon it," he said, "that if they mix the drink for us, we will not refuse to take it. If their lips first touch the glass, we are sure to drain it. If they evidently think us better company when our tongues are loosened by wine, and join in the laugh when we tell them of our follies, ministers may as well stop preaching, unless they can go a step farther back, and begin at the right place." It is to be hoped that young ladies who thus tempt their male associates to tarry at the wine-cup are few in number. It is probably true that nearly all such instances as are alluded to above, arise from extreme thoughtlessness. But we do not allude to the subject to show that this class lend their influence generally to intemperance, for this is not the case. We have quoted the above remark for the general purpose of showing that young ladies exert a powerful influence over young men, and, through them, upon society.

We doubt if young ladies are fully aware of the influence they are thus wielding. Say what we may of the agency of young men in deciding the moral character of a community, it will ever be true that the morals of no community are of a higher order than those of the youthful females who compose it. They can bring any doubtful pernicious custom into disrepute among those of their own age, if they please. Let them set their faces like a flint, against whatever is deleterious to character or happiness, and they will soon find that the views and feelings of their associates of the other sex accord with their own. Temperance will reach just about such a standard as they determine. The same is true of the place which amusements, such as the theatre, dancing, and parties of pleasure, hold. Many social customs and amusements could

not exist a day longer, unsustained by the influence of young females.

Young ladies have a higher standard of morality than young men. It is always so in every community, perhaps necessarily. No young lady could imitate the coarse habits, the low jesting, the vulgar and often profane language which characterize some young men who are considered respectable, without losing caste. A single oath burning upon her lip would banish her at once from honorable society. And once banished therefrom for a flagrant breach of morality, there is generally no way of return. By almost a cruel decree, public opinion puts on her the mark of Cain, and sends her forth a wanderer in the earth. For this reason, perhaps, the standard of morality is higher among this class. And yet we have noticed that they demand less of young men, in the line of morals, than young men demand of them. The latter would spurn from their presence the female who was vulgar or profane, or whose character was soiled with the smallest taint of vice. Where is the young man who would offer his hand to such a one? Even if he himself were corrupt, he would demand unblemished purity in her who was to become his bride. But it is not so with the other sex. They associate with young men of well known vicious habits. Young ladies of high reputation often receive the attentions of males who are profane, and even intemperate. We have been astonished and pained, often, to see with what recklessness young ladies throw themselves away in wedlock. We have married several young women whose characters stood high in respect to all that is lovely in their sex, to young men who were known to be dissipated, and on the road to ruin. Is there not some occasion for such remarks as we quoted at the beginning of this article? Is it not true that young men of the most doubtful morality are admitted to the companionship of females in the social circle? Are they not found in the ball-room, at parties of pleasure, and in other places of resort, just as if no stain rested upon them?

Here is certainly a glaring evil of the times. It is worth while for the class in question to inquire how far they are responsible for the low state of morality among young men. If they would banish all suspicious persons from their society, as they would poisonous reptiles, and have it understood everywhere and at all times, that panders to vice would receive only their frowns and censures, the standard of morality would rise a hundred per cent. at once, among young men. So great is the influence of young ladies — so great, also, are their responsibilities.

 REMEMBRANCE.

I see thee still! thou art not dead,
 Though dust is mingled with thy form;
 The broken sunbeam hath not shed
 The final rainbow on the storm!
 In visions of the midnight deep,
 Thine accents through my bosom thrill,
 Till joy's fond impulse bids me weep —
 For wrapt in thought I see thee still!

I see thee still — that cheek of rose —
 Those lips, with dewy fragrance wet,
 That forehead in serene repose —
 Those soul-lit eyes — I see them yet!
 Sweet seraph! Sure thou art not dead —
 Thou gracest still this earthly sphere,
 An influence still is round me shed,
 Like thine — and yet thou art not here.

Farewell, beloved! To mortal sight,
 Thy vermeil cheek no more may bloom;
 No more thy smiles inspire delight,
 For thou art garner'd in the tomb!
 Rich harvest for that ruthless power
 Which hath no bound to mar his will;
 Yet, as in hope's unclouded hour,
 Throned in my heart, I see thee still.

THE SPIRIT OF CASTE.

BY MARY IDE TORREY.

“It is of no use for me to learn a trade, I have not capital enough to carry on the business myself, and all my friends will cut me because I have not enterprise enough to be anything but a mechanic. Your good Christians are all the same as others; they will treat me with *condescension* if I am honest, sober and industrious, but they will not acknowledge me as an associate for their children, and upon an equality with them. If I am a merchant’s wild clerk, I shall be received into better Christian society than I can if I am the best mechanic.”

Many labored articles upon the cause of the increase of crime in our community, have appeared in our periodicals, but the above remarks which we heard the other day, and which in substance are repeated every day in some form or other disclose to our mind one of the prominent causes, if not *the* cause. It is the spirit of Caste in our republican land, aye, in the churches of the living God, even. We send our missionaries to India, and instruct them to contend against this Caste, and to refuse to admit any to their churches who will not renounce it. But when it assumes a slight disguise, flies to this land and lays hold of the horns of our altar, and we *protect* it by *ignoring its identity*, we perform a grand service for the prince of this world. It is one of his master-strokes of policy to make the professed friends of Christ do his work. What would be put down at once, if done by an avowed enemy, is received without question from professed friends, and therefore they can carry the enemy’s plans, where his emissaries, *as such*, could never gain admittance. So it is with this Caste; it as really exists here as it does in India; but the difficulty is, that those only who are capable of giving it a respectable and *Christian* sanction, are those who will not admit that it is Caste. They say, “there must be distinctions in society, and there *will* be, whether we make them or not.” Grant it,

—but no distinctions which are at variance with the spirit and teachings of the gospel, should be acknowledged for an hour, by those who profess to square their lives by its precepts. And we contend it is not the *kind* of business a man performs that stamps his character, but the *manner* of his performing it. When some kinds of useful and necessary business are voted undignified, or degrading, all our enterprising young men forsake them and rush into those which present no bar to their admittance to the best society. The consequence is, that some kinds of business are crowded to overflowing, yes, to *ruin*, by the entrance of so many competitors, none of whom are willing to lose caste by becoming mechanics, unless, indeed, they can be at the head of a large manufacturing establishment; and they all struggle on in such great numbers that there is *scarcely* a chance for any to make an honest living. Hence the manœuvres and contrivances to violate the Golden Rule legally. First, they withhold from their clerks sufficient compensation for their labor, and these clerks relieve their necessities by resorting to their master's till, or to gambling, or to some ingenious method of defrauding the public for the benefit of their employers, in order that their value to them may increase their own wages. In such a competition, where the rightful profits of the whole are insufficient for all, each one strives to preserve himself regardless of what becomes of others. Many resort to all means of self-preservation, *right* or *wrong*, hurried on in temptation by the holiest of all natural ties, the welfare of their families, and the preservation of their social position. When such a crowd are struggling for such an end, who can wonder at the cheating, over-reaching, lying, oppression, over-issues of stocks, and breaches of trust, which occur among our "most respectable citizens."

The causes of crime! Aye, they are among the sons of God, where Satan presented himself, when he would overthrow righteous Job. We may always look for the source of mischief hard by the Tree of Life. Satan does his great wrongs by corrupting truth, and in this case we find the deadly source of so much corruption in the generally received maxims,—That independence of labor for support gives one a high

social position ; that necessity of toiling for daily subsistence degrades a person in the social scale, just so far as that necessity exists ; and finally, that some kinds of labor are more respectable than others. This last, though it appears the least objectionable of the trio, is, in its practical application, more objectionable than the others, because it contains the poison of the three, under a mask of speciousness and candor, with a little *truth*, which is defiled and warped by its alliance with so much falsehood. The untruth in it is the insinuation, which is the basest form of lying, that there are some kinds of useful and necessary labor that are degrading and belittleing in their tendency — that the performance of any duty ever narrows the mind ! This is false. There is no kind of labor in which there is not scope enough to exhaust the resources of the human mind *if perfectly* performed. Hence it is that those who have for a long course of years engaged in very humble employments, suddenly emerge from their obscurity and show their capacity to perform the duties of a more exalted station, and excel in it. Many kinds of study are never of any practical use to some students, only as they discipline the mind. And it is one of the evidences of the infinite power as well as wisdom of God, that the *means* of disciplining mind and body, and of obtaining knowledge even, are often found in connection with the humblest employments. Geologists dig their knowledge out of the earth, and hammer it out of the rocks. It was in the faithful performance of humble duties that Hugh Miller laid the foundation for his extensive researches and his lasting renown. It was in discharge of the humblest of labors that Dr. Franklin, before he became a printer, began to be the subject of that stern discipline which led him to such a glorious future, and secured for him undying fame. If there were anything really degrading in being a mechanic, our Lord's human nature would have been degraded by His laboring as a carpenter. And He who came on earth to be an "ensample" to us, would not have done it. But He knew there was that in his employment which would discipline body and mind, and develop even scientific principles. He knew that a master workman was only a full-grown operative, and was honor-

able only as he had taken the successive steps. But where we honor those who are at the head of their business and despise those who are in a course of preparation, we induce just such a state of society as now exists. We make young men whose parents have always sustained a high position in society, though poor, feel that they cannot become mechanics without suffering social martyrdom. This they have not principle enough to endure. They had as lief sin as be cast out of the synagogue. If you wish to corrupt the community, hold up the idea that some kinds of useful and necessary business are degrading, and you will have degraded beings to perform that service for you.

(To be continued.)

AUNT ESTHER.

BY A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE.

"The kingdom of heaven is like leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened."

THE wild winds of many winters have swept over a low grave in the church-yard at L——, since its aged tenant there found a resting-place. No human record marks the spot, but the snow-wreaths lift their fantastic shapes above that slumbering form, and in spring-time and in glowing summer, the green grass waves, and the little flowers smile out above the lone mound, as if to mark the presence of Him who keepeth watch over the sleeping dust of his people.

Aunt Esther, such was her earthly name, here finds a quiet rest for her worn body, after a rude and weary pilgrimage through this life. In this world's goods she lived and died poor, and if not among those *most rich* in faith, she was, without doubt, an inheritor of the promises, and it was delightful to witness in her the operation of grace, gradually subduing and moulding to a heavenly pattern, a nature originally harsh and unyielding. It is this *gradual sanctification* which is designed to be illustrated in the following sketch.

Of Aunt Esther's early life I know but little, only that she was a child of poverty, nursed and trained in the rude school

of adversity, where she early learned lessons of self-denial, endurance and untiring exertion.

Her mould both mental and physical was a strong one. She was tall and muscular, and even when her frame was bowed by the weight of eighty winters, her step was self-reliant and determined, while her thick hair, deep set black eyes, and compressed lips, harmonized with her keen perceptions, quick judgment and strong impressions.

She married early, but her marriage brought with it no relaxation in life's conflict. Her husband was poor, and a large family to be provided for added to her cares, her labors, and her sorrows. She was an anxious and self-denying mother — a *tender* one she could hardly be called. In truth, she had no time to caress her children, and nourish in herself those soft and gentle affections which a more indulgent life would have favored. Her care was to feed and clothe rather than to fondle and pet her offspring. In pursuing her daily employment of washing, necessity not choice regulated the movements of her family, and a race of hardy, untutored children grew up around her. They were early scattered in the wide world, and it was not strange that no strong ties bound them to the maternal home — deep and tender family affections could hardly be nurtured under such influences.

Thus till middle life and even after, her existence had been one long struggle, unsustained by faith, and uncheered by any bright hopes of the unseen and eternal. But a blessed day arose for Aunt Esther! Through the preaching of the word, a heavenly light shone into her heart; she saw her sinfulness; she saw the provisions of the gospel, and gave herself, just as she was, to her Saviour.

There came no change in her earthly lot; she still toiled on, but henceforth there was a lightening of the burden, a brightening gleam of light along her onward pathway. Thoughts of Jesus, of his earthly life, of his sympathy with his suffering children, these were precious consolations to her; a few verses in her Bible, read after a hard day's labor, by her dim lamp, cheered her heart and softened the lines of care

and sorrow in her anxious countenance. Patience was born in her soul, submission and trust sprung up, and the peace which passeth all understanding began do dawn in her spirit.

Years passed on, bringing the changes of time ; she became a widow, but she was not wholly desolate, for she was learning to let go her earthly cares and plans, and turning her eyes to her heavenly Father's house in earnest anticipation. Still the old man struggled long in the heart — she really loved her God, but his providence in the inequalities of human life, especially her own hard lot, greatly perplexed her, and irreverent questionings and harassing doubts found lodgment in her heart, and expression on her lips. Her church, and pastor, and fellow-Christians too, she loved, but in their real imperfections and short-comings, and in their exaggerated or imaginary defections, her keen watchfulness found scope, and she often spoke unadvisedly of the pride, the worldliness, or want of fellowship in those in high places, or the selfishness, or unkindness, or envy of those in humble life. This propensity had always been her besetting temptation, and the circumstances of her outward life had nourished it. She was deeply sensible to kindness and attention, but neglect was to her a serpent's tooth. "I always know," she would say, "when the church is quickened ; they remember the poor members, they come to see me. If I don't go to meeting, I can tell."

We loved to see her at the meetings of the church, and felt that we were enriched by her sincere prayers, and only regretted that her walk was far less comfortable to herself, honorable to God, or useful to others, than if love and patience had had a more perfect work.

But life wore on ; she had reached and passed her three-score years and ten, while the old and new nature still maintained the conflict ; but grace was evidently in the ascendant. Her strong frame was enfeebled by age, but a calmer, gentler spirit was gradually settling upon her.

At this time she lived in a little cottage furnished by the hand of charity, with her youngest son, a man of feeble intellect, and greatly deficient in moral strength. Intemperance was his strong enemy, and often cast him down wounded and

degraded. He was not an habitual drunkard, and his earnings when sober were cheerfully given to his aged mother. To this child, her long restricted affections and her Christian anxieties turned. She looked less anxiously into the ways of Providence to see that *God would do right*, she thought less of the doings of her fellow-disciples, she was chiefly anxious to *do God's will*, and to secure the prayers of God's people, that "Poor David" might be saved from temptation and converted to God.

He was docile and confided in his mother, while she taught, counselled and warned him. Thus laboring and watching, life drew to a close. During her last year her poor boy seemed especially under the power of temptation. Again and again he fell, but his mother's faith rose higher and burned brighter. Her trust in God became stronger and firmer; *not a trust that God would certainly save her child*, but that He would *do right*, and that all things are safe in His hands.

About this time, she was anticipating the nation's jubilee, and, dreading the temptation for her weak charge; she was trying to fortify him by instruction and prayer, when before the time, in an evil hour, he was again tempted, and again fell, and was carried to the House of Correction. Poor Aunt Esther! will her faith bear this shock? In a few days I heard of this event, and dreading to witness her grief, yet thinking she might need assistance, I called at her door. The feeble frame soon appeared, welcoming me with a pleasant smile.

"How do you do, Aunt Esther?" "Oh, very comfortable, I am glad to see you. I wanted to tell you how good God is to me; he is crowning my life with blessings." "I am very glad to find you so comfortable in *spirit*, how is your health?" "Poorly, very poorly; my cough is bad, but God helps me through. I sometimes feel when I go to bed I shall not live till morning, so I put my grave clothes out where they can be found, and I think if Christ is with me in the dark valley 'tis all I need." "Who stays with you at night?" "Oh, nobody; a young woman stayed with me one or two nights but she was afraid, and so I thought I had better stay alone, and

now I have no fears." "How are you provided for since David went away?" "Oh, very well; the neighbors are kind, and God always provides, and I have wanted for nothing." "Have you now the little comforts you need in your feebleness?" "Oh, yes; I am always provided for!" "Have you tea, and coffee, and sugar?" "Oh, no; you know I can't expect such things as these." "Have you rice, or crackers, or butter?" "Why, no; I have only necessities." "Have you bread or meat?" "Not now." "Flour or meal?" "No; but then I always have something comfortable." "Will you tell me what provisions you have in the house?" "Oh, I have potatoes and a little bit of liver Mrs. A. sent me, and so you know I'm going to boil them into a little sort of a soup for dinner." "Is this all you have in the house?" "Yes; but then I shall be provided for, and I want to tell you, and I want to tell the church, how good God is to me. I have felt for the last few weeks that my soul was satisfied in God. He has filled me with good things, my cup runs over, and everything I put my hand to prospers."

I looked about for signs of prosperity, There was her little, scantily-furnished bed, the old chest of drawers, the little round table with her well-worn Bible on it, and a handful of coals on the hearth—this was all. But the poor old widow had come to know the law of the saint's inheritance, "*All things* are yours, life or death, things present, or things to come." She had forgotten her poverty, she had ceased to question her heavenly Father's wisdom, she stopped not to examine the faults of her fellow-disciples, and as a still higher attainment of faith, she had given her poor son into God's hands, and with that all her *earthly cares*, and now, she was calmly sitting in the sunlight of God's countenance, and evidently pluming her wings for her upward flight. "Aunt Esther is very near heaven," was solemnly said as I turned from her door, and so it proved. Patience had had its perfect work; she was moulded to her Saviour's image, her will was lost in his, and only the perishing garment of flesh separated her from the abodes of bliss. This garment was soon rent away. A few weeks later, beneath a daughter's roof, the summons came. She was "absent from the body, and present with the Lord."

GOD'S HAND IN THE SETTLEMENT OF AMERICA.

THERE were many things connected with the *first settlement* of this country, which indicate the grand design of Providence in its discovery. Follow his footsteps for a moment and you will see it.

The leading design was, no doubt, a *religious* one — else why should the King of nations, who setteth up one and pull-eth down another, have given preference to those arrangements which show religion and his church to have been the chief objects of his regard and agency. That it was so, a few facts will testify :

It is known that the first discoverers of this continent were *Roman Catholics*. America was taken possession of and made subject to Catholic governments. Bearing in mind this fact, you will, with the greater pleasure, follow the wonder-working Hand which overturned and overturned till this once Roman Catholic country has been wrested, piece-meal, (as the wants of the reformed religion have required,) from the domination of Rome and the ghostly tyranny of the Pope, and given into the hands of Protestants, and made the stronghold of the doctrines of the Reformation. Nearly the whole of North America has already been transferred. Nor is this all. It was not enough that it should become a *Protestant* country. It should grow up into a nation under the *still more* benign influence of Protestantism reformed. New England was to be the nursery, and Puritanism the spirit that should pervade this new world.

And what a singular train of providences brought about so important, yet so unlikely an event. Nothing seemed more probable at one time, than that FRANCE would be the owner of New England — that these hills and valleys, now so healthful in moral vigor, would have languished under the crucifix and the mitred priest, and groaned beneath the heavy rod of the Roman pontiff. And New England might have been as notorious as a fountain of abominations and papal sorceries as she now is as a radiating point of light, and intellectual and spiritual life. But mark the hand of God here.

New England was early an object of desire with the French.

As early as the year 1605, De Mont "explored and claimed for France, the rivers, the coasts and bays of New England. But the decree had gone out that the beast of Rome should never pollute this land of promise and it could not be revoked. The hostile savages first prevent their settlement. Yet they yield not their purpose. Thrice in the following year was the attempt renewed, and twice were they driven back by adverse winds, and the third time wrecked at sea. Again did Pourtrincourt attempt the same enterprise, but was, in like manner, compelled to abandon the project. It was not so written. This was the land of promise which God would give to the people of his own choice. Hither he would transplant the "vine" which he had brought out of Egypt. Here it should take root and send out its boughs unto the sea, and its branches unto the river."*

At a still later period, a French armament of forty ships-of-war, under the Duke d'Anville, was destined for the destruction of New England. It sailed from Chebucto, in Nova Scotia, for this purpose. In the meantime, the pious people, apprized of their danger, had appointed a day of fasting and prayer, to be observed in all the churches. While Mr. Prince was officiating in Old South Church, Boston, on this fast day, and praying most fervently that the dreaded calamity might be averted, a sudden gush of wind arose (the day, till then, had been perfectly clear,) so violently as to cause the clattering of the windows. The reverend gentleman paused in his prayer, and looking around on the congregation with a countenance of hope, he again commenced, and with great devotional ardor, supplicated the Almighty to cause that wind to frustrate the object of their enemies. A tempest ensued, in which the greater part of the French fleet was wrecked. The duke and his principal general committed suicide — many died with disease, and thousands were drowned. A small remnant returned to France, without health, and spiritless, and the enterprise was abandoned forever.

It is worthy of remark, how God made *room* for his people before he brought them here. He drove out the heathen be-

* Bancroft's History of the United States.

fore them. A pestilence raged just before the arrival of the Pilgrims, which swept off vast numbers of the Indians. And the newly-arrived were preserved from absolute starvation, by the *very corn* which the Indians had buried for their winter's provisions.

And here we may note another providence; none but *Puritan* feet should tread this virgin soil, and occupy the portion God had chosen for his own heritage. Before the arrival of the Pilgrims, a grant had been given, and a colony established in New England, called New Plymouth. But this did not prosper. A new and modified patent was then granted to Lord L  nox and the Marquis of Buckingham. But no permanent settlement was made. The hierarchy of England should not have the possession. They to whom the Court of Heaven had granted it, had not yet come. It was reserved for the Puritans. Here should be nurtured, in the cradle of hardships, and perils from the savages, and from the wilderness, and sufferings manifold and grievous, a spirit which should nerve the moral muscles of the soul, and rear up a soldiery of the cross made of sturdier stuff, and animated by a purer spirit than the world had before known.

"Had New England," says the historian of those times, "been colonized immediately on the discovery of the American continent, the old English institutions would have been planted under the powerful influence of the Roman Catholic religion. Had the settlement been made under Elizabeth, it would have been before the activity of the popular mind in religion, had conducted to a corresponding activity of mind in politics. The Pilgrims were Englishmen, Protostants, exiles for religion, men disciplined by misfortune, cultivated by opportunities of extensive observation, equal in rank as in rights, and bound by no code but that which was imposed by religion, or might be created by the public will."

"America opened as a field of adventure just at the time when mind began to assume its independence, and religion its vitality."

This continent seemed signalized from the first as the asylum of *freedom*. Nothing else would thrive here. Ecclesias-

tical domination and political despotism were often transplanted hither, and nourished by all the kindly influences of wealth and nobility; they basked for a time in the sunshine of the court and the king, yet they were exotics and never thrived. While it was yet the spring-time of Puritanism, its institutions taking root and sending up its thrifty germs, and giving promise of a sturdy growth, those strange vines already began to look sear, and give no doubtful tokens of a stinted existence and a premature decay. Read the records of the first settlement of several of the colonies of this country — especially one in Massachusetts and another in Virginia, where strenuous attempts were made to introduce the peculiar institutions of the old world, and you will not fail to observe the singular fact that all such attempts were abortive. Providence had decreed this should be the land of toleration and freedom. The colonies which were not founded on such principles, either failed of success, or did not prosper till leavened with the good leaven of Puritanism — clearly indicating that Providence designed this to be a theatre for the more perfect development of his grace to man. It was Religion that built up the first nation in this wilderness, and it is only our *moral* pre-eminence and prospects that distinguish us from other nations. — *God in History.*

NOVEL READING.

NOVEL reading is not only dangerous, and acts on the mind as ardent spirits does on the body, but it is also a waste of precious time, for which God will require a strict account.

Dr. Hawes gives it as his opinion, that “no habitual reader of novels can love the Bible, or any other book that demands thought, or inculcates the serious duties of life.” They become disgusted with the plainness and simplicity of truth, and require and search for something new and exciting to the imagination.

But again; the taste for novel reading when once acquired, is hard to get rid of. Take an example: “A young lady who had indulged for some time in the habit of novel reading, on becoming pious, found to her sorrow, that her imagination had become so fascinated, and her taste so vitiated by this per-

nicious reading, that she could not fix on anything permanently," "I would make any earthly sacrifice," said she, "could I thirst after the Bible as I have after the novel. The greatest daily cross I am now compelled to take up is to pass a novel without reading it. I would urge it as a warning to all my sex, to beware of this fatal rock. Beware of wasting not only days but nights, in making yourselves fools all the rest of your life, if not absolutely wretched."

But, again ; it sometimes leads even to insanity ! A physician in Massachusetts says : "I have seen a young lady with her table loaded with volumes of fictitious trash, poring day after day and night after night over highly-wrought scenes, and skilfully portraited pictures of romance, until her cheeks grew pale, her eyes became cold and restless, and her mind wandered and was lost. The light of intelligence passed behind a cloud, her soul forever benighted. She became insane — incurably insane, from reading novels."

Dr. Wayland says ; "He who meditates with pleasure upon pictures of pollution and crime, whether originating with himself or with others, renders it evident that nothing but opposing circumstances prevents him from being himself an actor in the crimes which he loves. Let the imagination, then, be most carefully guarded, if we wish to escape temptation, or make progress in virtue."

Hannah More says : "The constant familiarity with works of fiction, even with such as are not exceptionable in themselves, relaxes the mind that wants hardening ; dissolves the heart that wants fortifying ; stirs the imagination that wants quieting ; irritates the passions which want calming ; and, above all, disinclines and disqualifies for active virtues and for spiritual exercises. The habitual indulgence in such reading is a silent, mining mischief."

Many more facts, and much more testimony might be adduced to prove the dangerous and injurious results that flow from novel reading. As poison acts on the body, so do they effect the mind, the heart, the moral character. And they should be kept far from the family circle, and never be placed within the reach of the young, who should avoid them as they do things of danger.

CHILD'S DEPARTMENT.



THE FOX.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

Aye! here's the meanest beast that lives,
So noted for his cunning,
The hunter's hounds will chase him hard,
But he can beat them, running.

He visits farmer's poultry yards,
And up the hen-roost creeping,
He singles out the fattest fowl,
And catches him while sleeping.

Among the farmer's geese he goes,
When hunger makes him bolder,
And seizes gander by the neck,
And flings him on his shoulder.

The red fox has a brownish fur,
His tail is somewhat yellow,
But every body says he is
A mean and sneaking fellow.

He ranks among the beasts of earth,
If not the very spryest,
At least the biggest rogue and thief—
The craftiest and the slyest.

God made the sly and crafty fox
To live by theft and plunder,
But says to me, "THOU SHALT NOT STEAL,"
With Sinai's voice of thunder.

Thou shalt not fatten, like the fox,
By other people's labor,
Nor covet any thing at all
Belonging to thy neighbor.

EDITORS'S CHAT WITH THE CHILDREN.

P A T C H E S .

"FATHER," said little Harry, "I should think Ben Hastings would be ashamed to come to school with such patches on his clothes; the boys all laugh at him."

"What! my son; laugh at a boy for wearing patches on his clothes!" exclaimed his father with surprise.

"Yes, father," replied Harry, "for one of the patches on his coat is not of the same color; and Charlie Gray calls him Joseph with his coat of many colors."

"Well, if Ben Hastings is as good as Joseph was, he can afford to wear such a coat; and as for Charlie Gray, if he were half as good I should like him much better, though his coat were covered with patches. Is not Ben a good boy?"

"Why, yes;" said Harry.

"And a good scholar, too, is he not?" continued his father.

"Yes, sir; he has been to the head of his class more times this winter, than any one else."

"And was it not Charlie Gray whom the teacher had so much trouble with a few weeks ago?"

"Yes, father; the teacher punished him for being a bad boy, and Nellie Holt says he is the worst boy in school."

"Well, my son, such unruly scholars are the ones who make fun of a poor boy's clothes. Ben Hastings' mother is a poor widow, and cannot afford her son better garments. But I would much rather have him for a son, with his patched coat, than Charlie Gray with his fine clothes. I hope you are never so thoughtless and cruel as to laugh at children for wearing poor garments."

Harry hung down his head, for he knew that he joined with the other boys in laughing at Ben.

"Remember, my son, that good boys sometimes wear poor clothes, and bad boys as often wear good ones. It is character and not the coat that makes the boy."

"I *will* remember it," answered Harry, as he raised his eyes with a noble resolution beaming in them.

"There is another thing to be thought of," added his father. "Character sometimes has to be patched more than Ben's coat, and that is the case with Charlie Gray's. When the teacher flogged him the other day, that was one patch, and a big one, too. When his father shut him up a whole day, with nothing but bread and water to eat, for stealing apples from Mr. Ford's orchard, that was another patch. When the superintendent of the Sabbath School spoke to him for bad behavior in his class, that was yet another patch. Really, Charlie's character is all patches, and no one can forget them. When the scholars meet him, they will think of the patch which the teacher put on. When any one sees him in the street, they think of the patch his father added for stealing the apples. And now, my son, whose patches would you rather have?"

A broad smile, amounting almost to a laugh, lighted up Harry's pretty face, as he replied,

"I rather have Ben's patched coat than Charlie's patched character."

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

When Frances McLellan was a little girl, she was very kind to animals. Her kitten, rabbits, and the "little sick chicken," if they could have spoken, would have thanked her heartily for handling them so very gently. One day she found a dead

fly upon the floor. She carefully took it up and laid it upon a piece of paper in the sun, to see if she could not warm it into life. When she found that all her efforts were vain, she burst into tears and exclaimed, "*the poor thing is dead!*" How beautiful such kindness to animals! Some children delight to torture flies by clipping off their wings or sticking pins through them; and they handle the kitten as roughly as if she were made of stone. They are cruel children, and I am afraid they will make cruel men and women. The little girl, of whom we are speaking, was walking in the street with her grandmother, when she met a farmer having a calf in his wagon, with its legs tied. She ran up to him and asked if he would sell it to her, so that she might untie his feet, and take him with her. "Where will you get the money?" asked the farmer. "Oh, father will give it to me," she said; "besides, I have a dollar of my own already." The farmer thought she was the kindest and sweetest child he ever saw.

A LETTER TO THE RATS.

This same kind-hearted Frances McLellan heard her parents say they must procure some poison to kill the rats that had become very troublesome. She was much disturbed on hearing this, and finally told her mother that it would be cruel, "because they did not know it was wrong to do as they did. They did not know what they must not meddle with." Finding that her parents were going to destroy the rats, she conceived the idea of putting them on their guard. She took a piece of paper and wrote what she called a letter to them. She was too young to write, and could only make certain strange characters, but the rats could read them as readily as they could the best of writing. Then she ran and placed it in one of the holes which they had made, and returned to her mother, saying, "you needn't use the poison now; it won't do any good if you do, for I have told the rats all about your plan to kill them. I am sure they will get my letter, because I put it into the hole myself." We think her mother must have been almost disposed to let the rats live. Although Frances did not show wisdom in thinking it was cruel to de-

stroy rats, yet her kindness is very charming. All children should be tender towards animals, and never delight to see them suffer. Frances grew up to be a very lovely and benevolent woman. All children who are so kind will make kind men and women.

MANNERS AT MEETING.

A six year old lad, who had been reading some beautiful lines in a paper about "Manners of Children at Table," asked the editor, "Can you not write something about Manners of Children at Meeting?" We said, "Yes;" and here is the result of our effort:—

On Sunday morning I must rise,
And upward lift my opening eyes
To Him who smiles when children pray;
Who gives me one more Sabbath Day.
Then I must wash my hands and face;
And dress me with a smiling grace;
For soon the meeting will begin,
And I must go, as I have been.
I must not tarry by the way,
Upon the steps I must not stay,
To talk and laugh with children there,
But straightway to my seat repair;
Nor look about the house and play,
For 'tis God's holy Sabbath day.
I must not whisper to a mate,
Nor look when others enter late;
Nor must I sleep within the pew,
Though older persons often do;
Nor handle paper, book, or aught
That I may have unwisely brought;
Must bow my head in time of prayer,
And listen with the utmost care,
Soon as the preacher names his text,
All ears for what is coming next;
And when the service hour is o'er
Must walk sedately to the door,
Then homeward wend my thoughtful way,
And praise God for the Sabbath Day.

CHILDREN HAPPY IN DEATH.

A loving mother who had just seen two of her children borne to the grave, stood over her almost dying boy. It seemed to her that she could not endure the thought of parting with him also. Her tears flowed down her cheeks rapidly as her heart rose up against God and said, "You must not take him." The little child saw the deep anguish of his mother, and raising his little arm, he put it round her neck, and drew her to him, saying, "*Say, God's will be done, dear mother.*" How precious were those words to the weeping mother. They sent her trusting to God, and she could soon say, "Thy will be done." So happy can little children die — happy themselves, and making parents happy. But they must be sorry for their sins, and love Christ who died for them, that they may be able to say, "Thy will be done."

SELECTIONS.

EVERY CHILD CAN DO SOMETHING.

Mr. Sargent says : — "Do not say or think, then, my dear young children — children in Sunday-school — that because you are young children, you can do nothing for the perishing heathen.

"What if a drop of rain should plead
 'So small a drop as I
 Can ne'er refresh the thirsty mead,
 I'll tarry in the sky?'"

What if the shining beam of noon
 Should in its fountain stay,
 Because its feeble light alone
 Can not create a day?

Does not each rain-drop help to form
 The cool, refreshing shower;
 And every ray of light to warm
 And beautify the flower?"

"To be sure they do; and your penny, dear child, given out of gratitude to the Saviour, and love to poor heathen, will help to save a starving, perishing soul."

GOD COUNTS.

A brother and sister were playing in the dining-room, when their mother set a basket of cakes on the tea-table and went out.

"How nice they look!" said the boy, reaching to take one. His sister earnestly objected, and even drew back his hand, repeating that it was against their mother's direction.

"She did not count them," said he.

"But perhaps God did," answered the sister.

So he did not take them; and sitting down he seemed to think. "You are right," he replied, looking at her with a cheerful, yet serious air, "God does count. For the Bible says, 'the hairs of our head are all numbered.'"

THE CHEERFUL GIVER.

The Superintendent of Sunday-Schools in a part of Switzerland gives the following account of two poor little girls:—

"A little girl came up to her teacher, and placed in her hands two centimes for the Bible which she was to receive when, by dint of adding centime to centime, she should have succeeded in getting together the sum of one franc, twenty-five cents, the price of the book. The child was very badly clad, and the winter cold had already begun to be very piercing. The teacher, who had not had her long in the class, was moved with pity, and quite astonished that although so ill clad, she should bring her a mite towards a Bible. 'My child,' she said to her kindly, 'do you not want this money at home? Do your parents know of your bringing it to me for a Bible?' 'O, yes, miss!' exclaimed the child; 'it is true that we have nothing left in the house, neither bread nor money; but mother gave me leave to bring you this last coin, saying that it was much better to have the word of God than to have bread.'

"Another little one is the eldest of several children, though herself not quite eight years old. Every Sunday, at breakfast, the parents have been in the habit of giving to each child a small loaf of a superior quality to the bread they ordinarily eat. She always enjoyed her loaf as much as either of her sisters. But she heard at the Sunday-school, that, by bringing

to her teacher, every week, two, five, or ten centimes, each child might, at the end of a few weeks, obtain a Bible of her own, altogether her own, and this for always. Immediately she made up her mind, and set to work making her calculation. She besought her parents to leave off giving her the loaf at breakfast on Sunday, and to allow her to eat the common bread, at the same time bargaining that the price of the loaf should be given to her. To this her parents consented, though not without expressing surprise, and starting some difficulties; and our dear little one, during nearly four months, went without a delicacy, in order to obtain a bible of her own."

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Through the pleasures of the day,
When I read, and when I pray,
Let me ever keep in view,
God is seeing all I do.
When the sun withdraws his light,
And I go to rest at night,
Let me never lay my head
On my soft and easy bed
Till I lift my heart in prayer
For my Heavenly Father's care;
Thanking him for all his love,
Sent me from His home above;
Praying Him to kindly make
Me His child, for Jesus' sake.

A BLIND BOY'S VIEW OF HEAVEN.

At a Sunday-school in Albany it was asked, "Why is heaven a happy place?"

For some moments there was silence in the school. It was soon broken, however, by a soft silvery voice, which replied:

"Because Jesus is there!"

This beautiful answer came from the lips of a little blind boy, named George. Happy boy! Though unable to see the beauties of nature, or the pleasant faces of his friends, or the pages of the Holy Bible, yet his young heart had opened to the story of a Saviour's love, and he felt that where Jesus is there is heaven. May Jesus dwell in that blind boy's heart! He will then carry a little heaven with him as he gropes his way along the path of his pilgrimage.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

A SCRIPTURE ALLUSION.

"The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree."

THIS allusion to the palm-tree of the East is very beautiful. That tree has ever been regarded a symbol of "constancy, patience, fruitfulness and victory." But we refer to it for the purpose of pointing out only one of its happy allusions. Some travellers have told us that the palm shoots up to a great height, on congenial soil, without a branch or leaf, except near its top. In consequence of this rapid growth, the roots not shooting down in proportion as the trunk shoots upward, high winds are likely to blow it over. Many a lofty palm-tree is uprooted on this account. Hence, the inhabitants of those regions guard against this result, by hanging weights upon the branches of such young palms as they desire to grow thrifty and strong. Sometimes one of these trees is seen with ten or twenty weights upon it, causing its boughs to droop gracefully, and its top to spread out broadly and luxuriantly with its growth from year to year.

In this respect the righteous flourish like the palm-tree. They sometimes grow so fast in worldly things, and rise to such positions of influence and fame, as to endanger their spiritual life. The gales of prosperity have laid many a lofty professor prostrate. On this account, the merciful Husbandman adopts measures to spare this painful ruin. He graciously interposes, and hangs the weights of disappointments, losses, and sorrows upon them. How often we behold one of these plants of the Lord's vineyard completely oppressed and borne down with these weights! It would be a sad spectacle indeed, if we did not know how wonderfully they contribute to its spiritual growth, deepening and tightening its hold upon the soil of Divine grace, and enlarging its capacity to yield luscious fruit. The church of God is better for this wise though trying arrangement. And so long as it is better, every disciple ought to rejoice in this Divine plan, and be willing to bear the weights for the sake of the fruit.

ROYAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

WE are so much accustomed to the extravagance of kings and queens, that even the church has little or nothing to say against the evil as it appears in royal courts. Our nearest neighbor comes in for his share of merited rebuke for the lavish hand with which he ministers to the pleasure of himself and family, in luxuries and costly decorations ; but when one of the crowned heads of Europe indulges in extravagance that seems almost fabulous, it is passed over as something that legitimately belongs to regal position. The Queen of England, the modest and good Victoria has ever been regarded a model sovereign, and we are willing to accord to her this well-earned praise. And yet the same kind of royal expense attends every demonstration of joy and honor in her charming family. The recent marriage of her daughter to Prince William, of Prussia, was signalized by a lavish outlay that is not at all consistent, in our view, with the precepts and principles of Christianity. Kings and queens are subjects to the same moral law that other people are, in respect to economy. That rank and office demand larger outlays to support corresponding style, we freely admit, but these must follow in the same proportion with those which morally limit humbler people. But this occasion appears to have been planned upon an equally grand scale with other similar ones in the royal circles of Europe. Necklaces of diamonds and emeralds, lace dresses costing *five thousand dollars* each, ear-rings and finger rings of the most costly styles, with other sorts of pearl and gold ornaments, were deemed necessary to add to the impressiveness of the occasion. The pearl necklace which the bridegroom presented to his bride, is of unusual beauty, and cost *twenty-one thousand dollars*. What the dear royal creature will do with so much glittering stuff we cannot see. She certainly will never be able to wear it all ; she would not be so presumptuous as to make the attempt. She would be an object of pity if she did.

But is not this unjustifiable extravagance ? How can it be reconciled with the precepts of the Christian religion ? How can we reasonably rebuke the lavish expenditures of humbler men and women, while we pass these royal displays by, as if they were right ? When Princess Charlotte, who was not unlike Victoria in some particulars, was walking with her husband one day, in 1816, she addressed a day-laborer thus : " My good man, you

have seen better days." "I have, your Royal Highness," he replied; "I have rented a good farm, but the change in the times has ruined me." At these words the Princess burst into tears, and observed to Prince Leopold: "Let us be grateful to Providence for his blessings, and endeavor to fulfil the important duties required of us, to make all our laborers happy." From that time she studied economy throughout her entire establishment in order that she might benefit the poor; and, instead of holding festivals thereafter, on the birth-days of herself and husband, they were discontinued, and the amount usually expended in that way, was devoted to making the poor happy. Her example is worthy of imitation in all European courts and American palaces.

"GOING INTO SOCIETY."

How much vanity, extravagance, and folly are perpetrated under the pretext of "going into society!" The lover of pleasure has little idea of so-called "society," outside of the splendid party, the ball-room and the fashionable watering place. Going thither, for which costly preparations are necessary, is "going into society." It is to make display of finery; to exchange glances and compliments, and not genuine sympathies and staid thoughts; to talk about fashion, apparel, the weather, and other matters of equal importance and sublimity. It is going to Vanity Fair, nothing more, nothing less.

Now, we have supposed, in our simplicity, that "society" had a social element in it, and that occasionally a good sensible idea, with corresponding behavior, entered therein. But there is very little genuine sociability at the places of entertainment and amusement named. There is folly and gossip, show and parade, "small talk" and mirthfulness, but very little of the old-fashioned social quality which is the soul of sensible intercourse. Everything is done for effect, and this is quite sufficient to exclude genuine sociability. There must be liberty where the social element prevails. The spirit must be free as air, and as natural, too; and the mouth must speak out of the abundance of the heart—not out of an abundance of foolishness, but of sound common sense. Men and women must speak because they have something to say, and not merely to make an impression. They must dress and move because it is a necessary demand of nature, and not for the purpose of attracting notice. There was more of

the true social feeling at a quilting party of our revolutionary grand-mothers, than is found, at the present day, at all the Saratogas and Newports known to fame.

POWER OF KINDNESS.

It is surprising that men are so much disposed to meet injuries and insults by retaliating, when they so generally acknowledge the power of kindness. Ask almost any person you meet in the street whether kindness is not more powerful in overcoming a foe than threats or violence, and he will answer, yes. And yet he will possibly storm his next enemy with hard words, hard names, and a harder spirit, and perhaps close the contest with hard blows. Still, he maintains that "good for evil" is the true philosophy of personal battles. His theory is better than his practice. His head bows to the right, while his heart impels him to the wrong. Violence has achieved few victories; but those of "good will" are well nigh countless. What a strong inducement to be kind! Who has not witnessed the wearisome labors of man as he strikes blow after blow to remove the sleet and ice from the hard pavement, on some stormy morning of March? But let him wait till the sun attains his meridian splendor, and in a little while the warm rays will remove the ice, that, at morn, yields only to the axe. Thus it is with kindness. Violence wields formidable weapons, and these sometimes compel an unwilling surrender and formal obedience, but this never conquers the heart. On the other hand, kindness strikes directly at the stronghold of hatred and malice, and carries the war into the very camp of hostile feelings, and wins the victory by taking the heart. For this reason, it is powerful, stronger than a strong man armed. Few men are so callous and obdurate that they can endure coals of fire on the head.

BORROWING MONEY FOR THE LORD.

At the present time it is difficult for many Christians, with others, to obtain money. Perhaps they are thrown out of that employment upon which they have depended for the means to aid in sending the gospel to the perishing. They have been accustomed to give to the various benevolent objects of the day, but now they decline giving, *because they have no money*. It is an important inquiry, at this crisis of affairs, whether Christians, some at least, *should not borrow money for the Lord*. Are they excused

from responding to the calls of benevolence because they have no money on hand? They borrow money for men, shall they not for God? How often do members of the church make a purchase to benefit themselves and families, borrowing the means to meet the demand, depending upon future labors to liquidate the same. Good men do thus assume the responsibility of hundreds and thousands of dollars, and no one blames them for it. Indeed, duty may often render such a course imperative. Now, why shall not a Christian be prepared to do as much for the cause of Christ? If he will use his own credit to increase his houses and lands, why ought he not to do it, in times like the present, to spread the tidings of salvation? No reason can be assigned. According to all our received ideas of responsibility and duty in carrying the gospel to "earth's remotest bounds," the Christian is not excused from giving on the ground that he is earning no money, and therefore has none to give. He may still be better off than his neighbor who is fortunate enough to have work, but who is in debt to the amount of his entire house and farm. If the former is excused, the latter must be. No! we believe that the great missionary enterprise must be sustained at all hazards. If the "hard times" withhold the necessary means from them, let them treat God as well, at least, as they do man, and borrow more or less for his treasury. There may be exceptions to this rule, but we make the statement as a general fact. Also, if a person is not able to borrow money, it alters the case. But we believe that he whose heart is so closely wed to this good work that he will use his credit for God as he does for his own personal benefit, will be doubly blessed. If there is any encouragement in God's promises, the Christian will not be so likely to fail in redeeming the credit which he risked for truth, as he will in redeeming that which he risked only for worldly advantage.

FOLLY OF HOARDING MONEY.

THAT the true enjoyment of wealth is derived from its proper use, no candid person can deny. There certainly can be no exalted satisfaction in amassing gold simply to look at. A pile of beautiful minerals would be as interesting to an avaricious man, if he would only think so, as so many silver dollars which he never intends to use. There is much truth in the fable of Æsop, about the miser, who, in order to retain his property, sold all that he had and converted the avails into a huge lump of gold, which

he hid in the ground. Every day he went to the spot, and looked upon his wealth. His daily visits aroused the suspicion of one of his workmen, who concluded that a treasure was concealed in the place. He watched his opportunity, discovered the gold, and carried it away. When the miser was made acquainted with his loss, he wept aloud and was almost beside himself. A neighbor who understood the cause of his grief, said, "Fret thyself no longer, but take a stone and put it in the same place, and think that it is your lump of gold; for, as you never meant to use it, the one will do you as much good as the other." Was not the neighbor right? There may be some pleasure to the miser in knowing that he has a lump of gold, or its equivalent in lands or goods, but it is very meagre and grovelling, in comparison with the joys of true benevolence. The man who accumulates to spend in a worldly way has the advantage of the miser in some particulars. He enjoys his property more than the mere hoarder. His way of using it, too, is less belittling to the soul. The smallest soul in the world is found in the miser's breast. The spendthrift may be as wicked, and far more so, but his soul is larger. It should be remembered by every gold-seeker, that dollars laid by, with no purpose to use them, yield no more enjoyment to the possessor than so many stones.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

FILIAL LOVE.

THE leading article of this number of the "Happy Home" is on Filial Love. Since that was penned, our eye has fallen upon the following touching incident connected with the marriage of Victoria's daughter. We have seldom read anything of the kind so affecting as this, and it has raised the royal daughter very high in our estimation. It is extracted from an account of the marriage in the London Times:—

"Hardly had the last words of the chorus died away in solemn echoes, when the ceremonial, as arranged by chamberlains and heralds, ended, and the bride, giving vent to her evidently long pent-up feelings, turned and flung herself upon her mother's bosom with a suddenness and depth of feeling that thrilled through every heart. Again and again her Majesty strained her to her

heart and kissed her, and tried to conceal her emotion ; but it was both needless and in vain, for all perceived it, and there were few who did not share it. We need not mention how the bridegroom embraced her, and how, as she quitted him, with the tears now plainly stealing down her cheeks, she threw herself into the arms of her father, while her royal husband was embraced by the Princess of Prussia, in a manner that evinced all that only a mother's love can show. The most affecting recognition, however, took place between the bridegroom and his royal father, for the latter seemed overpowered with emotion, and the former, after clasping him twice to his heart, knelt and kissed his parent's hand.

"The Queen then rose, and hurrying across the *haut pass* with the Prince Consort, embraced the Princess of Prussia as one sister would another after a long parting, and turning to the Prince of Prussia, gave him her hand, which, as he stooped to kiss, she stopped him, and declined the condescension by offering her cheek instead. But words will feebly convey the effect of the warmth — the abandonment of affection and friendship, with which these greetings passed, the reverence with which the bridegroom saluted Her Majesty, the manly heartiness with which he wrung the Prince Consort's hand, for by the working of his face it was evident he could not trust his tongue to speak.

"After a few minutes had been allowed for the illustrious personages to recover their composure, during which the bride again lost hers, while she received with all the affecting warmth of a young and attached family, the congratulations of her brothers and sisters, the procession prepared to leave the church."

FASHION AT WASHINGTON.

It is the custom at Washington, for the *fashionables* to apply for invitations to grand balls and parties, and recently the custom received a merited rebuke by the British Minister. He gave a magnificent party in honor of the marriage of the Princess Royal, and invited just those persons he wished to see and no others. The correspondent of the New York Evening Post speaks of it as follows :—

"The etiquette of Washington tolerates and encourages the absurd practice, unknown elsewhere, of soliciting invitations ; and since it was known that Lord Napier's invitations were not to be general, applications have poured in upon him like the applications for office at the departments. The fashionable throng here has been on the alert, and the disappointments on account of the rejected addresses have been numerous and bitter. If Lord Napier succeeds in inaugurating a new practice, he will confer a benefaction upon the hosts who entertain so hospitably here, and

upon the guests who now render every party literally a jam. Last Sunday some ladies thought the church a proper place to beset Lady Napier, who is in feeble health, and beset her in such a manner as nearly to cause her to faint, and there were numerous instances of individuals persisting in their claims, and showing a peevishness at being respectfully refused, which were more indicative of their eagerness than their sense of propriety. It is said a cabinet officer returned his invitation because of the offence taken at an omission of one to a lady friend. A war with England is not to be apprehended immediately on account thereof. Those who attended the ball say, that it eclipsed in magnificence, any ball ever given here. Many from New York, Philadelphia and Boston, came especially to attend it, and the diplomatic corps and officers of the army and navy, in full uniform, gave a brilliant appearance to the rooms, which is very seldom seen here."

TOYS.

THE following item respecting the manufacture of toys for the little ones, may surprise some parents, and yet it is not very surprising. Some months ago we saw the top part of a secretary well filled with toys, which one little girl had received as presents from friends. If all the children should fare proportionably well, the following statistics would fall very far below the truth:—

"It has been calculated that the value of the toys annually thrown into commerce by the manufacturers of Paris is six millions of francs. There are, however, only four or five fabricators of these articles of infantine commerce in the city; but they employ a total of three thousand work people. The small number of manufactories and the large number of workmen employed in each is readily understood; it is an industry which is susceptible of, indeed demands, extended economical combinations in manufacturing.

"The manufactories in the departments mostly furnish the export trade. Until very recently Germany, and especially Nuremberg, furnished foreign countries with the article of toys; France now supplies the principal part of the foreign trade. In 1853, the exportation of toys from France, reached 1,750,000 pounds, and when the lightness of these objects is considered, the immensity of this exportation will be understood. And yet it is said that this figure will be doubled this year. The enormous increase is partly attributable to the great demand for bellecose toys, since the war in the Crimea. At Piombieres, for example, and at other points in the department of Vosges, they manufacture about a million francs worth of helmets, cuirasses, swords and drums. The Malakoff Towers, and the Taking of Sebastopol, are also in great demand, and the papas and mammas seem proud to indulge the warlike inclinations of their sons."

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

THE celebrated hymn, by Rev. Dr. Muhlenburg, commencing, "I would not live alway," is very much mutilated in our hymn books. We do not remember to have seen the whole hymn, as it originally came from his pen, until recently, and we copy it for our readers:—

I would not live alway — live alway below !
Oh no, I'll not linger when bidden to go ;
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer ;
Would I shrink from the path which the prophets of God,
Apostles and martyrs, so joyfully trod ?
While brethren and friends are all hastening home,
Like a spirit unblest, o'er the earth would I roam ?

I would not live alway — I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;
Where seeking for rest, I but hover around,
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found ;
Where hope, when she paints her gay bow on the air,
Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair,
And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway — thus fettered by sin ;
Temptation without, and corruption within ;
In a moment of strength, if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory is mine, e're I'm captive again,
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears ;
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *misere* prolongs.

I would not live alway — no, welcome the tomb,
Immortality's lamp burns there bright 'mid the gloom ;
There, too, is the pillow where Christ bowed his head,
Oh ! soft be my slumbers on that holy bed.
And then the glad morn soon to follow that night,
When the sun-rise of glory shall burst on my sight,
And the full matin song, as the sleepers arise,
To shout in the morning, shall peal through the skies.

Who — who would live alway ? away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns ;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

That heavenly music ! what is it I hear ?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet on mine ear ;
And see, soft unfolding those portals of gold ;
The King all arrayed in his beauty, behold !
Oh ! give me, oh ! give me the wings of a dove !
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above ;
Aye, 'tis now that my soul on swift pinions would soar,
And in ecstasy bid earth adieu evermore.

A CRY-SIS.

AMONG the many puns and witty things that we have seen, in connection with the times, the following from the National Magazine is the best:—

“A gentleman dined with a friend one day,
And above he heard sobbing and crying
He inquired of his friend in an anxious way,
If there was any one sick or dying?”

“O, no,” he replied, and smiling his best,
While they were discussing their ices,
“I’ve just refused Ellen a new silk dress,
And produced a financial cry-sis!”

ICE.

The extract below, from a volume by Sir Francis Head, discusses a matter of considerable interest. It certainly contains a novel idea, and is well worthy the consideration of the reader:—

“For want of half a moment’s reflection, people in England are very prone to believe that water can not be made colder than ice: and accordingly if a good-humored man succeeds in filling his ice-house, he feels satisfied that his ice is as good as any other man’s ice; in short, that ice is ice, and that there is no use in any body attempting to deny it. But the truth is, that the temperature of thirty-two (32) degrees of Fahrenheit, that at which water freezes, is only the commencement of an operation that is almost infinite; for after its congelation water is as competent to continue to receive cold as it was when it was fluid. The application of cold to a block of ice does not, therefore, as in the case of heat applied beneath boiling water, cause what is added at one end to fly out at the other, but on the contrary the extra cold is added to and retained by the mass, and thus the temperature of the ice falls with the temperature of the air, until in Lower Canada it occasionally sinks to forty degrees below zero, or to seventy-two degrees below the temperature of ice just congealed. It is evident, therefore, that if two ice-houses were to be filled, the one with the former, say Canada ice, and the other with the latter, say English ice, the difference between the quantity of cold stored up in each would be as appreciable as the difference between a cellar full of gold and a cellar full of copper; in short, the intrinsic value of ice, like that of metals, depends on the investigation of an assayer—that is to say, a cubic foot of Lower Canada ice is infinitely more valuable, or, in other words, it contains infinitely more cold than a cubic foot of Upper Canada ice, which again contains more cold than a cubic foot of Wenham ice, which contains infinitely more cold than a cubic foot of English ice: and thus, although each of these cubic feet of ice has precisely the same shape, they each, as summer approaches,

diminish in value, that is to say, they each gradually lose a portion of their cold, until long before the Lower Canada ice has melted, the English ice has been converted into lukewarm water."

RECLAIMING A HUSBAND.

We are truly thankful to the Albany Statesman for the incident it gives in the life of Mrs. Wirt. It is not at all marvellous, and yet it is a touching chapter of the private life of that distinguished personage :—

We yesterday recorded the death of Mrs. Wirt, the wife of the late distinguished and eloquent William Wirt, whose commanding abilities and great learning gave him an honorable position among the greatest men our country ever produced. There is an anecdote related of the early life of this couple, which is in itself very beautiful, and exhibits in a pleasing light one of the noblest traits of a true woman. In his youth Wirt was addicted to intemperance and passed whole days and nights in the society of the low and degraded. His passion for drink was constant, and the remonstrances of his friends, as well as the promptings of a high and generous nature, were disregarded. He had offered himself to this lady, but she was forced to reject his suit because of his great intemperance. This refusal, no doubt, served only to increase the intensity of his appetite, and he continued to sink in the scale of humanity without making one effort to regain his manhood, until one day, becoming grossly intoxicated, he had laid down by the road side and fell asleep. The sun was burning hot, and its scorching rays fell full upon his upturned face. The object of Wirt's affections happening to pass by, observed his precarious situation in view of the hot sun falling so directly upon him, and actuated by a feeling of sympathy for the unfortunate, to which every woman's heart is always so truly and keenly alive, she alighted from her carriage and placed her handkerchief over his face to protect him from the hot sun. It may be remarked, that when she alighted she did not recognize him, so altered and distorted were his features. She drove on, and it was several hours ere Wirt awoke. When he did so, what was his astonishment at beholding the handkerchief of a lady placed over his face, and divining its object, picked it up and observed neatly worked in one corner the initials of his heart's idol. Remorse and contrition seized him. He reformed, and became once more an honored member of society. Afterwards they were married, and enjoyed long years of peace and happiness in the affection and society of each other.

EARLY RISING.

The Religious Herald has some very sensible editorial remarks upon the claims of early rising upon the Christian. They are as follows :—

“ It is said by Xenophon, that the Magi were first appointed under Cyrus, to sing songs to the gods, “as soon as it was day.” The statement is highly suggestive. Early rising has a claim upon the conscience of the Christian, as the means of early devotion. Can we innocently choose to lie in unconscious slumber, when the return of light calls us to the remembrance of God? Have thoughts of his presence, no rightful power to charm us from “leaden sleep?” As the day wears on, the press of business will allow us only broken communings with the Father of our spirits: but when the quiet morning first goes abroad on the earth, our “meditation of Him shall be sweet,” because no harsh interruption breaks in upon it. Is not this a duty? Is it not, in equal measure, a privilege? On no other supposition, can we explain such passages as these in the Psalms.—(if that be, indeed, a model for the devotions of the godly, throughout all time.) “My voice shalt thou hear *in the morning*, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee and will look up.” “Awake psaltery and harp; I myself will awake *early*.” “I cried unto thee; save me, and I shall keep thy testimonies. I *prevented the dawning* of the morning, and cried: I hoped in thy word.”

SCHOOL CHILDREN.

We call the attention of readers to some remarks upon the exposure of children at school, from Hall’s Journal of Health. It is a subject which ought to be pondered by parents, and those who have the control of our schools :—

Many a child, the light of the house to-day, will have been laid in the grave before the winter is ended, by inattention as to heat and cold inducing pleurisies, inflammation of the lungs, croups, and other maladies.

Teachers should be spoken to about allowing the children to sit with the back near a stove, or register, or window, or in any position where the child is exposed to a draft of air, or to over-heat.

The children should not be allowed to come directly to a fire, or stove, on entering the school-room.

In addition, they should be detained in an outer room fifteen or twenty degrees colder, for a few minutes after the school is dismissed, and then have their gloves put on, and a veil put over the face and fastened, so as not to be blown aside. The colder the weather, and the higher the wind, the more necessary are these precautions, not only in leaving the school-room, but on leaving home.

The grateful relief which is experienced when facing a fierce cold wind, on putting a silk handkerchief over the face, will surprise any one who tries it.

All India-rubber shoes or garments should be removed the moment on coming in-doors.

Children should be instructed to run with the mouth shut for the first block or two after getting out of doors in cold weather.

LETTER FROM A PICKPOCKET.

Dr. C. H. Roberts, of Poughkeepsie, visited New York city a few weeks since, and spent an evening at the Academy of Music. While he was there his wallet was taken from his pocket by a thief, who subsequently addressed him the following letter:—

NEW YORK, Jan. 5, 1858.

Dr. Charles H. Roberts—Dear Sir: I had the pleasure of relieving you of your pocket-book on the evening of the 2d, in a crowd at the Academy of Music. I presume you soon became aware of your dispossession, and have perhaps had some anxiety as to the application of the funds it contained. You have my assurance that they have fallen into appreciative hands, and that every cent will be applied in gratifying the tastes and fancies of a fellow-being whose ambition soars higher than his calling. You need not flatter yourself with the idea that you have my acquaintance because I favor you with my correspondence; no, Doctor, divest yourself of that ambition.

I write you in accordance with the law of honor among thieves, and to do you the justice of returning to you the two enclosed pieces of paper, which are of value to you and worthless to me,—one being a note payable to your order, and the other a formula for making teeth,—neither of which can ever be available to me, as my present employment probably pays better, and is a business more pleasing to my tastes. From the date of the note I concluded that you had been in town several days, which may account for the lightness of your purse. Now, doctor, a proper respect for gentlemen of my calling should never allow your purse to become so low; it is hardly up to the average of usual collections.

Then, I have reason to protest against gentlemen of your standing carrying uncurrent money. It is under serious consideration to return to you the \$5 on Morris County Bank, N. J., which I find at considerable discount; the six fives on the Poughkeepsie banks go current, and the few smaller bills can be easily disposed of by a person of my habits. From the name and recipe which I found in the pocket-book, I conclude that you are the well known dentist who long since did me much service in your line of business, while pursuing my avocation in Poughkeepsie.

Now, Doctor, don't consider it New York hospitality to extract purses in return for extracting teeth, but remember that all have to do something for a living. You were following your avocation on me, and I was only doing the same on you when you visited our city—and this case affords a fair example of the comparative profits of our business. You spent much time and received a small fee, mine was an operation of a moment. When I consider this difference, and the gentle manner with which you attended to me, I am quite inclined to return your purse and contents, but that would be unprofessional, and beside, would involve a loss of time on my part, for such crowds do not occur every day, even in New York; but be assured, that had I recognized you I would have spent the time appropriated to you upon some other person.

The only reason I can ascribe for not remembering you is, that I never saw you but once before, and I presume that when you come to the city you dress up in your best, and look very different than when attending to your business at home. This little lesson may be of service to you and learn you that pocket books are not safe in crowds, and if you are ever caught in one again, let your vigilance be directed to your purse in proportion to its dimensions.

Yours,

INCOG.

A GEM.

The following gem of poetry is from the Atlantic Monthly:

DAYBREAK.

A wind came out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me!"

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners! the night is gone!"

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day!"

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing!"

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow! the day is near!"

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn!"

It shouted through the belfry tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour!"

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie!"

BOOK NOTICES.

We are glad to see that John P. Jewett & Co., have resumed the work of publishing at No. 20 Washington street. This firm have been long and favorably known for publishing extensively, and issuing many of our most valuable works. They announce the following fresh from their press:—

REMARKABLE WOMEN OF DIFFERENT NATIONS AND AGES; FIRST series, 12mo., 316 pp.

This is the first volume of a "LIBRARY OF BIOGRAPHY," which they propose to publish; an enterprise which can but pay them well, if the real value of books determines the extent of sales. This volume contains a sketch of thirteen *eccentric* females, who are not held up for imitation, but whose career every lover of history wants to understand. The sketches are from the pens of distinguished French, English and American writers. The females are, Beatrice Cenci, Charlotte Corday, Joanna Southcott, Jemima Wilkinson, Madame Urainus, Madame Gottfried, Md'lle Clarion, Harriet Mellen, Md'lle Lenormand, Angelica Kauffmann, Mary Baker, Pope Joan and Joan of Arc. The reader will be amused, instructed, and more than well paid, by reading these faithful "Sketches." They give the gist of these persons' lives, and therefore furnish as much instruction as a whole volume upon a single character. For the family this is a great advantage.

VOICES FROM THE SILENT LAND; OR, LEAVES OF CONSOLATION FOR THE AFFLICTED. By Mrs. H. Dwight Williams, 12mo., 322 pp.

This is a new and enlarged edition of a work which was received with great favor by the public, three or four years ago. It now appears with about fifty additional pages of matter, and the mechanical execution is in the highest style of the art. It is a selection of poetry and prose for the consolation of the afflicted; and the compiler has certainly displayed much taste and judgment in her selections. We commend the book most heartily to the bereaved, who will find [it a precious comforter, in the sentiments of wisdom, hope and truth that it brings.] The book contains a very beautiful engraving of an angel conducting a departing spirit to glory.

THE NEW ENGLANDER FOR FEBRUARY, 1858, has been received. Like its predecessors, it is a valuable number, crowded with good things for the literary reader. Its contents are, 1. Is Protestantism Responsible for Modern Unbelief? 2. Spurgeon and Extemporaneous Preaching. 3. The Israelites in Egypt. 4. The Mosaic Cosmogony. 5. The British in India. 6. California, its Characteristics and Prospects. All these articles are by able pens. The latter is by Dr. Bushnell, who speaks of California from

actual observation. That on SPURGEON ought to be read by all who have read the criticisms of the papers upon him. It is the best, of anything we have read on the subject.

THE PRINCETON REVIEW, FOR JANUARY, 1858, is on our table. It has six elaborate articles. 1. Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte. 2. The Revolt of the Sepoys. 3. English Hymnology. 4. Ancient Ms. Sermons. 5. Brownson's Exposition of Himself. 6. St. Hilaire on the Reformation in Spain. The subjects speak for themselves. They are ably treated, and some of them have a special interest at the present time; as that on the SEPOYS, that on Hymnology and that on Brownson. In these days of new hymn-books, the article on Hymnology will be read with particular interest. Indeed, all of them are worthy of being read and re-read.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM has just stepped into our office from Philadelphia. We bid him welcome. He looks well, brings good lessons, and says that he will once visit whosoever may desire, as a specimen, gratis.

SHEET MUSIC.

We have received from O. Ditson & Co., 227 Washington Street :—

- 1.—*March de la Reine.* By Asher.
- 2.—*Angel of Night.* Etude, by Burgmuller.
- 3.—*Guiding Star Polka.* By Deschamps.
- 4.—*Willie and I; or I love to go to Sabbath School.* By S. B. Ball.
- 5.—*Flora*, No. 65. By Charles Mayer.
- 6.—*I think of love and thee.* By Hatton.
- 7.—*Brightest Eyes.* Transcription, by Voss.

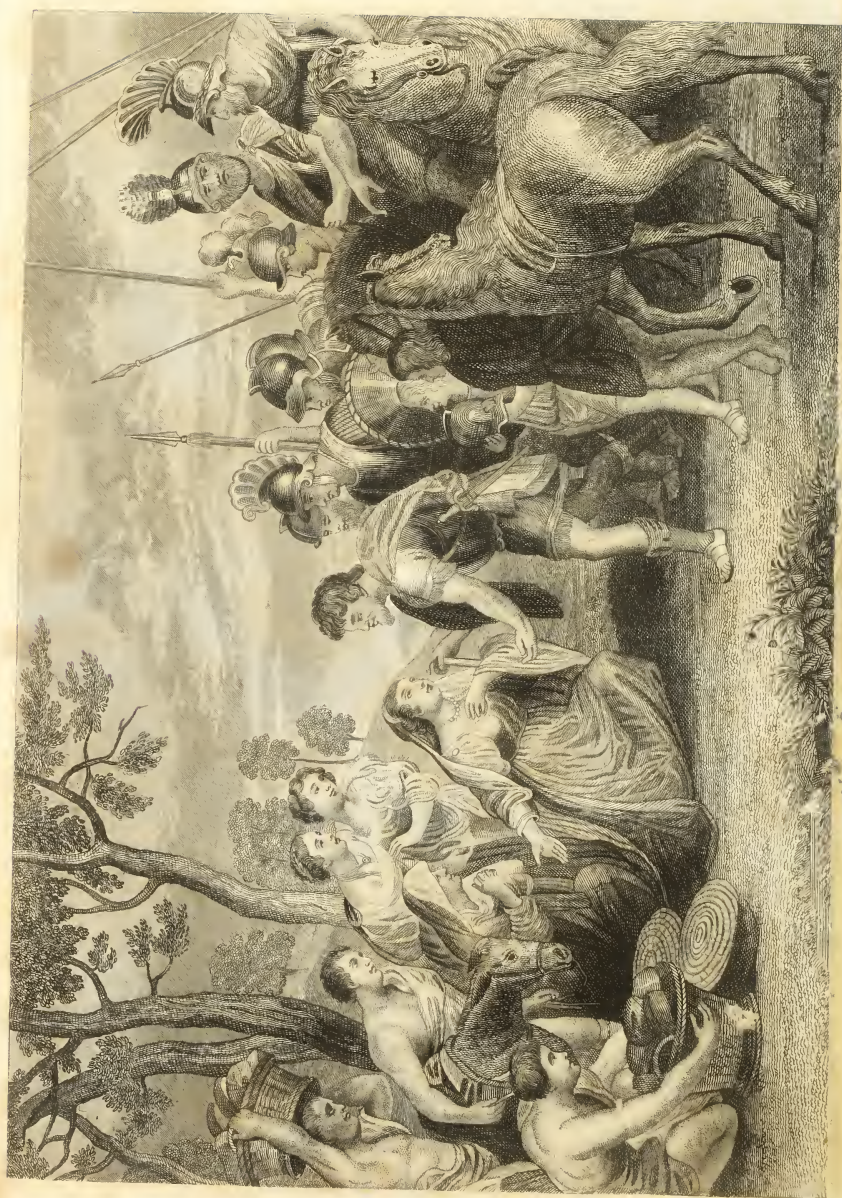
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED. — “The Influence of Home.” “The Family that Jesus Loves.” “Little Things.” “Ministering Angels.” “Wilt thou not Pray for me?” “Submission to Authority.”

A WORD TO PARENTS.

We would invite all parents and guardians of the young, to forward us, from time to time, any sayings or doings of their children, or incidents of their lives, that may illustrate mental or moral points of character, as these may enable us to make our Magazine more interesting and profitable. By recurring to the Child's Department, and running over its pages, parents may better understand what we want. Some of our little precocious readers, too, may be able to pen us letters, or sentiments, that may enliven the pages of the Child's Department.







PERSIAN TULIP.

MAY FLOWERS.

POETRY BY E. PORTER DYER.

MUSIC BY D. F. BAKER.

Andantino.

1. Now ye who de - light in the pas - tures to roam, — Who love in green meadows to

The first system of the musical score for 'May Flowers' consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 6/8 time signature. It contains the melody for the first line of the song. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 6/8 time signature, containing the accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 6/8 time signature, also containing the accompaniment. The lyrics '1. Now ye who de - light in the pas - tures to roam, — Who love in green meadows to' are written below the staves.

Go search for bright flowers, for Spring-days are come, And sweet are the blossoms of
stray,

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It also consists of three staves (treble, treble, and bass clef) with a key signature of two sharps and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics 'Go search for bright flowers, for Spring-days are come, And sweet are the blossoms of' are written below the staves, followed by a line of five dots 'stray,' on the next line. The system ends with a double bar line.

MAY FLOWERS, Concluded.

May, Go search for bright flowers, for Spring-days are come, And sweet are the blossoms of May.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The score consists of two systems. The first system contains the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first line of the song. The second system contains the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the second line. The vocal melody is marked with 'rit.' (ritardando) at the end of each line. The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic structure with chords and single notes.

2

But know ye their loveliness soon must depart ;
 Spring cannot their beauty detain ;
 The gladness they bring to the joy-loving heart,
 Is brief, as the bow after rain.

3

Then seek sweeter blossoms than all the May flowers,
 Which sprinkle the emerald sod ;
 Seek blossoms which scent Immortality's bowers,
 And bloom in the garden of God.

FAMILY SCENES OF THE BIBLE.*

NO. V.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

EDITORIAL.

ABIGAIL was the wife of Nabal; and the Scriptures say of them, "She was a woman of good understanding, and of a beautiful countenance; but the man was churlish and evil in his doings, and he was of the house of Caleb." It is probable that Nabal was evil in more respects than one. We have evidence of his intemperate habits, and the sacred record seems to imply additional vices. At any rate, he was so unprincipled as to be an uncomfortable neighbor, and a miserable husband. His wife, Abigail, on the other hand, was a kind, good woman, and made him a valuable companion. With a woman's love and fidelity she clung to her husband, when his conduct had forfeited every claim to her regard. This is evident from that chapter of her life which is illustrated by the engraving.

David was in arms against Saul, and needed pecuniary assistance. Hearing that Nabal was a rich man, he sent messengers to him to ask a contribution for the public good. The latter was probably intoxicated when the messengers made him acquainted with their errand, for he became greatly enraged, and sent back a drunken man's reply. "Who is David?" he exclaimed, in an insolent manner, "and who is the son of Jesse? there be many servants now-a-days that break away every man from his master. Shall I then take my bread and my water, and my flesh that I have killed for my shearers, and give it unto men whom I know not whence they be?" The young men did not press their application, but returned to David and made their report; whereupon David armed himself and his warriors, and proceeded to take vengeance upon Nabal. In the meantime a servant told Abigail what

*Entered according to Act of Congress, by C. STONE, in the year 1858, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

had transpired, and she at once apprehended trouble. She knew something of David, and concluded that he would not pass the insolence of her husband unpunished. So she took corn, wine, fruit and bread, and, in company with numerous servants, started off to meet David, whom she expected would be on his way to attack Nabal. Her efforts proved to be timely, for she had not proceeded far before she met David with his armed men. She alighted from the beast on which she rode, and prostrated herself before him, as in the engraving, and presented her gifts to him, accompanied with the following touching appeal: "Upon me, my lord, upon me, let this iniquity be. Let not my lord regard this man of Belial, even Nabal; for as his name is, so is he; Nabal is his name, and folly is with him; but I, thine handmaid, saw not the young men of my lord, whom thou didst send. Now, therefore, my lord, as the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, seeing the Lord hath withholden thee from coming to shed blood, and from avenging thyself with thine own hand, now let thine enemies, and they that seek evil to my lord, be as Nabal. And now this blessing which thine handmaid hath brought unto my lord, let it even be given unto the young men that follow my lord. I pray thee forgive the trespass of thine handmaid; for the Lord will certainly make my lord a sure house; because my lord fighteth the battles of the Lord, and evil hath not been found in thee all thy days. Yet a man is risen to pursue thee, and to seek thy soul; but the soul of my lord shall be bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God; and the souls of thine enemies them shall he sling out, as out of the middle of a sling. And it shall come to pass when the Lord shall have done to my lord according to all the good that he hath spoken concerning thee, and shall have appointed thee ruler over Israel, that this shall be no grief unto thee, nor offence of heart unto my lord, either that thou hast shed blood causeless, or that my lord hath avenged himself; but when the Lord shall have dealt well with my lord, then remember thine handmaid."

David could not have been more completely conquered by an

armed force, than he was by this appeal of Abigail. Although he had declared that Nabal should perish, he promised to forget the past, and be friendly in future. Abigail returned to her home, and found her husband "very drunken." Like a wise and prudent woman, she resolved to tell him nothing of the affair until he had slept off the effects of his bacchanalian revel. "And Abigail came to Nabal; and, behold, he held a feast in his house, like the feast of a king; and Nabal's heart was merry within him, for he was *very drunken*, wherefore, she told him nothing, less or more, until the morning light."

Abigail is an example to all drunkard's wives, in her fidelity and wise management of her intemperate husband. Notwithstanding his loathsome vice, which probably made him a surly and ugly companion, she still loved him with all the ardor of her youthful affection. Perhaps he was a temperate and honorable young man, when she stood with him at the hymeneal altar, so that her young heart bounded with joy under the smiles of the bright morning of wedlock. Such is frequently the case with those who are drunkard's wives. Many enter the matrimonial state without the most distant prospect of ever being the partners of intemperate men; but alas! the terrible experience comes. The tempter wreathes the wine-cup with laughing pleasures, and the loving, manly husband tips it with a happy heart — and falls. How keen the anguish of the broken-hearted wife! Language is impotent to describe the deep, unutterable grief of disappointed love. We wonder, sometimes, that a woman can endure so long the wrongs and cruelties which an intemperate husband inflicts, and the poverty and suffering which his course entails. Even when he is a terror to his children, and his nature has become imbruted till the human is well nigh lost in the bestial, she clings to him with the devotion of one who has received only caresses at his hands. But such is woman's love — deep, fervent, undying.

"Alas! the love of woman! — it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
To them, but mockeries of the past alone."

Such appears to have been the affection and fidelity of Nabal's wife. She could easily "forget and forgive" every wrong inflicted by her husband, to see him delivered from danger and his cups. She would win him back to the ways of virtue by kind words and a loving heart. In this she was wise; for the opposite seldom reclaims the intemperate. There are many facts to prove that kindness and faithfulness alone save this class of husbands from irretrievable ruin.

General Samuel Houston was once intemperate, and he was reclaimed by his wife. On one occasion, when invited to attend a place of popular amusement, he declined the invitation in the following language: "You are doubtless aware that a portion of my life was clouded by an intense devotion to most of the customs and fashions of society, and that, in consequence, I became degraded, and was shunned by the wise and good. My humiliation was the greater, because I had formerly stood well in the esteem of my fellow-citizens. My downfall was owing to the evil ways of society, but still it was my own fault. In this condition, she who is my wife, awoke a desire for reform; she inspired me, she guided me, she aided me, and, to her kind and unwearied efforts, is due my redemption from the thralldom of evil habits, and my restoration to the respect of mankind. Yes, sir; humanly speaking, I owe to her all I am, or that I hope to be, in time and eternity. She is a praying woman, a member of a Christian church. Some time ago, I resolved, by the help of God, never to perform an act having any moral bearing which would not be approved by my good wife. I know she disapproves of this species of amusement, and would wish me not to attend, because its tendencies are evil, and it is unnecessary, and I agree with her in opinion. You will, therefore, I trust, allow that I have reasons, which should have weight with any true man, for not accepting your invitation."

There is scarcely any more painful view of the evils of intemperance that we can take, than that of the sufferings of drunkards' wives. There are four or five hundred thousand inebriates in our country at the present time. The larger

part of these are husbands, entailing upon their families the accumulated miseries of poverty, ignorance and bitter sorrow. Many of their wives are mothers, too, and this endearing tie renders their trials more severe. Who can tell the story of their wrongs? Can eloquence or poetry depict the anguish of their sorrowing hearts? One of this number addressed the following letter to a member of the Massachusetts Legislature when the present Temperance statute was occupying the attention of that body:—"Some have endeavored, but vainly, to portray," she says, "to the audience, the feelings of a drunkard's wife. I am not only a drunkard's wife, but the child of a drunkard; and let me tell you from experience, that it is utterly impossible for language to express or convey to the mind of the inexperienced, the sorrows of a drunkard's wife. I ask, then, *protection* from the Massachusetts Legislature. I speak the voice of thousands of my sex. We say, in the name of Heaven, protect our darling children from the vice that has ruined their fathers and destroyed the happiness of their mothers. If you had the immortal Webster pleading our cause from Monday morning to Saturday night, he could not give you the most faint idea of the sorrows we endure. Ah, no! Neither could you, were your tongues touched with a live coal from off the altar of your God, convey to the heart of one who does not suffer as we suffer, the heart-breaking, soul-sickening feelings we endure. Who, then, have a better right to ask protection from the Massachusetts Legislature than we?

"Four years ago, my husband became a member of a Christian church. For eighteen months he was an exemplary Christian, a reformed man in every sense of the word. Meeting with some slight trouble that affected his mind, the rum-seller, ever ready to take advantage of such circumstances, placed the tempter in his way. He took the first glass, and fell! I wish I could convey the feelings of a drunkard's wife under circumstances like these. On his knees, in the morning, invoking heaven's blessing upon his family—the husband, the father, yea, and the Christian; at three o'clock a worse than *beast*—the victim of the rum traffic. In the name of Heaven, who should better claim protection from the State?

“ We ask the Legislature to deliver us, body and soul, from the *charities* of the rum-seller, by a stringent, prohibitory law. My husband, who has been absent from his home five months, and is endeavoring, by the help of God, to throw off again his associates, and again become a useful member of society, asks for your protection. My two sons and four helpless daughters ask your protection. Father in heaven, hasten the happy time when we shall again be united in the bonds of affection ; when the husband shall have no temptation placed in his way, and mothers and children weep no more forever over the downfall of the husband and father.”

This is only a single wail of the thousands upon thousands that come to us from the wives of wretched, hopeless drunkards in our land. And if such are the sorrows of one, how appalling the aggregate of their miseries ! Truly, the claims of humanity call upon the States to mitigate, and if possible, remove the sorrows of this class, by closing every dram-shop, and punishing every dealer in liquid poison. Without an estimate of the pauperism and crime occasioned by strong drink, and without a view of the drunkard's grave-yard, which is the largest and dreariest Aceldama in the world, we have enough here, in the consuming anguish of wives, to arouse every tender sympathy, and to elicit noble efforts in their behalf.

We have pointed the reader to the harrowing disappointment of the young wife as she finds herself wedded to a drunkard. It may be impossible for you to appreciate the bitter experience ; but, conceive of the once manly husband, of noble form and nobler heart, changed to a loathsome sot, and a loveless demon. As if transformed by the power of some cruel sorcerers into a bloated object of shame, he is the strange and painful opposite of the once manly husband that he was. The smile has ceased to beam in his love-lit eye. The charm of beauty has perished from his brow. The aspirations of true manhood have expired in his heart. Mr. Burritt tells us of a wife who found her way one night to a place of revelry, and pressing through the crowd to the bar, she said to the heartless trafficker in death, “ *Give me back my husband !*” Pointing to

his senseless form prostrate on the floor, the vender responded, "There is your husband!" "*That my husband!*" exclaimed the weeping woman. "What have you done to him? *That my husband!* What have you done to that noble form that once, like a giant oak, held its protecting shade over the fragile vine that clung to it for support and shelter? *That my husband!* With what torpedo chill have you touched the sinews of that manly arm? *That my husband!* What have you done to that noble brow, which he wore high among his fellows, as if it bore the superscription of the God-head? *That my husband!* What have you done to that eye, with which he was wont to 'look erect on heaven,' and see in his mirror the image of his God? What Egyptian drug have you poured into his veins, to turn the ambling fountains of the heart into black and burning pitch? Give me back my husband! Undo your basilisk spells, and give me back the man that stood with me by the altar!" True, indeed, the wretch upon the floor was not the man she married. She was wed to one of nature's noblemen, to whom that senseless toper bears not the least resemblance. This awful change, destroying her hopes and crushing her heart, is alone sufficient to fill her cup of wo to overflowing. Can the reader imagine a sadder, more heart-rending disappointment than this?

Hence, females should be principled against becoming the partners of men who are known to tamper with strong drink. Many wives of drunkards have only themselves to blame, for they wedded young men who were intemperate, or who, at least, were known to be unfriendly to the Temperance cause. It is not uncommon for young ladies to receive the attentions of, and finally to marry, young men who are known to tip the wine-cup. Without even seeking to reclaim them before they enter into wedlock, their proposal of marriage is accepted, and the die is cast. Is it strange that they have inebriates for husbands, even before they have lived out half their days? At the present day, a young man who withholds his sympathies from the cause of temperance, even though he is not a habitual drinker, stands on dangerous ground. It is greatly

to be feared that he will gradually slide into the fearful habit of intemperance, and fall a victim of its insatiate power. Many inebriates are made of *such* young men ; therefore, young women should refuse the attentions of young men who do not look with favor upon the Temperance cause. A laugh or sneer at the friends of this cause from them, should be quite sufficient to decide all matrimonial proposals in the negative, unless there is a definite pledge of change for the better. Many females would have saved themselves long years of misery, if such had been the unbending principle of their early lives.

We are informed by Seneca that during a certain period of Roman history, the family pet was a serpent, instead of a cat or dog. In the first place, an image of the reptile was made and set up among the household gods, as an omen of good. Afterwards a certain species of serpents were admitted to the habitation, and they very soon became accustomed to their new and novel quarters, so that they would glide about the room sportively, and even come forth from their hiding-places to be petted like kittens, and raise their heads and lay them upon the table at meal-time, to receive their portion of food. Those must have been strange wives and mothers, indeed, who selected such pets for the family, and we wonder at their taste. Yet they were not more singular than are some wives and mothers of the present day who introduce serpents into their dwellings. There are many women, especially in fashionable and aristocratic circles, who still maintain that sort of style and etiquette that demands the wine-cup as a pledge of social friendship. Both their husbands and children are thus exposed to the fangs of this destroyer, which "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Without asking themselves whether there is peril in the custom, to the members of their families, they yield to the power of taste or fashion, and let in the poisonous viper. Alas, for the multitude who have fallen by such thoughtless management of the family ! Alas, for the multitude who are still exposed to the same sad ruin ! Speaking of this subject, Mrs. Sigourney says :—

"It is happily now, less the custom than formerly, to press, as a mark of welcome or pledge of hospitality, the draught that may inebriate. Still, it is not extinct. And though, in the majority of cases, it may be harmless, can we be sure that it is so in all? that it might never serve as fuel to some latent taste, subdued with difficulty, and which, but for our temptation, might possibly have been overcome?"

"If it is asked, why the Christian inhabitants of a most Christian land should choose, as the herald of their hospitality, the pledge of their friendship, an usage as dangerous as the sword of Damocles, we hear only the answer, "*It is the fashion!*" To the inquiry, how woman, whose safety is so deeply involved in the moral purity of the land, should venture to tamper with the foundations of temperance, — still the same answer, "*It is the fashion!*" It has been seriously demanded by the guardians of virtue and religion, why she should ever be faithless to her sacred trust, and she hath herself answered, — "*It is the fashion!*"

* * * * *

"If the cause of temperance, which has made such advances, has still a giant's labor to perform, let us not withhold the aid that, in our province of home, it is our part to render. Can we, whose duties and felicities are interwoven with the conjugal and maternal relations, be too vigilant against whatever threatens to desecrate our sanctuary?"

"If the spoiler may yet effect an entrance at the fire-side, the household board, — the nursery, — have we nothing to do? We, whose fondest affections take root at that fire-side, — who at that household board have precedence and power, — to whom that nursery is the garner of the dearest hopes, for time and eternity, can we trace amid those hallowed retreats the footsteps of a foe, and not tremble?"

Then let the wife beware that she herself does not make her companion a lover of strong drink. Uphold no custom that puts in jeopardy the character and hopes of your loved ones.

Reader! pity the drunkard's wife. It is a divine injunction to "weep with those that weep;" and surely there are no

daughters of sadness who shed more bitter tears than she. Open your heart to sympathize with her, and withhold no effort for her relief. Ask protection in her behalf, and toil and pray for laws to restrain or punish the destroyer of her husband.

And finally, be temperate yourself. Save one, if no more, from the guilt of a pernicious example, or a toper's doom. Preach, pray and live the principles of Temperance wherever you go, and always say with the poet:—

“Thou sparkling bowl! thou sparkling bowl!
 Though lips of bards thy rim may press,
 And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,
 And song and dance thy power confess —
 I will not touch thee; for there clings
 A scorpion to thy side, that stings.”

THE MEETING OF DAVID WITH ABIGAIL;

OR, THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

To the wilderness of Paran
 Came the youthful warrior, David.

Now there dwelt a man in Maon,
 Of the ancient house of Caleb,
 Whose possessions were in Carmel;
 He was rich, but very churlish;
 And his well-known name was Nabal;
 He was shearing sheep in Carmel,
 When a message came from David,
 Which solicited a favor.

Then the haughty Nabal answered,
 Answered roughly, “Who is David?
 “And who is the son of Jesse?”
 “Shall I take my bread and water,
 “And the flesh killed for my shearers,
 “And bestow them upon strangers?”

Then was David's sword of battle
 On his thigh in anger girded,
 And his young men followed, girded,
 To the number of four hundred.

As he marched in haste to punish
All the insolence of Nabal,
He was such a son of Belial,
Then rose Abigail, the prudent,
And peace-making wife of Nabal, —
And a very handsome woman —
To avert the dreadful evil;
And of loaves she took two hundred,
And of wine she took two bottles;
And took five sheep, dressed and ready,
And of parched corn five full measures,
And of raisins five score clusters,
And of cakes of figs two hundred,
And she laid them upon asses,
Saying thus unto her servants,
“Go, and I will follow after;”
But she told it not to Nabal.
Now when Abigail met David,
She, dismounting, fell before him,
Humbly fell the wife of Nabal,
That discreet and charming woman,
And she said, “My lord, this evil,
Let it be upon thy hand-maid;
And heed not, my lord, this Nabal —
This imprudent man of Belial, —
For his name expresses folly;
And he’s what his name expresses.”
By the presents which she brought him,
By her ardent special pleading,
By her eloquence and beauty,
She prevailed at length with David.
Then he blessed her for her coming,
Took the presents she had brought him,
Sheathed again the sword of battle,
Spared the evil house of Nabal,
And her person he accepted.

Then sought Abigail her husband;
But, alas! She found him feasting,
With his wassailers around him,
In magnificence most kingly;
And his heart was very merry;
Yea she found him very drunken,
Therefore Abigail said nothing,
Less or more until the morning.

But when morning light was breaking,
And the wine was out of Nabal,
Then his wife to him related
All his peril and his danger,
And by what means 'twas averted.
All this, Nabal so astounded,
That his heart it died within him,
He was petrified like marble,
And a very few days after,
By Jehovah's hand sore smitten,
The rich drunkard Nabal perished.
But the drunkard's wife was honored,
For her wisdom and her prudence,
For her gentleness and beauty,
And not long remained a widow,
But became the wife of David.

WAYS OF TEACHING CHILDREN TO BE SELFISH.

EDITORIAL.

CHILDREN are sometimes schooled in selfishness when parents have no such intention. We will briefly consider three ways in which it is done.

One is by instructing them to be so careful of playthings as to allow no companion to handle them lest they be broken. The consequence is, that the child considers them *his own* in that exclusive sense which makes him regardless of the feelings and enjoyment of his playmates. He is troubled if another touches one of his toys, and repels him with setting up the claim, "they are mine." How often we see a little fellow monopolizing horse and cart, top and ball, and every other plaything, while his young visitor is allowed only the poor privilege of looking on, and finally, perhaps, sees the toys all laid away in a box or drawer, that no other hand may touch them! It is a most effectual way of teaching a child to be selfish. He learns that his own gratification is paramount to that of every other child, while no thought at all is given to making another child happy. How much more pleasing the sight of a child who is ready to share the "good time" with

a companion, who cheerfully allows another to enjoy the toys with himself! How much more promising it is, too! Let him be taught to handle them with care himself, and counsel his playmates to do the same; but never let him insist on having all the sport to himself, for this is selfish. It is not well to allow such carelessness and such destruction of playthings as we sometimes see, but even this is to be preferred to that selfish spirit which has no desire or purpose to administer to another's comfort. For one, we prefer to see toys dashed to fragments, than that their use should hinder a kind, generous spirit, which is one of the choicest and grandest developments of humanity.

The second way of cultivating selfishness in children is by *teaching economy*. Economy is a cardinal virtue, and we can scarcely say too much in its favor, where it is practised from proper motives. But some children are taught to save their pennies without any reference to a proper use of them, in the way of benevolence. The Scriptures enjoin economy for the sake of having more means with which to do good. This is cultivating a benevolent spirit at the same time that economical habits are formed. Such should be the instruction of the young. A wasteful, spendthrift disposition is extremely dangerous, though it is not half so contemptible as a penurious, selfish spirit. Therefore, children should learn to save their pennies, not so much for the sake of having so many dollars, by-and-bye, but in order to possess the means of blessing others. If they learn to save with no such purpose, they become avaricious and grasping. They see nothing in money to value but its amount. Their object is to hoard. A little tin bank, with an opening for deposits but not for discounts, just suits their disposition. From year to year they wax worse and worse, grow tighter and tighter, and when they become men and women, they recognize no duty to their suffering fellows, and hug their dollars with the grasp of misers. One reason why, after so much preaching and writing upon the subject, benevolence has not attained to a higher standard among adults is, because they were taught in childhood to get all-

they could, and keep all they could get. Let our children continue to be taught in this way, and giving from principle will be as infrequent twenty years hence as now. Or, if children use their pennies, but spend them only for confectionary or toys to gratify themselves, their case is not more flattering. For this is employing money for self-pleasure only, just as the gay young belle dashes out in silks and plumes, and satiates her relish for balls and parties. The child gratifies his selfish feelings with sugar-stick and wooden carts, while the fashionable belle gratifies hers on a grander scale amid scenes of worldly pleasure — that is all the difference.

The third way of teaching selfishness is, *by bestowing too much attention upon children when they are very small*. The general rule in some families is, that the older sons and daughters must yield to please the youngest. The *baby* must be gratified at any rate. If he wants Nellie's doll or Billy's ball, he must have it. It does no good for either Nellie or Billy to set up a plea on their own behalf, for "baby is the *youngest*, and must be pleased." By the time he is three years old, he will not take "*no*" for an answer. He has learned that self, although in a baby-body, is number one, and must be regarded before others. So he moves about, if not a genuine "lord of creation," yet really lord of the family. Many a three-year-old child controls the entire household, father, mother, brothers, sisters, all. Every member runs at his bidding, and his "little wish" carries the day against all others. Is it strange that he becomes selfish? Doubtless many selfish men and women were made so before they were three years of age.

"The child

That shuts within its breast a bloom for heaven,

May take a blemish from the breath of love

And bear the blight forever."

WILLIS.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION, LAWS OF HEALTH, &c.

BY WILLIAM M. CORNELL, A. M., M. D.,

NO. II.

HEREDITARY TRANSMISSION.

I purpose now to speak of the hereditary transmission of disease, tendency to disease, and peculiarities of idiosyncrasies of body and mind, from parents to their children.

God originally created "every creature after his kind. He created man in his own image." After his fall, Adam begat a son in his own likeness, after his image." In the New-Testament, we are also informed, that "God giveth to every seed his own body." There are various kinds of flesh; but "there is" only "one kind of flesh of men," as the flesh is nourished, or made of the blood, and God has made of "one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the whole earth."

There is a renewal and perpetuation of the parents in their children. The children are *of* the parents, "bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh." "One blood" circulates in all their veins. So it is with their minds. The peculiar temperaments, faculties, or idiosyncrasies of parents are transmitted to their children. This is in accordance with the general laws by which the Creator acts in our world. Every creature has its distinguishing peculiarity. This is true of the vegetable world. Out of the same soil, growing side by side, we find the peach and the pear, the sweet and the sour apple, the rose and the thistle; and so it is with all the productions of the vegetable kingdom. Physiology teaches us that this wonderful fact is attributable to the power of *selection*, in the primary granules and cells, which take from the earth those substances which go, each to produce its like, and to form the peculiar character, or *nature* of each plant and its fruit.

"Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles." If we imagine that "chance may give wheat, or some other grain," we are very much mistaken. Chance has nothing to do in the case. It is God operating by fixed laws, "ordained of old, or ever the heavens and the earth were formed;" and

following out his own plan, in what we call *nature*, meaning his *natural* government, which is as invariable as his own character is unchangeable. In it we see the *Great First Cause*, whether we call Him,

“Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.”

Now, this same law may be emphatically said to obtain in our race. It is distinct from all other animals. The principle of transmission, or reproduction, in its original form, is, if possible, more regular, and clearly seen in the animal, than in the vegetable world. The child of the negro will be black, thick lipped, bandy legged, and curly headed; that of the American aborigines, red or copper-colored, and straight haired; our own, white, and partaking of all the other well known bodily peculiarities of the Caucasian race.

Now, what is true of races, is also true of families and individuals. The son resembles the father, in form, face, expression, manner, in body and in mind, in peculiarity of disease and health. In like manner, the daughter is the resemblance of the mother. But, I do not mean by this, that the sons and the daughters do not each partake of the nature of both the parents, for they certainly do. Such is the *general* rule. There are exceptions here, as there are to all general laws, but, “*exceptio probat regulum*,” the exception only proves the rule true.

The child resembles the parent in *form*. I know hundreds of men, who walk the streets of Boston, whose parents I have known, and who are almost *fac similes* of those parents. Every time I meet them, they call to remembrance their parents. When in early life, I was engaged in teaching district schools, upon entering a new one, where I was acquainted with the parents, and unacquainted with the children, I could almost invariably select those which belonged to particular families. Nor do I pretend to have any more skill than others in the science of genealogy, facieology, physiognomy, or formology. Lord Mansfield, one of the most eminent judges who ever graced the English King's Bench, said, upon deciding the legitimacy of children, “I have always considered *likeness* as one of the most conclusive evidences.”

The question before us is one, not only of interest to the genealogist, or physiologist, but also, to the whole community. The principle of hereditary transmission reaches deeper than mere facial likeness, or bodily form. It embraces the intellectual, moral, and even the religious, inheritance, or their tendencies. What we are, or do, dies not with us. It is impressed upon our age, and extends to posterity, just in proportion to our sphere of influence. In this respect, "no man liveth to himself, or dieth to himself."

The young bear the image of the old, more than in mere association, habit, or corporeal form. A peculiar mode of thought may so impress itself upon the brain, that it will affect its conformation. We see this in the idiot. The form of his head distinguishes him from other men. Though it be deformed, very small or unusually large, it is still the *idiot's* head. Now, the brain gives the form to the head, and this form is capable of transmission. Such unfortunate ones are frequently met with in the same family, and their organization must depend on some hidden cause. But peculiar traits of mind are also hereditarily transmitted. The younger Edwards was but the type of the intellect of the elder. John Quincy Adams, but old John Adams reproduced. If you say, there are cases on the other side of this question, and the towering minds of these families become deteriorated. I admit the fact, but deny the inference that such facts militate against the general law of the hereditary transmission of mind. Other things may have come in to modify these cases; and, though nature pursues general laws, yet, she sometimes produces monsters.

The same is true of *moral* tendency. The child of dishonest, licentious, or intemperate parents will be more likely to become addicted to these vices than one born of honest, virtuous and sober lineage, aside from the evil example; and hence, though we often find children of such descent, to "run well for a time," often to give promise of honesty, temperance and virtue, yet, they often fall into the parents' vices before they die. As an old gentleman once said in my hearing, "negroes almost always prove themselves negroes at last."

Malbrun Briggs, a notorious thief, of Bristol county, in this Commonwealth, was sentenced to the State Prison at Charlestown. He had seven sons, all of whom entered that same Institution.

Religious tendencies are, also, hereditarily transmissible. We look for this in pious families; and, though it may have been an old proverb, that "minister's children are worse than those of other men," it is not true; and very often, if they have been wild and reckless when young, they nevertheless, become eminent Christians in maturer years. Some statistics, taken by a gentleman who has had special opportunities for arriving at the facts on these matters in this Commonwealth, fully bear out the writer in these statements.

But, we may go even further than this, for disease, or a *physically* and *mentally* diseased state is often hereditary. In this respect, "the iniquities of the fathers are visited upon the children, for many generations." Such is the case with gout, syphilis, St. Anthony's fire, leprosy, rickets, scrofula, consumption, and many other diseases. So also, is it with idiosyncrasy of mind. Take as a specimen, *insanity*. Every one knows that this is often hereditary. The writer has known a family, where the grand-father, father, and four, out of seven children, were insane. Three of them committed suicide. Esquirol, a distinguished physician, who wrote on insanity, says, "he met with a family where seven sisters and brothers were insane." He further says, "that one-half of the cases of insanity which occur among the wealthy, from the intermarriages of relations, to keep the property together, are from a *hereditary taint*." Halsam mentions ten families, in every one of which, several cases of mental derangement occurred. But no one doubts the hereditary descent of insanity, and other diseased traits of mind.

Do not start and say, well, if this be so; if we are so bad, how can we help it — if God brings us into existence in this miserable condition, who is to blame for it, and how can we remedy it? This is but an old argument used by Israel when the prophet told them how badly off they were; well, said they

“if our sins and our iniquities be upon us, and we pine away in them and die, how should we then live?” In other words, if our case is so bad, how can it be made better?

The science of genealogy, of physiology, and of physiognomy, properly improved, fully answers this question. The object of this paper upon hereditary transmission, is to answer this question. It is not a theoretical subject only, but, also, a practical one — and a practical one of the greatest utility.

To be continued.

MISTAKES IN THE FAMILY.

NO. III.

BY REV. BRADFORD R. PIERCE,

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE STATE REFORM SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

UNDERVALUING DAILY EXAMPLE.

THE mind and moral sentiments of children are shaped more by the *habits* of the household than by direct instructions. Many parents who hold correct views of life, and occasionally, carefully instruct their families, destroy all the force of their precepts by the worldly spirit of their daily example. In days of comparative poverty, the heads of the family were united to the church of Christ, and their formal religious duties have become permanent habits; but with the increase of property, a worldliness has been developed. Its symbols adorn the dwelling, and its spirit pervades the atmosphere. The children from their earliest consciousness have been affected by it, Through every sense it has involuntarily been received into their sensitive natures. The parents may be able to hold upon the horns of the altar, and in a measure to resist the tide sweeping through the household, but the children, always, moved by the strongest influence around them, will float downward upon the stream. The forced stillness of the Sabbath with its religious forms, and the daily household prayers do not form an adequate barrier against the constant pressure of the worldly spirit. A cheerful, living, daily piety, expressing itself in all the fireside relations, and diffusing itself throughout the house; controlling the acts and conversation,

and reigning with a sweet supremacy over the whole domestic empire, alone, with the blessing of God, will subordinate the susceptibilities of children, and draw them gently to the cross.

Very acute are the perceptions of even quite young children. They are sharp observers, as well as involuntary imitators of their superiors. "You must not make so much noise," said a lady with whom a friend of ours was visiting, to her little boy, who was playing in an adjoining room, with a companion of his own age. But still the little fellow continued his disturbance. "You must not make so much noise," she repeated, and added, "or I shall have to come and whip you." Still the uproar went on. She repeated the command and threat several times. At last the little companion said to him, "she will come out and whip you if you are not still." "O, no," said the little philosopher, "she never whips me until *she speaks louder than that.*" He had learned just how far he could safely venture, and the passionate earnestness with which she finally administered her discipline, both destroyed its value and wrought within the child its unlovely counterpart.

Whatever is the leading spirit of the home, will ordinarily become the determining agent in shaping the mental and moral character of the young immortal. Not the storm, but the daily dew and recurring sunshine gives life, growth and color to vegetation; so it is not occasional precept, but constant piety that suffuses and subdues the yielding temper of childhood. How bitter the disappointment of a Christian family over a ruined child! What a terrible cloud over the hearts of the dwellers in the Haworth Parsonage, was the fall and awful death of the son and brother. The great tragedy in the biography of Charlotte Brontë (authoress of *Jane Eyre*), is the sad fate of this brother. He was the pride of the whole family, wonderfully endowed by nature; but although cradled in the church, he was nurtured only into worldly aspirations in the development and application of his brilliant powers. Under the pressure of an early and despicable temptation, he sunk into hopeless darkness, dragging almost down to the grave with him, his disappointed and heart-broken family circle.

I have in my mind a charming family ; the parents in many respects exemplary Christians. Their children were peculiarly talented ; endowed with lively imaginations, and graced with all the accomplishments of the modern schools. The parents were proud of the marked abilities of their sons and daughters, and if they did not encourage, did not reprove the constant worldly and trifling direction which their minds and tastes pursued. Their reading, their companions, their plans for life were left very much to their own election. The children were amiable and affectionate, beguiling by fondness, from their parents, the gratification of desires that their better judgment ought to have hesitated to allow. The daughters were sheltered by the constant presence and power of a mother, but the sons, under the bias which they received even in a religious home, were impelled into scenes of worldly excitement, and ultimately, of sensual gratification. How appalling was the agony of those parents when their eyes were first opened to the sad truth, that their boys were becoming confirmed in habits of intemperance, and were fairly started upon the broad road to the drunkard's grave !

“ High trust to me herein is given
To educate a soul for heaven ;
And since my God doth stoop so low,
On me such honor to bestow,
Myself and sin I'll crucify,
Subjecting to His scrutiny
My erring heart ; on him rely
Its every part to sanctify.
And since my thoughts and looks must be
So truly mirrored back by thee,
I will entreat him for thy sake
The portals of my soul to make
Radiant with truth and holy love ;
And from them, by his grace, remove
All that may hinder or refract
Their sacred light ; or aught detract
From the full volume of his grace.
That seeking evermore to trace
Upon this little soul of thine,
The glorious lineaments divine.”

IT ONLY SEEMS THE OTHER DAY.

BY E. S. BLANCHARD.

Though swiftly time with rapid wings,
 Has borne us from old scenes we knew,
 Yet memory oft the picture brings
 In glowing colors back to view;
 Thus early friends remember when
 They first as school-boys met in play,
 And yet, though years have passed since then,
 It only seems "The other day."

The form of her we loved of yore,
 To whom we pledged affection's vow,
 Will glide before our eyes once more,
 Though but in memory living now;
 Of that dark hair one tress alone—
 A treasured gift—is spared decay,
 Yet words in that familiar tone
 Seem only breathed "the other day."

Those friends appear no more the same
 That shared our mirth and dried our tears,
 Or taught us childhood's favorite game—
 The dear old friends of early years;
 But when we ask if they forget
 Those memories of the past, they say—
 "Though time has wrought some changes yet,
 It only seems 'the other day.'"

ETERNITY.—Eternity has no grey hairs! The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies, the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages, but time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity. Eternity! Stupendous thought! The ever present, unborn, undecaying and undying—the endless chain, compassing the life of God—the golden thread entwining the destinies of the universe.

Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honors, they are but the sunshine of an hour; its palaces, they are gilded sepulchres; its possessions, they are toys of changing fortunes; its pleasures, they are but bursting bubbles. Not so in the untried bourne. In the dwellings of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay. Its day will know no darkening,—eternal splendors forbid the approach of night. Its fountains will never fail—they are fresh from the eternal throne. Its glory will never wane, for there is the ever present God. Its harmonies will never cease; exhaustless love supplies the song.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

NO. II.

BY REV. ELIAS NASON.

I GIVE you another point of advice and hope it may have weighty bearing on your mind. BE TEMPERATE. In eating, drinking, sleeping, everything — be temperate. Look at your system. It is a most elaborate, most elegant, most artistic piece of mechanism. It is an instrument of a million strings, all tuned in sweetest harmony, breathing forth, when in perfection, heavenly tones of music. Do you know what a delightful thing it is to have this system glow with perfect health and vigor? What it is to rise up in the morning, from refreshing slumber, which no evil dream had broken, and to feel the blood leap through your veins, a living tide of pleasure in its flow? Do you know what a sweet thing it is to be entirely well,—to have all the organization of the body sound and perfect, with all its parts in TONE, and moving without any friction, as an engine just from the skilful hands of its maker? Do you know what it is to live one day entirely well—the rosy dew of joyous health upon your cheek,—motion or rest alike agreeable to you — while every nerve that threads your body is alive to do its duty — bringing home unto the brain the quick intelligence that all is RIGHT within the system? Do you know what this is? It is the greatest temporal blessing God has given you. But the moment you lift alcohol to the lip you begin to break this charm. You begin to damage or destroy this fine organization, to interrupt the friendly offices of love. These nerves would do for you to scatter pain throughout your system — to break up its beautiful arrangements; to introduce harsh discord into the delightful music. You begin to demolish the most beautiful structure the eye of man has ever seen; you begin to lay the foundation of hard, racking and corroding pain, that strikes through the bone, and “stingeth like an adder.” Can you do this and not despise yourself? can you blame others for despising you for doing it? But what is this mal-treatment of the body when

compared with the destruction which strong drink brings upon the immortal soul — that mighty, “central power” within you, that can scale the mountains and fathom the depths of the sea ; that can “build the lofty rhyme,” or make the marble speak ; that can command the listening ear, and mould the hearts of mighty throngs of men ; that can ascend into the heavens and set the compass, and mark off the distance of planets and the stars ; that can comprehend something of the plans of the all-glorious Maker of the stars, and feel that light from this ETERNAL FOUNTAIN has enlightened it?

Can you tell me any sadder sight than to behold a man quenching this light within him — blackening, blasting, and damning that bright “spark of immortality” within him — that can think so much, and do so much, and feel so much ; and that may move on, thinking, feeling and achieving, to take position on God’s right hand with angels — blackening, blasting and damning it with rum — vile rum — mean, seducing, villainous, poisoned and poisoning rum ! But *you* will never do it ! Do you drink intoxicating things at all ? Then you are on the inclined plane already ; and steeper it is than you suppose, that brings you to it. Then no reasonable man would say that you are safe ; no reasonable man would endorse your course of action. Do you take a little ? You are then set out upon that very road down which the last poor drunkard went in misery to his grave — for he began by taking but “little.” You are already winding the chains of a most dreadful habit — as the coils of a destroying serpent, round you — you are already setting a MAN-TRAP that will spring upon you when your strength is gone, and hold you in its teeth, a victim — lost unto yourself and to society.

Let not the fatal cup come near the lip. The only STAND POINT of safety, as dear bought-experience tells, is TOTAL ABSTINENCE from everything that intoxicates. You are a little kingdom in yourself. Shut down the gates, let not that foe come into it.

The sacking of your capital would be more terrible than that of “Troy divine,” on that dark night of fire and rapine, when the wooden horse, surcharged with armed Greeks, was drawn into it. Young men, — BE TEMPERATE.

THE HOME OF JESUS.

BY REV. WM. PHIPPS.

SOME of the dearest associations of earth, are those which cluster around the homes of our friends, and the places where their happiest hours have been spent. So the old home of some eminently devoted servant of God, is often regarded, even by the stranger, as a sacred spot. His heart will be moved, as, in that apartment, which had once been his cherished retreat, he is pointed, by some friend, to the spot where he used to read or study — to the place where he was accustomed to bend the knee in prayer, and perhaps even to the couch or sofa, or the old easy-chair, in which he died. Now, these things, in themselves, may not differ essentially from a thousand others of their kind ; yet to one well acquainted with all these circumstances, they become a mirror, in which is seen the life and character of the departed, at a single glance. So in relation to that loved spot to which the Saviour, in his sojourn on earth so often resorted, — the “*Mount of Olives.*” In itself it may be no more worthy of consideration than many other retired and delightful eminences. But when we know the interesting circumstances connected with its history, the very mention of its name is capable of arousing the mind of any true friend of the Redeemer, to some elevated and devout reflections.

The retirement of the Saviour to this hallowed spot is frequently alluded to in the history of his sojourn among the children of men. When the multitudes, who had, on several occasions, gathered around him in Jerusalem, during the day, to listen to his instructions, retired at even, “*Every man to his own house,*” Jesus, who possessed no stately mansion, or cottage even, in which he might rest his weary head, withdrew silently and often alone, to the Mount of Olives, where he might spend the darksome hours of the night, in meditation, devotion, or in rest, undisturbed by the noise of the populous city.

Such an attachment as the Saviour discovered for this shady

eminence, and such a frequent resort to it, as he practiced, whenever circumstances would permit, are sufficient to justify us, in applying to it the cognomen of the *Saviour's home*. The very mount itself, though the waving of the olives or the rattling of their leaves be all the motion or language that may belong to it, would seem ready to tell many a touching story of the blessed Redeemer. And it is on the principle, that the *mention of the spot* where some particular incidents have occurred, may often lead to the most interesting reflections, that we have attempted to arrange a few of the circumstances connected with the Saviour's history, which should ever endear to us the remembrance of Olivet.

In the first place, however, we may be indulged with a glance at the mount itself. It is situated nearly a mile at the east of the city of Jerusalem, and its commanding prospect is not surpassed by any other eminence of its height in all that region. The view of the city from thence, is said to be so well defined and perfect, that the whole plan of the city—the direction of its streets and the situation of its public edifices, is plainly discernible. The beautiful valley of the river Jordan, also, is here surveyed for a considerable distance, and the fertile plains, from Jerusalem even to Jericho, along its banks, are spread out before the eye of the spectator.

It was the frequent resort of David, while he reigned over Israel, and was doubtless, often visited by the holy prophets who lived from time to time in Jerusalem. When Absalom attempted to wrest the kingdom from the hand of his father, the latter, with those that “clave unto” him, as they then fled from the city for safety, surveyed, as for the last time, their own pleasant city and their homes, from the summit of this very mountain. Who can imagine the bitterness of soul which was then experienced there, by the rejected king! Yet his affliction seemed to be a faint emblem of the Saviour's grief, as He, in later days, ascended it, to contemplate the revolt, not of a *kingdom* only, but of a *world*.

But the principal associations, as we have already indicated, which should be considered as peculiarly connected with the remembrance of the Mount of Olives, have their rise from

scenes of much later date. It was here that the Saviour of the world often sought retirement for the *purposes of devotion*.

While Jesus continued in this world, "A Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," it was a blessed privilege, which He enjoyed, of praying to his Father, who always heard him; and, from whom, he doubtless often received strength and encouragement, in the great enterprize which he had undertaken. But we are not to suppose that his fervent petitions in this retired spot, were always in his own behalf. He prayed for the world which He came to save, and even for those who finally persecuted him unto death. Would a Christian learn to pray with fervor for himself? Let him draw near to Olivet's brow, while the dews of the night are descending upon the ground, and listen to that earnest voice from yonder shade of that ancient tree, where Jesus is alone at prayer, and how could he ever forget the holy pattern? Would he again, learn to intercede for the perishing sinner, as he sees him moving on thoughtless and careless to eternity? Let him turn back again and witness the falling of those tears that accompany the agonizing supplication. Could his soul ever forget the lesson?

The Mount of Olives was the place where Jesus granted to his disciples, *some of the most delightful interviews with himself* which they ever experienced while here on earth. The sweet peace and quiet which he had here experienced when alone, made it a most desirable retreat for him, when he wished for the company of his friends. Here he often communed with his disciples, speaking of the great things of his kingdom, and thus communicating to them the most precious knowledge. They were ignorant of many important truths connected with his divine mission, and notwithstanding all the instructions they had received, their own pre-conceived opinions still kept them in darkness, even until many of the Saviour's predictions had received their fulfilment. And it was not until after he had been removed from them, to "the right hand of the Majesty on high," that they remembered and understood many of the things which he "spake unto them, while he was yet with them." It is not probable that even the hundredth part of

those interesting discourses which he uttered before his disciples, on that hallowed spot, was ever committed to writing; but the record of those scraps that have come down to us, is peculiarly worthy of our attention. Turn, for a moment, to that prophecy which he delivered to them, respecting the destruction of Jerusalem. The subject, as it appears, had been suggested, as they were on their way from the temple, where Jesus had just been teaching the multitude, to this place. Near the close of that discourse, the Saviour had broken forth in the most impassioned strain; "Oh! Jerusalem! Jerusalem!"—and, in the midst of his exclamation, he had suddenly burst into tears, at the prospect that then seemed to be vividly presented to his mind. Had an opportunity been afforded to the disciples then, they might have been ready to ask, "What are we to understand by all this?" But, like too many even at this day, when their minds are impressed by some solemn truths, they suffered their attention to be soon turned from the subject, so that they had not left the temple, before they began to think of other things of less importance, and to say to their Master, "*See what manner of stones and what buildings are here.*" But Jesus immediately recalled their attention to the subject which he had already suggested, in such a manner that his words now seemed to sink into their hearts. "*Verily, verily I say unto you there shall not be left here one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down.*" After this, they all appear to move on together, in thoughtful silence, till they reach the Mount of Olives. And when here seated around their Master, they began to say, "Tell us when shall these things be, and what shall be the sign?" Then Jesus began to unfold to his disciples that most sublime yet awful prophecy, respecting the destruction that awaited the great city of the Jews. And what an hour of overwhelming interest it must have been to them, as He solemnly discloses the great transactions which shall ere long be exhibited before the world, and mentions, at the same time, the fearful signs of their approach. He tells them that they shall "hear of wars and rumors of wars, nation rising against nation, and kingdom against kingdom," and that there should be "earthquakes and

famines and pestilences, fearful sights and great signs in the heavens." And with this revelation which he utters, he mingles that impressive charge to them to "Watch and pray, and in patience to possess their souls," while the "heart of many would fail them for fear."

When the Saviour made his triumphant entry into Jerusalem, but a few days before his crucifixion, it was not until he had begun to descend the Mount of Olives, which he passed on his journey into the city, that the voices of the multitudes which accompanied him, were heard in mingled praises and rejoicings. The sacred record of this transaction is, "And when he was come nigh, even at the descent of the Mount of Olives, the whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice, for all the mighty works that they had seen; saying, Hosanna to the Son of David. Blessed be the king that cometh in the name of the Lord. Peace in heaven and glory in the highest."

(To be continued.)

TEACHING TO DECEIVE.

OR, THE GUILT AND FOLLY OF AN ERRING MOTHER.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

(See Engraving in February number.)

When Isaac's eyes were waxen dim with mists of many a year,
And it seemed of his departure that the hour was drawing near,
Deep thoughts of love for Esau rose within his aged breast,
Nor could the patriarch peaceful die till Esau he had blest.
He bade him, therefore, to the field to hunt for venison go;
And forth the cunning huntsman went with quiver and with bow.
But while he tarried in the chase, in hot pursuit of game,
Rebecca wrought an evil work to her maternal shame:
She summoned Jacob from his tent, the son whom she preferred,
And told him what from Isaac's lips her listening ears had heard.
"Now, therefore, hearken unto me, thy mother's voice obey,
Go fetch me from the flock two kids. Go now, make no delay.
And I will make them for thy sire, his favorite savory meat,
And thou shalt bring it unto him, that he thereof may eat,

And he, refreshed and satisfied, before the Lord on high,
Shall lay his hand upon thy head and bless thee ere he die.”
But Jacob said, “ My mother, look, I cannot *Esau* be,
For *I*, my mother, *I am smooth*, a *hairy* man is *he*.
And peradventure, when I stand my father’s bed beside,
His hand will feel that I am smooth, and know that I have lied,
And I, instead of gaining aught, shall only fare the worse,
If he, instead of blessing me, should curse me with a curse.”
Rebekah said, “ On me, my son, thy father’s curse shall be ;
Only obey thy mother’s voice, and bring the kids to me.”
Then Jacob fetched two goodly kids—though half his heart reproved—
And she prepared the savory meat his father, Isaac, loved ;
Then clothed her younger son in haste, with raiment Esau wore,
With skins of kids his hands and neck she neatly covered o’er,
And sent him with the savory meat, beneath th’ All-seeing Eye,
To rob his brother, cheat his sire, and act a monstrous lie.
’Tis true, the blessing he obtained — since ’twas the will of Heaven,
To grant him what his father meant to Esau should be given.
But who the mother’s wiles approves ? Who justifies the son,
In practicing that vile deceit by which the grant was won ?
Oh ! None ! Nor did the Lord approve — howe’er he shaped the end,
For Esau Jacob’s foe became, who should have been his friend.
To Padan-aram Jacob fled — as guilt is wont to flee —
For Esau would not brook at home a brother false as he,
Ah ! little dreamed that mother’s heart — imposing on the blind —
Whate’er success her scheme might crown, would leave such sting behind.

She little thought that when she taught her Jacob to deceive,
Her heart for him in bitterness full twenty years must grieve,
And yet, ’twas meet reward for her, who dared from truth depart,
And leave her sanction of deceit impressed upon his heart.
Then mother, whosoe’er thou art — whate’er thy station be,—
The story of Rebekah’s guilt a lesson hath for thee :
Teach not thy children to deceive, to speak, or act a lie,
But train them up for God, Truth, and Immortality.

Natural men think God beholden to them for their service ;
but spiritual men look on themselves as beholden to God, that
they may, but especially that they can serve him.

THE SPIRIT OF CASTE.

BY MARY IDE TORRY.

(Concluded.)

Distinctions in society ! We believe in them, but in those of the right kind. There are senses in which some kinds of employment are more honorable than others. What are they ? Those which present the most difficulties to be overcome ! Not those which afford the most money for the least amount of toil. The body is strengthened, the mind and heart are enlarged by exercise and trial, and only in that way. He who rises from a common mechanic to fill honorably another station does not become great by simply quitting the former business, but because, in taking a higher post, he has shown himself capable of meeting respectably the duties and difficulties that have been required of him in *two* stations instead of one. He is doubly drilled. He has risen, not so much because his mind was greater at the outset than others, but he has made it so by industry, and application. Said a great man, "perseverance is genius." If that is not strictly true, it is certain that perseverance is a very good substitute, and is as often available.

That there is nothing in any useful and honest calling which necessarily contracts the mind, and degrades its performer, we have ample proof in the history of our truly great men, many of whom we can trace to a very humble origin, and whose early education was not in seminaries and colleges, but in the daily drill and earnest toil, which some consider low if not degrading. They were not master workmen ; but humble operatives. Labor disciplines the mind as truly as study. Look at the great and successful men, and see if there are any more among them, who belong to gentlemen, students and merchants in proportion to the number of men in those classes, than there are among mechanics, &c. But the success of some men from all classes does not prove the true dignity of all kinds of honest and useful labor, any more than the stupidity and want

of success, or even respectable attainments of many in more favored positions. What a vast crowd of young men become merchants, because they and their friends sneer at a mechanic, and how few are ever successful? How many, in proportion to the vast number of students who ever rise to distinction in their professions? Very few. Are there not as many as a few, who have risen to greatness among our mechanics and lower classes? And why is it that we have so few who excel among the more favored? Is it because they have not mental ability sufficient? No. Is it because there is not scope enough in their business to draw out all their faculties? No. One great reason is because, if they do not despise the earnest toil, the self-denial and perseverance necessary to render any occupation successful, they do not practice them. They are seeking their *ease*. They seek a business which will give the most honor for the least amount of labor, and such men must and will be second and third rate men anywhere, if they act in accordance with their principles.

There is an important reason, founded in the nature of things, why those who faithfully pursue humble labors rise to distinction. It is because these humble duties are parts of a great whole, with which by long practice they become thoroughly acquainted. They are every day becoming practically familiar with the *elements* of knowledge, which is the only way to become an adept in anything. He who is a good mechanic often understands the principles of natural philosophy better than many who have studied them in the schools, though he may not know even their names. And if he is missed among the simple operatives; and after a course of years, found with a laurel upon his brow, and multitudes delighting to do him honor; it may not be because he has for a moment *left* his business, but he has pursued it to its ultimatum, or rather, to a good degree of perfection. Every high station of influence and honor is as intimately connected with humble duties as the head is with the hands and feet.

But says some fashionable, "while people are engaged in these humble callings their profits are not sufficient to enable them to associate with us, they cannot afford to live in the style

we do, it would ruin them, and they ought to be willing to live separately till they can."

Yes, they would be willing to do it, if by so doing they did not lose caste. People generally prefer to associate mostly with those whose habits, tastes, and calling are similar to their own, but they do not wish to be excluded from society as inferior beings. Many would be perfectly willing to live frugally, and serve apprenticeship in these humble elementary stations if they could do it honorably — if frugal living, and humble labors were not considered as a seal to their meanness, and evidence of their own inferiority.

Everybody seeks distinction and honor in this world who has any self-respect. And if a man thinks he can get more honor and attention, by living and dressing well, he will be likely to do it, or attempt to do it at all hazards. This distinction in society, founded upon the occupation, or profession, and the profits resulting therefrom, is the reason why your sons; instead of beginning where you began, living frugally, and acquiring property before they spend it, begin where you leave off, and end where you began, or *lower*. No wonder that men who have had property, and whose families have always associated with the wealthy, lose their integrity in times of commercial embarrassment. Sinning for the benefit of their families does not seem exceeding sinful, even though their sins may bring ruin on others equally as deserving. This is one of Satan's distinctions, and is worthy of him. It is at variance with the whole genius of Christianity. It puts asunder that which God hath joined together, — it separates the poor from his neighbor.

A desire to be above common people, in any other sense than to be wiser and better, is as despicable as it is wicked. It is no evidence of a Christian or a great mind. Who are the *common* people whom you despise? Your brethern and sisters in Adam, and many of them in Christ. They were all made in the image of God, and when you despise them for any insufficient reason, you despise Him. Our Lord made himself an elder brother of every one who will keep His commandments,

and He says to such, that he will come in and sup with them, and they with Him, and that He and His Father will come and take up their abode with them. But our exclusives cannot do this, unless they belong to their "circle." Christ rebukes them in Luke xiii. 12, 13. "When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors, lest they also bid thee again and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and thou shalt be blessed: for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

No one supposes our Saviour here meant to forbid our feasting with our friends at proper times, and in proper circumstances, but He does condemn that separation of the poor from his neighbor, and that ignoring of our common brotherhood, which is so fashionable among good people. It is directly contrary to the whole spirit of the gospel. This aristocratic distinction, this sneer at poverty and honest toil is the foundation of all oppression. Its prevalence in our Churches is one grand reason why we cannot unite the North as one man against Slavery. The spirit of Slavery is with us, and in us, and we know it not.

Christ made distinctions. "He who would be greatest among you let him be your minister, and he who would be chief among you let him be servant of all." Science and success acknowledge those distinctions by making those only truly great, who pay the most attention to small things.

Let us then exalt the true dignity of all kinds of useful labor and not despise its necessary accompaniments. God hath made everything beautiful in its season, and "Good after its kind." The coarse and homely garb of toil, the wrinkles and scars that are the signet of hard service, are as becoming in their place, aye, and much more beautiful than many of the deformities which fashion imposes upon us, and which in defiance of all good taste and propriety, we learn to think are so desirable and becoming. Let us look at things in their true

light. Christians can make truly useful and excellent things honorable, in the same way that fashion can exalt and glorify things abominable. When fashion wishes to impose a ridiculous custom, an immodest or unhealthy style of dress, or action, it does not speak well of it, and write about it merely, and let the poor stranger-custom find its way into the practices of people by its recommendations only. No, some beauty adopts it prominently, encircles it with silks or the richest of ornaments, and never appears without it, takes pride in it, till elegance of dress and manner are intimately associated with the absurd fashion, and no one dares appear without it. So let us do in regard to labors of all kinds. Let us never be ashamed of it, or of being in company with those who perform it. Let us set it in diamonds and show its true connection with jewels, and everything worth possessing. Our conformity to the world, in the different degrees of caste, in reference to labor, has been, and is now, one great cause of idleness, dishonesty, gambling, rumselling, slavery and murder.

LITTLE THINGS.

BY REV. WILLIAM WARREN.

THINGS that are deemed great are often actually small; and things that seem small are often great in their bearings and consequences. Trifles lighter than straws are often the feather that turns the scale of character and destiny.

The vast events and phenomena of earth are gradual in their progress and slow in their growth; whatever comes to pass suddenly commonly passes away suddenly. Jonah's gourd grew up in a night, but perished in the morning. Startling theories and speculations that break forth upon the world like the sun from behind a cloud, or like the lightning that turns the cloud and night into flame, soon sift upon the earth their expiring ashes. Excitements in church or State that spring themselves upon the world, and dash or flash along the times like meteors or the lightnings, are soon followed by denser darkness. We shall find, by careful noticing of things, that great and valuable results are usually of gradual growth, from slight original causes. The little leaven in

its gradual operations, leavens the whole lump. The least of all seeds becomes a great tree, under the branches of which the birds of heaven come and shelter themselves. The vast river rolls on to the sea; it leaps cataracts, floats navies, impels mighty machinery, and inundates wide regions of country; but it started, it may be, in the crevice of a rock, or in a dew-drop not bigger than a tear. Great islands and archipelagos, the seat, perhaps, of mighty empires, are the work, often, of very little animals, that build them up slowly from the bottom of the sea. It is said that a whisper slightly stirs the air all round the globe. Touch the restless sea anywhere with the tip of your finger, and you move relatively, the whole ocean. Nothing is more certain than that our every word, and act, and whisper, in its influence upon the moral world and upon eternity, is like the results just named. Such is the moral and social machinery, that there is needed, often, only the touching of a match, the pressing of a spring, or turning of a valve, to start a tremendous train of consequences. The pebble from the sling of the shepherd boy, which he picked up out of a little brook, was a little thing, but it decided the fate of two armies and of two nations. The eating of an apple led to the world's fall, and the falling of an apple to the world's philosophy. The mariner's needle and its play are little matters, but the discovery of great continents and the carrying on of the world's commerce are not little matters. The nice touches and shades given by the skilful artist, to his painting, are little matters, but littles here make perfection! The sculptor does not mould the human countenance at once. A thousand blows rough-cast it, says one, and ten thousand chisel points polish and perfect it, and bring out the exact features and the living expression. It is a work of time. So do human influences and actions chisel out slowly our fixed character and habits. Every day adds something to the slow work. The little dropping insensibly wears the solid rock that laughs at the storm, and defies the surges of the sea. Achaus' wedge of gold was a little thing, but it led to vast results. The two mites of the poor widow were a little sum, but, measured by their motive, they were perhaps, the largest contribution ever

made to Christian charity. The colors in Joseph's coat were little things, but his reigning over Egypt was not. The ark of bulrushes was a little thing, but the giving of the moral law was not; leading Israel from bondage to Canaan was not. There is power in littles.

"Think nought a trifle though it small appear;
Small sands the mountains make, atoms the world,
Moments the year, and trifles time, and this eternity."

A tract, if no more, it may be, than two leaves, from the hand of a servant girl, perhaps, led to the conversion of no less than Richard Baxter. He awoke to a world of usefulness. Among the library of books he wrote was the "Call to the Unconverted." It fell into the hands of Philip Doddridge. It led him to Christ. Doddridge too, awoke to a world of usefulness. His "Rise and Progress" was the means of the awakening of William Wilberforce. A book of his writing led to the salvation of Leigh Richmond. He wrote the "Dairyman's Daughter," that fell upon the world like a leaf from heaven. Hundreds have been brought to Christ by the influence of that one sweet tract. Is there not power in littles? Whoever waits to do wonders in this world, forgets or never knew how God does his wonders, how He made the world and the great waters, by the doing of a well-nigh infinite number of little things; and how he empowers *us* to do great things; to wit—by doing little things always and well. He who waits to do wonders in this world, in any other way than by doing little duties well, will have to bewail at last, a life lost, a soul lost, an eternity lost.

Little acts are the elements of true greatness. They raise life's value, like the little figures over the larger ones in arithmetic, to its highest power. They are tests of character and disinterestedness. They are the straws upon life's deceitful current, that show the current's way. The heart comes all out in them. They move on the dial of character and responsibility, significantly. They indicate the character and destiny. They help to make the immortal man. It matters not so much where we are as what we are. It is seldom that acts of moral heroism are called for. Rather, the real heroism of life is, do all its little duties promptly and faithfully.

NOT HERE.

BY N F. CARTER.

My waiting home is not of earth,
 My hope not in its shining worth; —
 But my possessions lie
 Beyond this night-encircled flood
 Turbid with stains of sin and blood;
 Beyond the shadow-rolling stream,
 Dividing, with its terror-gleam,
 Earth from the upper sky!

'Tis on the ever blessed shore,
 Where death-pangs come not any more,
 Nor clouds obscure the sight,
 Where morning reddens flower-clad hills,
 And all the air with fragrance fills, —
 Tunes zephyrs to unending song.
 Makes ever young the sainted throng,
 With its immortal light!

O, how I long to reach that home,
 And 'mid perennial beauties roam,
 As long as heaven endures;
 To tune an everlasting hymn,
 Beside the living waters' brim;
 To feel the soft and sweet caress
 Of love's eternal blessedness,
 Which trusting faith secures!

Oh, thither e'er I turn mine eye,
 And strive to bring its glories nigh,
 To light my pilgrim road.
 I strive to waft me ever there
 The incense of my daily prayer,
 For all the hope my heart has known,
 Is brightened by that thought alone,
 That brings me nearer God!

I know full well life's morning kiss
 Of joy, is nothing to the bliss
 That waits the welcome there!
 But mine that bliss can never be,
 Till from this weary vestment free,
 My spirit o'er the dark sea-foam,
 Soars to its everlasting home
 On death's triumphant prayer.

And, therefore, would I, day by day,
 Leave signals all along my way —
 Some good deeds nobly done,
 To mark the progress I have made,
 To show how well I've lived and prayed,
 That after life's last evening prayer,
 In glory I may enter there
 The home my love has won!

CHILD'S DEPARTMENT.



THE MONKEY.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

Along the river Amazon,
The monkey tribes abound;
And on the coast of Malabar
Are many monkeys found.

These animals are mischievous,
And fond of playing tricks,
Of chattering, and throwing stones,
And cocoa-nuts and sticks.

I recollect a story told
When I was quite a lad,
About a lot of bright red caps
A shipwrecked sailor had.

But while, at noon, beneath a tree,
Asleep the sailor lay,
The monkeys in their frolic came
And stole his caps away.

And when the weary sailor woke
And found his caps were gone,
He looked, and lo! far up the trees
The monkeys had them on.

But how to get his caps again,
The cunning sailor knew;
He tossed his cap upon the ground,
The monkeys tossed theirs' too.

Now, you my child, must never do
Such mischief just for fun,
If you would not a monkey be,
You must not act like one.

EDITOR'S CHAT WITH THE CHILDREN.

POOR PAY.

A few days since, two boys were playing within our sight, when a difficulty arose between them. We happened along just as the affair began to be serious, and we heard one of them say, as he ran away crying, "*I'll pay you for that.*" "For what?" we inquired. "He kicked me," was the answer, "*and I'll pay him for it yet.*" We need not rehearse the remainder of the conversation; we wish simply to ask our young readers to stop and think about paying for a kick, or any manner of unkindness. Perhaps the lad did not ask anything for his kick; but his comrade declared that he would pay him for it at any rate. And how do you suppose he would pay him? Would he give him a cent? No. A stick of candy? No. A loud, hearty smack on the cheek, called a kiss? No. What then? We did not inquire; but, judging from his angry tone, and his sour face, he meant to pay him back in his own coin, that is, blow for blow, kick for kick. Such kind of payments are very often made among boys, and we wish to show them that that it is the *poorest pay* that can be made.

The Bible tells us to *return good for evil*, love for hate, a kiss for a blow. How charming this is! And then it puts an end to the quarrel at once. Could a boy add another kick

after receiving kindness in return for the first? Would a kiss be followed with another blow? By no means. For such pay satisfies him. And is not such a spirit beautiful? It is truly so. Every person admires it. God approves it, which is better than all.

Reader, remember that '*evil for evil*,' is the pay of a bad heart, while "*good for evil*," is that which God loves to see.

REWARD OF KINDNESS.

There is a fable somewhere about a mouse and a lion, which runs as follows: The mouse was in high spirits, as mice are apt to be when cats and traps are out of sight, and he was sporting about here and there, when he chanced to run into a lion's den, where his majesty was fast asleep. Before the little mouse saw his danger, he had aroused the fierce beast, by jumping upon his nose. With one stroke of his paw the lion laid the mouse on his back, and held him there. As he was about to destroy his tiny prey, the latter cried out in a pitiable tone for mercy, and besought his captor to let him go, and not stain his honor by devouring an animal so insignificant as himself. The great beast smiling at the fright of the mouse, kindly let him go, whereupon the mouse scampered away with delight. Not long after, when the lion was ranging the forests, he fell into the toils of the hunter. Finding that he could not escape, he set up a roaring that filled all the woods with its echo. The little mouse heard him, and at once recognized the voice of his old friend, and he ran to his relief. It is probable that all the foxes, rabbits and ravens laughed to see a mouse run to help the king of beasts. But the tiny fellow did not stop to ask whether the lion was larger than himself, for his kind heart prompted him to do the roaring beast a favor. He found him entangled in a net, a strong cord of which held him fast. "I can nibble," said the mouse, and he went at it with all his might. He nibbled away at the rope hour after hour; and finally it parted, and the lion was set free. "Kindness has its reward," squealed the delighted mouse, as the lion bounded away through the forest.

Yes, kindness has its reward. A child never performed a

kind act for another, without being benefitted thereby. Besides, how happy it makes the doer feel! When you lie down at night, it is pleasant to reflect that you have been kind. When you are sick, and have strength enough only to think, it is delightful to remember that you have blessed others. And more than all, when you are about to die, it will be sweet indeed to feel that no one can lay the charge of unkindness to you.

TRYING TO BE GOOD.

We have been told of a child recently, who came to the conclusion that he would try to be better. He had often disobeyed his parents, and fretted and pouted over their corrections. But he decided to be good. So he awoke bright and early one morning, and commenced in earnest to be good. He succeeded of course, and when the sun set, and night came on, he went to bed with a happy heart. After living in this way several days, he said to his mother:

“Well, mother, boys can be good, *if they'll try*, can't they?”

The secret was out. He had not been good day after day, because he *didn't try*. No wonder he was naughty! For who can be good without trying? Who can do any thing without effort. “*Try*,” is the motto of all who succeed. In this way only, knowledge is acquired, and all sorts of work is done. Yet, we suppose that nearly all bad children are so, simply, because they do not try. We never heard of one who really made the attempt, and failed.

But think, children, of the guilt of not trying to be good! What a poor excuse for not being correct — *didn't try*. Dare you live, and go to meet God in judgment, with this guilty plea?

CHILD-LIFE.

It is now Spring, and the sweet carol of the birds is heard in every wood and orchard. The flowers begin to peep forth from the green earth, and the leaves unfold themselves, and flutter in the wind. The sun's genial rays fill the world with joy and gladness. Yes! Spring is a bright, joyous season, and is the emblem of life's fair morning.

Behold that little bud, just getting ready to expand itself

into a lovely flower. It is a beautiful emblem of your young life, my child. Your being is in its bud now. As that bud expands into the flower of summer, so will your child-life grow into the ripper years of manhood and womanhood. Let it be attractive as a blossom. But this is not all. That blossom grows into the fruit of autumn; so should your life bear fruit in age — honesty, purity, love, goodness, truth and holiness. How close the connection between the bud of spring and the fruit of autumn! The same close connection exists between your childhood and age. As is the boy or girl, so will be the man or woman.

S E L E C T I O N S .

LITTLE PILGRIMS.

Close beside the wicket-gate
Lo! two little children stand,
Each with grave and earnest brow,
And a pilgrim-staff in hand;
Stand to read that promise free,
"Knock and it shall opened be."

Well they knew beyond the gate
That a toilsome journey lies,
Many dangers must be met
Ere they hope to reach the prize:
But they pray God's grace to win,
And they knock and enter in.

Children, you are pilgrims too,
Travelling onward day by day;
Some toward the wicket-gate,
Others on a broader way.
All forgetful of the prize
Promised to you in the skies.

On! while yet your pilgrim-age
Is but just begun below,
Pray that Christ will guide your feet
In the way that they should go,
So that when life's journey's done,
Gladly shall your prize be won!

WELCOME THE BIRDS.

BY CAROLA WILDGROVE.

Welcome the birds, the joyous birds,
Whose warblings, all so sweet,
In daily matins freely poured,
Our early wakings greet.

Welcome the birds, the singing birds,
From faintest dawn of light
Their gladsome melodies ring out,
Till hushed by dewy night.

Welcome the birds, the merry birds,
That trill the cheerful strain,
Till wood and grove, and hill and dell
Resound with song again.

Welcome the birds, the grateful birds,
Their most harmonious lays
Seem bursts of happy thankfulness,
And music-swells of praise.

Welcome fair birds, to wood and glen,
To grove and graceful bow'rs,
To vine wreathed arbors, trellised walks,
And gardens filled with flow'rs.

Welcome sweet songsters, everywhere —
In shrub or forest dome,
In trees beside our native cots,
Make ye a *happy home*.

Around *our homes* pour out your notes,
From each o'ershading tree,
Make joyous music-cantos swell
In measures rich and free.

In yonder leafy orchestra,
The orchard's safe retreat,
Collect your bands for gladdest peals
Harmonious and sweet.

Send forth your *carolings*, wild birds,
In gushes ever new,
I'll come and *carol* with your choir,
For I'm a *wild* bird too.

“ I WISH I WERE RICH.”

“ I wish I were rich, I would buy *everything*,” cried Charlie.

“ The sun, moon and stars ?” inquired William.

“ No ; everything that can be had for money.”

“ *That’s not happiness*,” said William.

“ Get your hat, Charlie, and come with me to Mr. Morrison’s,” said his father.

“ Oh ! please not, papa, he is such a disagreeable, miserable old man, with his cross looks and gouty foot, hobbling about and groaning.”

“ I think you would like to live with him,” said his father.

“ I, papa ? I would rather live down a coal-pit !”

“ With him you *would have all that can be bought with money*.”

“ I recant ; I see it won’t do,” said Charlie. “ Health cannot be bought with money.”

“ Nor good temper, nor friendship, nor life,” said William.

“ Above all,” added their papa, “ the favor of God cannot be bought with money. Be content with as much of it as God gives, and seek to use it aright,”

“ The fear of God and sweet content,
Yield riches that will ne’er be spent.”

POLITENESS,

It is said that Mr. McDuffie was very polite even when a boy. One evening he was holding a little calf by the ears, while his mother milked the cow, and a gentleman passing by, said :—

“ Good evening, my little son.”

“ Good evening, sir,” returned George, with such a polite bow that the gentleman continued and said :

“ Why don’t you pull off your hat, my little man ?”

“ If you will hold my calf for me,” answered George, “ I will pull off my hat to you.”

George’s politeness and shrewd remarks were the making of him. The gentleman said to his mother : “ Your son is a smart boy, and if properly trained, will make a great man

some day. If you will permit me, I will give George a good education, and give him a start in the world."

The mother thanked the gentleman for his kindness, and let him take charge of her son.

MORAL.—Civility costs little, and always pays well; if not in outward reward, in the dignity of self-approval.

THE TRAP AND THE YOUNG MOUSE.

In a crack near the cupboard, with dainties provided,
A certain young mouse with her mother resided;
So securely they lived in that snug quiet spot,
Any mouse in the land might have envied their lot.

But one day, the young mouse who was given to roam,
Having made an excursion some way from her home,
On a sudden returned with such joy in her eyes,
That her grave sedate parent expressed some surprise,
"O mother!" said she, "the good folks of this house,
I'm convinced, have not any ill will to a mouse,
And those tales can't be true you always are telling,
For they've been at such pains to construct us a dwelling,
The floor is of wood and the walls are of wires,
Exactly the size that ones comfort requires;
And I'm sure that we there should have nothing to fear
If ten cats with their kittens at once should appear.

And then they have made such nice holes in the wall,
One could slip in and out with no trouble at all;
But forcing one through such rough crannies as these,
Always gives one's poor sides a most terrible squeeze.

But the best of all is, they've provided us well
With a large piece of cheese of most excellent smell;
'Twas so nice I had put in my head to go through,
When I thought it my duty to come and fetch you!"

"Ah, child," said the mother, "believe I entreat,
Both the cage and the cheese are a terrible cheat;
Do nor think all that trouble they take for our good;
They would catch us, and kill us all there, if they could.

As they've caught and killed scores, and I never could learn
That a mouse who once entered did ever return!"
Let the young people mind what the old people say,
And when danger is near them keep out of the way.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

"THE GREAT AWAKENING."

How much like that of 1740!—Then the churches had been long in a state of declension. The fire on the altar had well nigh gone out. Many in the churches knew little or nothing of genuine, vital piety. Their religion was that of form. They served God with their lips while their hearts were far from him. Controversy, also, had sowed the seeds of discord broadcast. The great doctrine of the "new birth," as it was called, was ignored by the masses of professed Christians. Both Wesley and Whitefield were refused admittance to many pulpits in consequence of their belief on this point. Justification by Faith was discarded by many church-members. Mere moralists were admitted to the Lord's table. Rev. Jonathan Edwards beheld this state of things with grief. His soul was stirred within him. He resolved to preach a series of sermons upon the latter doctrine, and so announced from his pulpit. Many of his people were troubled, fearing that the discussion of this subject would divide the church. Some went to him and entreated him to desist. But he moved at the call of duty, and, like Luther, he would preach though as many devils stood in his path, as there were tiles on the houses. He preached, and the people were enlightened. The Spirit of God was soon poured out, and there, in Northampton, the great revival of that age commenced.

The state of religion in our churches, for some years before the present awakening, was similar to that described, in respect to declension—not in respect to controversy. The distinction between saints and sinners was not easily traced. The spirit of worldliness had carried away the hearts of God's people captive. But "it is the darkest time just before day." The Holy Spirit descended suddenly and with power, as he did in the days of Edwards. The revival has spread very much as it did then, surprising ministers, and astonishing their people. "It is not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

VIEW IT AS A CONSEQUENCE OF THE FINANCIAL CRISIS. — Last year was one of unparalleled commercial disaster. For a series of

twenty years prosperity had attended the sons of toil and traffic. Fortunes were made, national glory achieved, and personal triumphs won. But, in getting rich in worldly goods, men grew spiritually poor. In making their fortunes, they forgot their souls. The tide of worldly prosperity swept over the church. Many professed Christians became as money-loving as the most godless trader. They forsook prayer-meetings, violated their covenant obligations, wounded Christ, and consented to let the wicked around them hasten to perdition. They could not withstand the test of such great prosperity, and their graces languished — almost perished. But God spoke — and what a change! Rich men suddenly became poor, and great men as suddenly became small. Affluence took to itself wings, traffic laid down its burden in the streets, and men ran to and fro, wailing over their disappointed hopes. There never was a more glorious time to angels, the Saviour and God. No doubt there was rejoicing in heaven over the tumbling ware-houses, and distracted merchants. For when the world is naught, Christ is everything. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." Now that the world is pushed aside, the adorable Redeemer can come in. When the money-god falls, Christ is set up. So it was after the financial storm swept over the land. Men stopped — reflected — and said, "sure enough, we have souls!" One asked, "What must I do to be saved?" He was followed by another, and another, and yet another, until now there is weeping and lamentation for sin all over the land. We should have enjoyed no such revival if the prosperity of the last twenty years had continued, for men would not have stopped to inquire after the way of life. The "way to wealth," would have absorbed their minds, to the exclusion of God and heaven.

Thanks then for the commercial panic! Thanks for heavy losses, bad bargains, mighty failures, and the whole train of evils that made the land mourn! It was a happy, thrice happy event for our wicked country — and especially for a lifeless, dead church. We can well afford to experience such a time every score of years, if it will give the reapers such a golden opportunity to gather in the sheaves. If a man has lost his property and saved his soul, he is fortunate. It is the best, most successful year of his life. For what is wealth in the scale with the immortal spirit? What is a splendid mansion for the body, adorned

with the costliest works of taste and art, when the soul is a homeless wanderer in this world of sin? We repeat, the late commercial crisis furnishes an occasion of gratitude to God. "It is God's doings, and marvellous in our eyes!"

NOTICE ALSO, THE GREAT PRAYER-MEETINGS. — A worldly man, who visited New York, and attended the business mens' meeting at Burton's Theatre, called it a "tremendous prayer meeting." He had probably looked into some vestry, or little room, in former years, where eight, ten, fifteen, or twenty of the brethren were praying, lonely and lukewarm. Such was the condition of prayer-meetings for a long time before this revival commenced. Only a very small minority of the church attended. These were apparently the most friendless institutions in existence. But God's Spirit is filling them up. A few years since, we went to a prayer-meeting in the Old South Chapel, Boston — a cold, drizzling rain was falling — and only *twelve persons were present*. It was announced by one of the speakers that the church numbered between five and six hundred. The other day we passed by the same place, at 12 o'clock, M., and, looking in, we found it thronged. Every nook and corner was filled. There was no place for more attendants. This is as it should be. Some wonder at these large gatherings for prayer. But it is wonderful, only because we have been accustomed to see so small assemblies for prayer. The church has lived so long at a poor dying rate, and been so wickedly negligent of her duties, that it does appear almost marvellous that three thousand, or even one thousand, should meet to pray. But it ought not to be a wonderful event. We read, for instance, of three thousand attending a 12 o'clock meeting in the city of Philadelphia. It is a union prayer-meeting, where all evangelical denominations are expected to unite. But how many professed Christians are there in that city? Ten times as many, probably, as attend said meeting. And is one-tenth of the number wonderfully large to attend a prayer-meeting? By no means; nor even one-fifth. We say, then, that there is no particular occasion to glory over this scene except in the view that church-members are coming up to their duty. There never ought to be a less number to attend upon this service, than we see at present. Probably not over one-quarter part of professed Christians now attend habitually; and certainly as large a number ought to keep going until the millennium,

dawns. We hope and pray that "tremendous prayer-meetings" will continue to the end of time—that the present is really a new era in the history of Zion.

RINGLEADERS CONVERTED.—In the Saviour's time it was a noble triumph when Saul of Tarsus was brought into the kingdom. He was a ringleader of Christ's foes, and his conversion must have caused a great sensation in their ranks. The revival now reminds us of that day. For God is taking the colonels and captains of sin. Those who set themselves in bold defiance against him, he is convincing of sin. In one town, a man left his seat in the house of worship, declaring that he would not be seen there again until the excitement was over! One of the deacons met him subsequently, and told him that God would take him, if he saw fit, just where he could find him. He might stay away from the sanctuary, but he could not run away from the Holy Spirit. And God has taken him. Within a week, he has come forward, bowed under a heavy burden of guilt, and said that he could hold out no longer. In another town, the members of an infidel club met to examine the Bible upon the subject of baptism. The result was, that six of them were led to renounce their infidelity, and they are now rejoicing in Christ. Many such conversions have occurred, and their influence must be great. These ringleaders of sin would not bow to Jesus under the pressure of any earthly power. It is only the power of God that can make them tremble like Felix. Their companions in iniquity must so view it, and be persuaded that religion is not all a delusion.

TEMPTING CHILDREN.

Not unfrequently we hear parents say, in regard to a little child who is meddling with things he should not touch, as the plates, knives, or food upon the table, "Don't set them out of his way; let them be, and oblige him to let them alone." Within certain limits and under certain circumstances, this may be correct discipline, but ordinarily we should object to it. One adult ought not to place a temptation before another needlessly, for this is directly condemned by the Scriptures. We should tempt no man; shall we a child? The little creature is strongly tempted by some kinds of food, and by some articles of table furniture. Shall these be placed directly before him, and then a sharp look and word, and possibly the rod, be used, to compel him to resist temptation? We think the little fellow is more easily tempted

than the adult, and that he is far less qualified, by the possession of reason and conscience, to understand the nature of temptation. On this account, the greater allowance should be granted him. If we ought not to tempt his father and mother, then ordinarily, we ought not to tempt him. We would not have every article put out of his reach, certainly not. But we would have judgment exercised, and not tempt him unnecessarily, with the immediate presence of things which we know are trying to him in this respect.

DIFFERENCE IN WIVES.

Two weeks since, we were riding in the cars, when a gentleman came and spoke to a lady directly in front of us, who was seated beside a sickly man, whom we thought was her husband. The conversation turned upon the health of her companion, who was evidently a consumptive. "Last winter," said she, "I went to Kansas with him. The winter before we spent in Florida; and now we are thinking of removing to Wisconsin or Minnesota, for the benefit of his health." The gentleman expressed some thoughts relative to her hardships in thus going away from her home and friends, and travelling so much abroad. "Oh!" she replied, "I do not mind that at all, if he can only regain his health. I like New England better than any other part of the country, for it is home; but I am willing to live anywhere for his sake." Her husband made no remarks as he heard these words, but volumes were in his eyes. The incident, however, did not particularly impress us, until we stopped at a station about a half hour afterwards. Then a friend entered the car and took a seat by our side. He was troubled with a bronchial and lung difficulty of some years' standing. In course of conversation, we recommended a residence in a certain Western State, to which he replied in substance, "I should have been there months ago, if my wife had been willing to go. But all her friends are here in Massachusetts, and no consideration could induce her to leave for a residence so far away." We looked at once at the stranger-woman, whose conversation we have cited, "Noble wife!" we said. "One of a thousand, doubtless, in this spirit of self-denial for her husband's sake." There is certainly a great difference between those two wives. Are we to understand that they are the representatives of two classes of wives? Perhaps so. We are

not exactly qualified to judge, so we will not risk an opinion. We may say, however, that wives ought to identify themselves with their husband's interests, and be prepared to do whatever appears to be best for their affairs. The husband supports his family, and is obliged to plan and execute to secure this object. He cannot consult his own ease or preferences always, and perhaps not at all, if he would succeed in his undertakings. And shall his wife feel that her preferences must always be consulted? that her husband's business must be graduated and managed to suit her convenience and comfort? No, every reader will say. The same is true, in a measure, *vice versa*. The husband must have due regard for the opinions and feelings of his wife. Still, the wife is ordinarily to accede to whatever plan seems best for the prosperity of her husband's affairs. If our female readers cannot subscribe to these views, they may furnish our columns with the DIFFERENCE IN HUSBANDS, which will be considered, no doubt, a good offset.

SOUL PROSPERITY.

How can the soul be made to prosper? This is an important inquiry to every person: for soul-prosperity is that which blesses not only in this life but also in the next. In reply we say, that the highest spiritual prosperity cannot be enjoyed except by active, earnest, self-denying labors to do good. He that watereth is watered himself. This is a rule in both nature and grace. In doing for others, we do for ourselves. The graces expand and flourish just in proportion to hearty, cheerful co-operation in Christian works. As soon as we neglect these, selfishness rules the spirit, and goodness dwindles away. We have been told that when the cholera raged in Ireland, in 1832, a Catholic priest adopted the following expedient to allay the fears of the people. He exhibited some burning turf on one occasion, and said that it was lighted by fire from heaven. It was broken up and the fragments distributed among the people, with the instruction to bear it to their homes, and kindle a fire with it on their own hearths. They were assured that so long as they kept the fire burning at home, the pestilence would not come nigh their dwellings. There was this condition, however, that after kindling a fire at home, each one should bear a portion of the flaming turf to his neighbor. In this way it would be soon carried over the entire country. In like manner God has kindled the flame of piety in our

hearts. He promises a rich reward to all who will keep it burning there. But there is an important condition. We must carry the blessing to others — we must seek to kindle the flame in other hearts, or it will expire in our own. This is proved by the experience of thousands. They have lost their first love, and become cold and dead in the service of Christ, because they cared only for themselves. The devoted missionary, who has left home and kindred to bear the gospel to the perishing, and labored amid privations and sufferings on heathen shores, has prospered accordingly, in a spiritual sense. His soul has mounted up as on eagles' wings, and he has lived above the world while he has lived in it. The riches of heaven have abounded over the poverty of earth to him.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS

REVIVAL INCIDENT.

THE New York Observer recently noted the following incident, which will be read with interest:—

One of the many interesting incidents connected with the great revival now in progress in this city, is the conversion of Burton's old theatre in Chambers street, (between Broadway and Centre,) into a temporary church. It has been leased by the Young Men's Christian Association for a daily noon-day prayer-meeting. The first meeting was held on Wednesday of last week. After prayer by Dr. Hatfield, Rev. T. L. Cuyler said:—

At the request of a Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, I have come to conduct the service to-day. At last we may congratulate the defenders of the stage that a theatre has become a school of virtue and not a school of vice — a house of prayer, and not a haunt of profanity — a spot for the real tears of penitence, and not the scene of fictitious grief over fictitious sorrows! Let us give God the glory! This is not the first time that a theatre in New York has been used for a daily prayer-meeting. In 1831, the old Chatham Street Theatre — a haunt of obscenity and vice — was purchased by a committee for purposes of worship. It was during the height of the great religious revival of 1831, that two gentlemen called on the lessee of the theatre and proposed to buy his lease. "What for?" said he. "For a church." "A what?" "For a church," replied the

gentlemen. The astonished man broke into tears and exclaimed, "You may have it, and I will give \$1000 towards it!" The arrangement was completed. It was announced to the actors that there would be preaching on that stage every night! The first prayer meeting in the theatre was attended by eight hundred persons. Among those who offered prayer were the late Rev. Heman Norton and Zachariah Lewis, one of the early proprietors of the New York Commercial Advertiser. On the 6th of May, the house was consecrated to the service of God, under the title of the "Chatham Street Chapel." Rev. Mr. Finney preached from the text, "Who is on the Lord's side?" The bar-room was changed into a prayer-room! The first man who knelt there poured forth these striking words: "Oh Lord, forgive my sins! The last time I was here, thou knowest that I was a wicked actor on this stage. Oh Lord, have mercy on me!" To-day, for the second time in the history of New York, we set apart a dis-used play-house for a temporary house of worship. Oh, what fearful soul-tragedies may have been enacted in this very building! From yonder "pit" how many a ruined young man may have gone down to the pit of endless despair! Let our services here be as solemn as eternity. May no false fire be kindled on God's altar! May the Holy Spirit be here, and may this former habitation of the tempter be the very habitation of Immanuel—the house of God—the gate of heaven, to souls seeking after Jesus.

LETTER FROM A CONVERTED HEATHEN.

THE proprietor of this magazine was formerly a missionary in Bombay. While there, he selected from a school of little heathen girls, two of the number, to be educated in the Oodoville Female Seminary, Ceylon, at his expense—twelve dollars each, a year. That it was a good investment is evident from the following letter, written to his wife by one of the girls, to whom her own name was given. We make a few extracts from the letter, as we are quite sure the reader will thank us for it:

Changany, May 28, 1857.

MY DEAR BENEFACTRESS. — I have a great desire to write you, with the best love of my whole heart. I received your very kind letter of May 24, 1856, and was greatly pleased at the perusal of it.

I was married Aug. 28, 1850, to Robert Crossett, and went with him to the islands of Caradive, where he labored as a catechist. When I lived there I received your valuable letter, and the books and the articles sent with it. My friends and neighbors were glad to see your kind note, and the presents. I taught my sister Frances' son the Pictorial Tract Primer. I send you my cordial thanks, not only for these valuable presents, but for all the favors that I have ever enjoyed from your hands. I shall

ever cherish a grateful remembrance of all these acts of kindness. I thank you particularly, for being honored with your beloved name when I was an ignorant heathen girl.

When I was so ill, I went to my house, but my relatives troubled me so much that my sickness increased. Miss Agnew came to see me, and I accompanied her to Oodooville. Then there was more trouble in my house, among my relatives. When I thought about these troubles, my heart burned, and I thought against the will of God. While I did sin by thinking against the will of God, a good thought came into my mind, If I be a true Christian, I should have many temptations and trials. If I be a true one, then I ought to suffer. A few days after this, when meditating upon the state of my soul and other precious souls, my desire for their salvation increased. When I examined my heart, it seemed to me that I ought to prepare to die. Wherefore it made me very sorry and also awakened me, that I should make ready to meet my Saviour, and also try to save others. I wished by the help of our Saviour, to walk as a pure Christian, and to meet my dear Saviour and you, in heaven, before the glorious God, our Father.

I like to impart gospel knowledge to our heathen friends, and to talk to them about their sins, their dangerous state, and the death of Christ for them. I like to give them freely what I have freely received from God, and you and the missionaries. I hope you will remember me in your daily prayers, so that I may not enter into temptation, but that God may be with me, and teach me his heavenly knowledge, and lead me in his paths, and strengthen me in spiritual things. I hope you will continue to pray as you did, that the end of my life may be the true Christian end, and be called by my Saviour in heaven. "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Sometimes it comes in my mind, I am not worthy to go to heaven, I am an unworthy sinner, but Jesus will make me worthy to go to that happy place, where the children of God dwell.

When I lived at Oodooville, spiritual thoughts came in my mind, and to the girls: we were more anxious about our own souls, and others souls. Then the dear missionaries and some Christians came from different places and held meetings with us, in day and night times. Some of us did neglect our sleep by the joy of spiritual thoughts. We also held meetings by ourselves at midnights, and in mornings, at 3, 4 and 5 o'clock. At these times the world seemed to me like heaven. I felt myself to be a sinner — no greater sinner in the world. I thought much about my heathen relatives, and that I should be faithful in showing them the way of salvation. It came in my mind that if there could be a female prayer-meeting at Navaly, my relatives and friends would attend the meeting, and by such means might be convinced of their sins, and become followers of Christ, who died to save all who believe in Him. For this object I gave in the

hands of Rev. Mr. Spaulding, the sum of seven shillings and sixpence sterling, (before I left the school) towards the building of a bungalow at Naval, my native village.

Through your prayers and charity, I had in those days such a feeling and charitable disposition. While I was ignorant of you as my dear mother and benefactress, my heart was filled with joy and gratitude towards you. I am not worthy of your tender and affectionate note, and kind presents. I pray God to give you more health and strength, that you may live to do good. I can only help you in this way.

If God spares our lives, I think I shall write you often. Though we are far from each other, and cannot speak face to face, yet it is not far to speak by correspondence. By this means I can know the love and kind care you have towards me. While I write this letter, I feel that your kindness is great; but much more I feel the kindness of our Heavenly Father, in making you my benefactress. Like you I wonder at his great mercy. What a happy thing it will be to see you and your dear children on the right side of the Lamb.

I mentioned that I was wedded to Robert Crossett. He belongs to the parish of Batticotta — was a student in the seminary six years. When I came out of the Oodooville school, on our wedding day, my beloved parents, Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding and Miss Agnew, sent me with good words, saying, God will be with you in every place, trust in Him. Thus they sent me with a blessing. Soon after we were married we went to Caradvie, and lived in a house with Mr. Cornelius, the catechist at that place. Since that he has been ordained, and is the native pastor. I lived there about two years.

My husband continued a catechist to the Islands, and came home as often as he could; he also attended the church building at Changany, a prayer-bungalow for fisher-people, and the house in which we live now. We have now been living three years at Changany, a parish lying between Batticotta and Panditeripa, as you will see by the map I send you. I am teaching a girl's school, and have about twenty scholars. Ann Young, my husband's sister, helps me. She was educated at Oodooville and left there a year ago. She is a church-member. We live in a chunam house, which belongs to the mission. My school children study in a bungalow, in the compound. Very near our house is the village church, in which my husband preaches Sabbath days. His church was built by the efforts of the Rev. Mr. Howland. Part of the money was given by the people of this village, and Sabbath school children in America presented a bell worth fifteen pounds of sterling money. The ground was given by a resident of the village. There are twelve church-members living here. We always go to Batticotta to partake of the Lord's supper. About twenty-five persons come to meeting on Sabbath forenoons, and attend the Bible class in the afternoon. There are three oth-

er places in the parish where meetings are held on moonlight evenings. The expenses of hedging, thatching, buying mats and white-washing, are paid by the church-members of this place. I am very glad to say the adults, and especially the boys, give something of their earnings.

I love your dear children, and pray for them every day. I am glad so many of them love the Saviour. I wish each of them would write me a little note, and tell me about their Bible lessons and their studies at school. I hope they will pray for me and my husband, and for the heathen in the country. I will try hereafter, to write you about the customs of the Tamil people.

My husband joins me in filial regards to you, Mr. Stone, and the dear children. I remain your affectionate beneficiary,

ABIGAIL K. S. CROSSETT.

LETTER OF A DYING WIFE.

THE Nashville Gazette contains a letter said to have been written by a wife some time before her death. It was found by her husband, some months after her death, between the leaves of one of her favorite volumes. It was literally dim with tear marks. She was but nineteen years of age when she died. The following is the touching letter :—

When this shall reach your eye, dear George, some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the cold, white stone, will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall hide forever from your sight the dust of one who has often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all but my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has forced itself upon my mind; and although to you and to others it may now seem but the nervous imaginings of a girl, yet, dear George, it is so! Many weary nights have I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty: and hard indeed is it to struggle on silently and alone with the sure conviction that I am about to leave all forever, and go down into the dark valley! "But I know in whom I have believed, and leaning on his arm I fear no evil."

Do not blame me for keeping all this from you. How could I subject you, of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will make it apparent to you? I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and, pillowing your head upon my breast, wipe the death-damps from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into its Maker's presence, embalmed in woman's holiest prayer. But it is not to be, and I submit. Yours is the privilege of watching, through

long and dreary nights, for the spirit's final flight, and of transferring my sinking head from your breast to my Saviour's bosom. And you shall share my last thought, and the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours, and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eyes shall rest on yours until glazed by death, and our spirits shall hold one last communion, until gently faded from my view — the last of earth — you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfading glories of the better world, where partings are unknown. Well do I know the spot, my dear George, where you will lay me. Often we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sunset as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves, and burnished the grassy mounds around us with stripes of burnished gold, each, perhaps, has thought that some day one of us would come alone, and whichever it might be, your name would be on the stone. But we loved the spot, and I know you will love it none the less when you see the same quiet sunlight linger and play among the grass that grows over your Mary's grave. I know you will go there, and my spirit will be with you then, and whisper among the waving branches — "I am not lost, but gone before."

LORD RAGLAN AND MISS NIGHTINGALE.

A FOREIGN paper has the following incident of Miss Nightingale, who is known in every land for her self-denying efforts in behalf of the Crimean soldiers:—

"Well, sir, I was in my room, sewing, when two men on horseback, wrapped in large gutta percha cloaks, and dripping wet, knocked at the door. I went out, and one inquired in which hut Miss Nightingale resided. He spoke so loud that I said, 'Hist! hist! Don't make such a horrible noise as that, my man!' at the same time making a sign with both hands for him to be quiet. He then repeated his question, but not in so loud a tone. I told him this was the hut.

"All right," said he, jumping from his horse, and he was walking straight in, when I pushed him back, asked him what he meant, and whom he wanted?

"Miss Nightingale," said he.

"And pray who are you?"

"O, only a soldier," was the reply; "but I must see her—I have come a long way—my name is Raglan—she knows me very well."

Miss Nightingale overhearing him, called me in saying, "Oh, Mrs. Roberts, it is Lord Raglan. Pray tell him that I have had a very bad fever, and it will be dangerous for him to come near me."

"I have no fear of fever, or anything else," said Lord Raglan.

And before I had time to turn round, in came his lordship. He took up a stool and sat down at the foot of the bed, and kindly

asked Miss Nightingale how she was, expressing his sorrow at her illness, and thanking and praising her for the good she had done for the troops. He wished her a speedy recovery, and hoped that she might be able to continue her charitable and invaluable exertions, so highly appreciated by every one, as well as by himself. He then bade Miss Nightingale good-bye and went away. As he was going out I wished to apologize.

"No, no! not at all, my dear lady," said Lord Raglan. "You did very right; for I perceive that Miss Nightingale has not received my letter, in which I announced my intention of paying her a visit to-day — having previously inquired of the doctor if she could be seen." His lordship retired, smiling doubtless, at my rough rebuff.

HER WAYS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

When there is something to be said,

In pleasure or in pain,

To brighten joy, like sunlight shed,

Or dry affliction's rain :

When she'd console, rebuke, control,

With "yes," or "no" as clear ; —

She's such a way of saying it,

'Tis pleasantness to hear.

And when there's something to be done,

At need's or duty's call,

A courtesy, or charity,

A kindness, great or small,

Or daily grief, that seeks relief ; —

Whate'er the action be —

She's such a way of doing it,

She wins all hearts to see.

Rut saying, doing, night or day,

'Tis difficult to tell

The sweetest grace, of mind or face,

That marks her to excel.

She seldom breathes the love I crave,

But robed in light divine,

She's such a way of looking it,

As proves her to be mine.

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head."

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS.

TEA CAKE. — A very good tea cake is made with one cup of milk, two cups of sugar, a tea-spoonful of cream of tartar, half a tea-spoonful of soda, half a cup of butter, three eggs, and sufficient flour to render it thick enough for baking.

PLAIN PLUM PUDDING. — Three eggs, four pounded crackers, one quart of milk, one-fourth pound of raisins, salt and spice to your taste.

ANOTHER PUDDING. — One cup of chopped suet, one of molasses, one of sweet milk, one of raisins, four of flour, one tea-spoonful of saleratus, salt, cloves, cinnamon, allspice and nutmeg. Boil three hours, or steam. Eat with hot sauce.

CAKE PUDDING. — One pint of flour, one cup of sugar, one of milk, four eggs, butter the size of an egg, one tea-spoonful of cream of tartar, one-half tea-spoonful of soda. Bake in a deep pan half an hour. This pudding must be well beaten. Eat with hot sauce.

LEMON PIE. — One quart of milk, six eggs, two lemons, grated, rind and juice, two table-spoonsful of pounded cracker, two cups of sugar. The milk should be mixed with the other ingredients just before baking.

SUGAR GINGERBREAD. — One cup of sugar, half a cup of boiling water, table-spoonful of butter, small tea-spoonful of saleratus, do. of ginger, and flour sufficient to roll.

CREAM DOUGHNUTS. — To one quart of cream, sweet or sour, add five eggs and enough flour to make a soft dough; also put in a little salt. If the cream be sour, mix with it one teaspoonful of soda. Roll the dough thin and fry the cakes in lard.

POTATO YEAST. — Boil six large potatoes, mash them well, and stir in one pint of warm water, one large tablespoonful of sugar, and two teacupsful of good yeast. Mix the whole well together and set it away for use.

MONKEY PUDDING. — (a homely but very nice dish for desserts.) Partially boil some good molasses. Then slice and butter some bread, and boil it in the molasses until thoroughly impregnated.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE LITERARY ATTRACTIONS OF THE BIBLE; or, a Plea for the Word of God, considered as a classic. By La Roy J. Halsey, D. D.; 12mo., pp. 441. Charles Scribner, N. Y.

This is a valuable work, containing eight chapters, as follows: 1. General characteristics of the Bible as a Classical Book. 2. Poetry and Bards of the Bible. 3. Eloquence and Oratory of the Old Testament. 4. The Eloquent Orators of the New Testament. 5. Types of Female Character in the Bible. 6. Representative Young Men of the Bible. 7. Science and Sages of the Bible. 8. Objects of Sublimity and Beauty in the Bible. The author discusses these topics with clearness and vigor, and his work shows how widely the Bible differs from other books, even independent of its spiritual instructions. It is additional evidence of its Divine authenticity. The work fills a niche in our Christian literature which the church will not fail to appreciate. We have been so interested in the perusal of this volume, that we propose to make some extracts therefrom at a future time.

Mr. Scribner also announces several works of great value in press, as "SERMONS FOR THE NEW LIFE," by Horace Bushnell, D. D. "THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES EXPLAINED," by Rev. J. A. Alexander, D. D. "THE DOCTRINE OF BAPTISM," by Rev. G. D. Armstrong, D. D., and "CHINA, ITS RELIGIONS AND SUPERSTITIONS," by Rev. M. S. Culbertson. These will doubtless be a valuable addition to the large number of excellent literary and religious books that have already come from the press of Mr. Scribner.

"THE PITTS STREET CHAPEL LECTURES." Delivered in Boston, by Clergymen of Six Different Denominations, during the winter of 1858, 12mo., pp. 366. John P. Jewett & Co., Boston.

We were glad to hear that such a course of lectures was in progress — we are glad to see them printed, and will tell the reader why. In the first place, an able man from each of these denominations was selected to give a reason of the faith that is in him. The Congregationalist told why he was a Congregationalist, the Baptist why he was a Baptist, and so on. Each representative of his own denomination presented as strong an argument as he could frame, to defend his own sect, giving, at the same time, a synopsis of their belief. Hence, this book must hereafter be a sort of reference, or standard, to which to refer. If a Universalist, or Episcopalian, or any other member of either of the six denominations disputes a point imputed to the sect, a reference to this book will ordinarily settle the question. The work is valuable then, for reference. Ministers will find it to be so, and others who desire to be familiar with the points of difference that separate denominations.

Again, in this volume, we have the points of evangelical religion presented in contrast with the opposite. We know that some persons object

to the volume on this account, but very unwisely we think. Take the lecture of Dr. Adams for instance, and place it side by side with that of Mr. Thayer, the Universalist, and Orthodoxy suffers nothing by the contrast. We think that almost any youth even, having a decent share of intelligence, would say, "If this is all that Universalism can say for itself, it stands on a poor foundation." We are not afraid to have a good argument for Orthodoxy, like that of Dr. Adams, weighed in contrast with the best defence of Universalism. It is not much of a compliment to Dr. Adams, nor to the other evangelical authors in this volume, to fear that their views will suffer in comparison with those of the Universalist and Unitarian. If the two discourses from gentlemen of these denominations, will exert more influence *against* Christianity, than the *four* evangelical sermons will, *in its favor*, then it is high time that the foundation of evangelical religion were examined. But we have no such fears. We consider the volume a powerful argument against modern "Liberal Christianity," so called.

Again, we like this volume because it shows that evangelical denominations agree in all the essentials of salvation. They all say to the sinner, "Repent, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," and quarrel only about matters that have nothing to do with saving the soul. We always abominated this quarrelling element of evangelical religion, and hope this volume may do much towards eradicating it.

NEW MUSIC.

From O. Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street,—

1. *Father and Mother*; Song for the Home Circle, by J. H. McNaughton.
2. *Our Carrie*; by Harp.
3. *Pleasant Sounds*; by Busch.
4. *The Mammoth Cave*; Tantalizing Polka, by R. Herzog.
5. *Josephine Waltz*; by F. Langguth.
6. *Euterpe*; Grand Valse Brilliant. By T. W. Smith.
7. *Gen. Greene's March*; with easy variations, for Piano Forte, by H. Schwing.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—"The Discontented Son,"—"Seed Time and Harvest,"—"Formation of Character,"—"Destiny of Childhood," and "Of a Child,"—"Little Charlie."

A WORD TO PARENTS.

We would invite all parents and guardians of the young, to forward us, from time to time, any sayings or doings of their children, or incidents of their lives, that may illustrate mental or moral points of character, as these may enable us to make our Magazine more interesting and profitable. By recurring to the Child's Department, and running over its pages, parents may better understand what we want. Some of our little precocious readers, too, may be able to pen us letters or sentiments, that may enliven the pages of the Child's Department.



Engraved by J. G. Smith

Designed by J. G. Smith

MEETING OF ELICHER AND BERGUE AT THE WELL.

Helena steht mit der pfeifer gegen den schiller.

1800

1800



SWEET VIOLET.



CHRISTIAN CONSOLATION.

WORDS BY META LANDER.

MUSIC BY E. F. BAKER.

1. In this hour of tri-bu - - la - tion, I lift mine eyes to thee;
 2. With the tempt-er thou hast wrest-led; In des - ert, drear and wild;
 3. Since dear Sa-viour, thou canst sor - row With my sor - rowing, tempt-ed soul;
 4. Sweet the sym - pa-thy thou giv - - est In my hours of deep dis - - tress;
 Ritard.

Struggling with this sore temp - ta - tion, Sa - viour! my de - liver - - er be!
 Lone in conflicts sore he met thee, — Thee, the pure and un - - de - filed.
 Granting me di - vin - - est suc - cor, When the bil - lows o'er me roll;
 When the storm-cloud o'er me gathers, Be thou near to aid and bless.

Allegro.

CHRISTIAN CONSOLATION, Concluded.

Pia. Moto.

Trust - ing in thy gra - cious name, Let me now thy
 On thee, in migh - ty weap - ons 'Gainst thee all
 Hu - man help a - way I ffigs, To thy cross a -
 All my sor - rows let me hide In thy wound - ed,

prom - ise claim! thy prom - ise claim!
 lure - ments pled, al - lone I lure - ments pled.
 lone bleed - ing side, a - lone I bleed - ing side.

FAMILY SCENES OF THE BIBLE.*

NO. VI.

PARLOR PRIDE OF DAUGHTERS.

EDITORIAL.

THE engraving carries us back to the days of Abraham, when, a widower himself, he sought a wife for his son Isaac. Fearing that the young man might seek a companion among the fair Canaanitish damsels, Abraham proposed to send his faithful steward to Mesopotamia to find a wife for Isaac among the daughters of his brother Nahor. In those days parents claimed the right to advise, and even command, in matters pertaining to courtship and marriage, so that the reader must not think the patriarch was overbearing and unfatherly in choosing a wife for his son. True, young men, at the present day, would stoutly rebel against such interference, and sooner decide to live bachelors than allow even the kindest and wisest of fathers to manage their matrimonial affairs. The fact, however, serves to magnify the good temper and obedience of Isaac, who yielded, as a matter of course, to the proposal of his father.

After suitable preparation, Eliezer, the servant, started upon his important mission. No royal ambassador ever went forth upon a graver errand—to choose a wife for his master's son. When we reflect upon what may be the consequences of a matrimonial alliance, honor and blessing to the parties and their posterity, or sorrow and cursing through successive generations, we may safely assert that Eliezer was charged with a grave and solemn commission. In comparison it is a small consideration to be a minister to the court of St. James, or a bearer of imperial despatches to the Emperor of France. Eliezer so understood it, and his mission was made a subject of prayer. Hear him pray as follows, and notice the remarkable answer:—"O Lord God of my master Abraham, I pray thee, send me good speed this day, and show kindness unto

*Entered according to Act of Congress, by C. STONE, in the year 1858, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

my master Abraham. Behold, I stand here by the well of water; and the daughters of the men of the city come out to draw water; And let it come to pass, that the damsel to whom I shall say, Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink; and she shall say, Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also; let the same be she that thou hast appointed for thy servant Isaac; and thereby shall I know that thou hast shewed kindness unto my master. And it came to pass, before he had done speaking, that, behold, Rebekah came out, who was born to Bethuel, son of Milcah, the wife of Nahor, Abraham's brother, with her pitcher upon her shoulder. And the damsel was very fair to look upon, a virgin, neither had any man known her; and she went down to the well, and filled her pitcher, and came up. And the servant ran to meet her, and said, Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher. And she said, Drink, my lord; and she hasted, and let down her pitcher upon her hand, and gave him drink. And when she had done giving him drink, she said, I will draw water for thy camels also, until they have done drinking. And she hasted, and emptied her pitcher into the trough, and ran again unto the well to draw water; and drew for all his camels."

We need not continue the sacred narrative farther, since the point we design to discuss is brought to view in the words quoted. We have seen the prayer, and the immediate and remarkable answer. Surely, whether it be generally true or not that "matches are made in heaven," we are confident that this was. Rebekah was given to Isaac, for his bride, in direct answer to prayer.

We confess to not a little regret at seeing a beautiful young woman carrying water to the house, and filling troughs for thirsty animals. Were it Abby Kelly Foster, or one of her associate pleaders of "Women's Rights," we should rather enjoy it as a practical application of the principles she has so perseveringly advocated. But that the lovely, chaste, and modest Rebekah, the daughter of a man who was rich enough to have reared her in all the accomplishments of the age, should be found drawing water to supply her father's kitchen,

and Eliezer's camels, would be too much for our sense of propriety to endure, did we not remember that such was the custom of those times. Recollecting this, the service in which she was employed sets off her charming character in brighter colors. It shows that she possessed none of that modern parlor pride which despises necessary and useful labor. She was disposed to do whatever duty required, even carrying water for man and beast. She did not stop to inquire whether it was "genteel" or "fashionable" to perform certain duties — a higher authority than popular customs and fashions controlled her decisions. We have no doubt that she was accustomed to sew, bake, and do, as they say at the intelligence office, "general housework." She was one of those young ladies who never run to the toilet when a caller is announced, lest it should be supposed she was ever employed in the kitchen. It would not have daunted her at all if Isaac himself had caught her in her kitchen apparel, even though he had come as a lover. Highminded, noble girl! It is a mark of thy real goodness of heart, and greatness of mind, to live untrammelled by the silly notions of gentility, and the unreasonable demands of pride! Thy bright example should be held up for imitation by the daughters of every age, and every land!

The present age is distinguished for a form of gentility among females, which treats nearly all necessary and useful labor as degrading. Many daughters are educated into the belief that it is a compromise of female dignity to perform anything that may be called *work*. They may embroider and paint, and perhaps do a little fancy sewing, as a fashionable way of killing time; but a nearer approach to absolute toil would not be lady-like. To bake, wash, darn stockings, or mend a coat, are really vulgar, according to their ideas of high life. If they actually possessed judgment and tact enough to make a pie, or get a dinner, in case of an emergency, it would not do to make it known out of the family circle. For fashionable life demands consummate ignorance of all these things. The young lady would lose caste by publishing abroad her ability to cook. It is this contempt for

housework that renders it almost impossible to obtain domestics except those of foreign birth. Even many of the "common people" cherish similar views, so that their daughters will not consent to serve families in this capacity. They will sew, or knit, for them, dress and rock their infants, and do almost anything except work in the kitchen. We cannot see how it is less degrading to make a dress than a pie for another. Both kinds of labor are necessary, and hence both are truly honorable. A person is just as much a servant in doing one as the other. She *serves* in either relation, and if she only serves *well*, we see not why she is degraded thereby. The work itself does not disgrace her, but incompetency or faithlessness in performing it.

One consequence of such pride is, that a multitude of wives are wholly unqualified to preside over their households. They understand all about the toilet and parlor, but little or nothing about the culinary art and kitchen. They can paint and dress much better than they can cook. Many a man has married a young woman for a "help-meet," but, to his surprise, found that he must employ a domestic to take care of her. Mr. Arthur gives the following fact, which is a good illustration of this point. He says:

"A friend of ours, remarkable for his strong good sense, married a very accomplished and fashionable young lady, attracted more by her beauty and accomplishments than by anything else. In this, it must be owned that his strong good sense did not seem very apparent. His wife, however, proved to be a very excellent companion, and was deeply attached to him, though she still loved company, and spent more time abroad than he exactly approved. But, as his income was good, and his house furnished with a good supply of domestics, he was not aware of any abridgments of comfort on this account, and he therefore made no objection to it.

"One day, some few months after his marriage, our friend, on coming home to dinner, saw no appearance of his usual meal, but found his wife in great trouble instead.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nancy went off at ten o'clock this morning," replied his wife, "and the chamber-maid knows no more about cooking a dinner than the man in the moon."

"Couldn't she have done it under your direction?" inquired the husband very coolly.

"Under my direction? Goodness! I should like to see a dinner cooked under my direction."

"Why so?" asked the husband in surprise. "You certainly do not mean that you cannot cook a dinner."

"I certainly do, then," replied his wife. "How should I know anything about cooking?"

The husband was silent, but his look of astonishment perplexed and worried his wife.

"You look very much surprised," she said, after a moment or two had elapsed.

"And so I am," he answered; "as much surprised as I should be at finding the captain of one of my ships unacquainted with navigation. Don't know how to cook, and the mistress of a family! Jane, if there is a cooking school any where in the city, go to it, and complete your education, for it is deficient in a very important particular."

We need not follow the couple further. Many men have found themselves in this young merchant's condition. Perhaps before they entered into matrimony, their own influence favored this contempt for housework, but a few months of actual experience in this line of ignorance has completely cured them of all such silly notions of gentility. Their eyes are opened to see that it is no more degrading for a wife to understand how to manage her domestic affairs, than for them to be acquainted with their mercantile business. Husbands of wealth and rank attend to their commercial transactions daily, and know just how to direct every clerk and porter in their employ; why, then, should not their wives be so familiar with domestic duties as to know how all kinds of housework should be done? Not that all females should actually engage in such employment; for this is not necessary. But all should know *how* the work of the family should be done, so that if "Nancy goes off before ten o'clock," as she is very likely to

do in these days, their husbands will not be obliged to go without their dinner.

This contempt of labor among females appears to be of modern origin. Our own age is distinguished for it much more than the days of our fathers. If we go back to Grecian and Roman history, we find that in the times of Alexander and the Cæsars, the most honored ladies were acquainted with domestic affairs, and managed their own families. Alexander wore an imperial suit that was wholly wrought by his sisters, whom he loved. He considered the apparel honorable to himself and to them — to him, that he had such sisters, and to them, that they could do such work. Cæsar wore a costly robe and girdle that was made partly by his wife, and wholly under her direction. Collatinus once boasted of the domestic qualities of his wife in the presence of several princes; and a wager was laid that an unexpected visit at night would find her employed with her servants. The visit was accordingly made, late at night, when the wife, Lucretia, one of the most renowned Roman ladies, was found spinning in company with her maids. The wife of Tarquin was equally well known for her domestic character. Long after her death, her spinning implements, and a robe of her manufacture, were hung up in the temple of Fortune, as a memorial of her worth.

It was somewhat so in the early history of our country. Mrs. Washington, the mother of General Washington, always attended to her domestic affairs even in the presence of the most distinguished guests. Lafayette paid her a visit before his departure for Europe in 1784. He was conducted to her mansion by one of her grandsons. "There, sir, is my grandmother," said he, as they approached the house. Lafayette looked up and saw her at work in the garden, "clad in domestic made clothes, and her grey head covered with a plain straw hat, the mother of 'his hero.'" She gave Lafayette a cordial welcome, remarking, "Ah, marquis! you see an old woman — but come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling, without the parade of changing my dress."

Mrs. Martha Washington, the wife of the General, was no less distinguished for her domestic virtues. She could sew,

knit, cook, or do anything else that circumstances required. Mrs. Troupe, the accomplished wife of a captain of the British Navy, once visited her, and she gave the following account of Mrs. W.'s appearance: —

“ Well, I will honestly tell you I was never so ashamed in all my life. You see Madame —, and Madame —, and myself, thought we would visit lady Washington, and as she was said to be so grand a lady, we thought we must put on our best bibs and bands. So we dressed ourselves in our most elegant ruffles, and silks, and were introduced to her ladyship. And don't you think, we found her *knitting, and with a check apron on!* She received us very graciously and easily, but after the compliments were over, she resumed her knitting. There we were without a stitch of work, and sitting in state, but General Washington's lady with her own hands was knitting stockings for herself and husband.” Noble example for a woman of high position to set! In such circumstances, her checked apron was more ornamental than the “ruffles” and “silks” of her fair visitors, and her knitting needles more becoming decorations than a profusion of jewelry.

At the present day, Mrs. Washington would be considered very rude, by many fashionable people. For knitting is decidedly coarse, especially if it be a stocking that is knit, or anything else that is really useful. Some kinds of fancy edging, that approach very nearly to vanity, may be knit with impunity, but a *lady* never lowers her dignity by working on a stocking. Then, too, the deed of knitting, as Mrs. Washington did, in the presence of company, is almost unpardonable. The laws of fashionable life require utter uselessness when visitors are to be entertained; so that she who can most gracefully *do nothing*, at such times, is most of a lady. It was truly fortunate for the wife of the “father of his country,” that her lot was cast in a day when she could be considered a lady. For it is quite doubtful if certain grades of society would now acknowledge her to be such. To them neither mind nor heart makes a lady, if there be the slightest disregard of dress and ceremony. Virtues have little to do with making ladies for these circles, but silks, laces, jewelry, style and artificial airs are indispensable.

Much of the evil discussed arises from this very erroneous idea of what it is to be a lady. The fashionable class, who concede the appellation to none but females of their own type of style and manners, are worshippers of an image of straw. For a woman utterly destitute of high mental and moral qualities may flourish where such gentility controls. We conceive that a lady is one who performs the mission of life most faithfully, wherever it leads her. She may be poor and homely, and wear calico instead of satin, and toil in the kitchen rather than sit in the parlor; but she is nevertheless a lady, since she acts well her part, and treats all persons with kindness and suitable respect. So long as her ear is open to the calls of duty, and her heart to the appeals of humanity, and she walks day by day in the path of usefulness, mingling in social life with that meekness and simplicity which ever wins the love and esteem of associates, she is a lady. Duty may call her into the kitchen as well as the parlor, to cook for her visitors as well as to entertain them, she is a lady in either place, because she discharges her duties with the proper motive and spirit. Rebekah was a lady in this sense. She performed the very humble work of drawing water as one who believed that usefulness is more desirable than position and ease. How lady-like was her language to Eliezer! Indeed, her whole deportment on that occasion was of this character.

That class of daughters to whom we refer, are educated with little regard to USEFULNESS. This idea does not enter, as an element, into their education. Their entire culture is carried on without this consideration. The result is that they grow up with those notions of style and gentility of which we have spoken. Nor is it strange that they become women who seldom or never inquire what is duty. The reader must have observed that there is less true charity, less aim to be useful, among the highly fashionable than any other class. We do not go to them for aid, in case of sickness, misfortune, or other trials, as we do to those of humbler pretensions. Why is this, unless it be the result of that training to which they were subjected from childhood? They never learned that usefulness is a duty, and hence they do not feel under particular obligations to the human family.

How much more beautiful is that spirit which makes USEFULNESS the aim of life ! Behold it in Harriet Newell, Ann Judson, Mary Lyon, and many others ! Contrasted with those females who make the whole of life consist in a certain style of dressing and living, their characters appear truly sublime. Those women lived for something, and so do all others who follow their example. They have the strongest minds and the largest hearts among the sex. They verify the lines :—

“ As the rivers farthest flowing,
In the highest hills have birth ;
As the banyan, broadest growing,
Oftenest bows its head to earth ;
So the noblest minds press onward,
Channels far of good to trace,
So the largest hearts bend downward,
Circling all the human race.”

It becomes daughters to be more useful than ornamental. Ornament has its place in dress and education, but it never supercedes usefulness. We speak now of ornament that comes within the bounds of reason. That kind of ornamental living, which is always found in connection with the parlor-pride discussed, has neither reason nor revelation to sanction it. The best daughters and the best women do not tolerate it.

The more useful a female is, other things being equal, the more charming is her character. A few deeds of mercy contribute essentially to her worth, and when her life is well filled with useful efforts, nothing more is needed for embellishment. She has opened sources of joy and gladness to the needy and helpless, that will flow on when she slumbers in the grave.

A legend says that a hermit once lived in a desert where water was worth more to the thirsty traveller than silver or gold. For a long time the kindness of his heart led him to carry water in a tumbler to strangers as they passed. Many a “ God bless you,” he shared for his cooling draughts. It occurred to him one day, however, that if he should dig a well by the way-side, future travellers could slake their thirst at pleasure, and long after he had gone to his rest, it would con-

tinue to be a literal fountain of good. He accordingly dug the well, and generations after, moving caravans stopped to refresh themselves with its perennial waters. When females imitate the example of the hermit, and live for usefulness, they open deep wells of good, where those that come after them may be refreshed, from age to age.

PARLOR VANITY.

BY E. PORTER DYER.

It grieves me to see how my country's fair daughters
 In thousands of dwellings, are wasting their lives;
 Intent on new fashions, which come o'er the waters,
 As though they were ne'er to be mothers or wives.

Their minds and their hearts, they, instead of enriching
 With knowledge domestic, to fit them for home,
 Devote to their raiment to make them bewitching,
 Or, learning the tinkling piano to thrum.

All night at the dance and asleep all the morning,
 Regardless of knowing to cook or to spin;
 With ribbons and trinkets, their persons adorning,
 How beautiful outward! how EMPTY WITHIN!

But all are not such. In the bloom of true beauty,
 Some maidens, who choose to be useful, there are;
 Whose minds are devoted to wisdom and duty,
 Whose hearts have no fancy for "Vanity Fair."

These scorn the vain folly which loves only pleasure,
 And seeks it in *idleness, fashion and pride*,
 They aim, with good sense, to be skilled in some measure,
 O'er every department of HOME to preside.

I doubt not *that* woman whom Solomon mentions,
 As one of a thousand, was just such a girl,
 Whose youth had a thousand far nobler intentions
 Than merely to sport with a flounce or a curl.

Then mother, thy daughter train up for the coming
 Of all the stern duties of matronly life,
 By something more needful than dressing and thrumming,
 That she may prove *both a good mother and wife*.

LETTER TO A YOUNG MOTHER.

BY MRS. L. C. TUTTILL.

MY DEAR GERTRUDE:—"The sorrows of a poor young mother not yet out of her teens," have touched my heart. Though I find both preface and apology quite clearly made out in my own mind, "diffidence of my own ability, &c., &c.;" I spare you from everything deprecatory and depreciatory, and comply at once with your request—"aid me with your advice." I shall not, however, rely solely upon my own experience, but will summon to your aid the wisdom of the past and the present. As you have not, with your new and pressing cares, leisure for such summing up of evidence as you require, I shall be happy to aid you, and will, beside giving you my own opinions, consult "*authorities*," and, "when found, make a note."

Do not be alarmed at the word education, nor shrink from the responsibility which it involves, when I assure you that the education of your boy is already begun. Although the word is a very comprehensive one, including the whole of intellectual, moral, and physical development and culture, yet, at present, and for some *weeks* to come, physical development alone will claim your attention.

An All-wise Creator has doubtless given to woman the instinct necessary for the care and preservation of her offspring. In a state of barbarism or semi-civilization, instinct prompts to the means and appliances for the health and comfort of the "young barbarians;" their "Dacian mother" has no need to consult books. But instinct seems in a measure superseded or annihilated by a high degree of civilization and refinement, and woman must then become a learner of many things, which otherwise nature would teach.

Hydropathy is just now the rage, and cold water the universal panacea. "The Indian mother washes her babe in the running brook with impunity," says the cold-water advocate, "why should we not follow her example?"

Let the squaw manage her pappoose as nature dictates. Reasoning from analogy is not always safe reasoning ; in this instance it would be simply absurd.

Southey mentions an infant sister who died of hydrocephalus, and attributes it to her having been dipped every morning in the coldest water. "This was done," he adds, "from the notion of strengthening her. The shock was dreadful ; the poor child's horror of it every morning, when taken out of bed, still more so. I cannot remember having seen it without horror ; nor do I believe that, among all the preposterous practices which false theories have produced, there was ever a more cruel and perilous one than this."

Your little one doubtless cried, because the water was too cold, quite as much as because your manipulations were rather awkward. Neither should you go to the other extreme, and have the water too hot.

Another reason the baby had for crying under your inexperienced hands was, because you tried to make him trim and genteel. A genteel baby ! I should as soon think of a genteel lily, or a genteel angel. The sweet, innocent unconsciousness of babyhood, is an antipodal to gentility, as smart red morocco shoes to the picturesque. Do you remember the piece of embroidery we once saw hanging in the parlor of a country inn — the parting of Hector and Andromache ? The loving wife holds a fringed parasol over her head, and the frightened young Astyanax is rejoicing in scarlet morocco boots.

Bear with my honest warmth, dear Gertrude ; many a poor child has suffered torture, and some have lost their precious lives to gratify a mother's vanity. Pressed into a good figure ! As if the Creator did not know what was the best and most beautiful form, for all the purposes of life and health !

It is bad enough, in all conscience, for persons of riper years to be squeezed into the mould of fashion, when their bones and muscles have acquired some power of resistance, but the tender, flexible little infant has no such means of defence against an attack upon the citadel of life.

Pins! do not use such weapons upon the poor baby! Strings, buttons, hooks and eyes, — anything but pins! One large shielded pin is all that you need.

Let his clothes be loose and easy, soft and warm, clean and neat.

It is still the custom in some parts of Europe, to wrap up young infants in tight bandages, although Rousseau and others long since so eloquently attacked the barbarous practice.

Buffon says: "With us (in France) an infant has hardly enjoyed the liberty of moving and stretching its limbs, before it is clapped again into confinement. It is swathed; its head is fixed, its legs are stretched out at full length, and its arms placed straight down by the side of its body! In this manner it is bound tight with clothes and bandages, so that it cannot stir a limb; indeed it is fortunate if the poor thing is not muffled up so as not to be able to breathe."

This bandaging seems quite as severe as that practiced by the Indian mothers upon their papposes, excepting that they bind them upon a *board*, which serves the purpose of bed, cradle, standing-stool, go-cart and baby-jumper.

Soft and warm. You mention the beautiful cap as so becoming to the baby. It is a vain superfluity, my dear Gertrude; he would be much better without it. It only heats and irritates the poor little fellow's head. Besides, his hair will grow much faster without it.

Please lay it down as a principle in the outset, and write it in your "Nursery Journal" (for I advise you to keep such an one), namely, "I will not be led by *maternal vanity* to sacrifice, in any way, the good of my child."

In your care to keep the babe warm, do not muffle him up to the throat, and burden him with many thick garments. The knit, or flannel band, and one flannel petticoat, are sufficient for this season and through the summer. Of course, if the entries of your house are not heated, he will need a flannel blanket around him, when he is taken from the nursery to a distant part of the house. This should be dispensed with as soon as the weather is warm. For the next winter, I must

knit him some little shirts of the fine Saxony yarn, and some soft socks. The socks that you buy are usually ribbed, and so rough as to hurt the tender feet.

Clean and neat. As you choose to have the care of your own infant, I am sure that cleanliness will be among the cardinal virtues of your nursery. By neatness, I mean more than mere freedom from—if I must use the ugly word—sluttishness; and I would include *simplicity*. An infant's clothing should not be rich and elegant; although plain and simple it may yet be in good taste—such exquisite taste as an artist might admire and copy.

I must defer what I have to say of air and exercise, for a future occasion. Affectionately yours.

ECCE HOMO.

BY PROFESSOR H. B. HACKETT.

IN the Picture Gallery of Düsseldorf, one of the choicest pictures is an *Ecce Homo*, (*Behold the man*) with the words underneath in Latin, "All this have I done for thee; what doest thou for me?" The Saviour is represented here as he appeared, when Pilate led him forth to the Jews, in the hope that their hearts would relent at the sight, and that he might thus rescue the innocent sufferer from the last effects of their hatred and rage. The Son of Man stands before them, loaded with chains, yet arrayed in a mock robe, and wearing the crown of thorns, the sharp points of which tear his flesh and cause the blood to flow down his face and arms. It is related that the excellent Zinzendorf, founder of the sect of the Moravians, was deeply affected when his eyes fell upon this picture. He confesses in speaking of the incident, that he found himself unable to give any proper answer to the question, enforced so eloquently by this spectacle of mute sorrow, and that full of remorse and shame he besought the Saviour to draw him by force into deeper fellowship with his sufferings, if his own heart would not freely seek such communion.

GOOD CHILDREN LIVE LONG.

BY REV. HOLLIS READ.

WE say good children live longer than bad ones. By good children we mean the obedient ; for none are good if they are not obedient. Where there is not filial love and obedience, there is certainly no right religious principle and no right views of duty. But what reasons have I to assert that good children will live longer, and not only so, but shall enjoy more of the world while they do live than bad children ?

There is in the first place a general promise to this effect : “The fear of the Lord prolongeth days ; but the years of the wicked shall be shortened.” The maxim is no doubt generally true. For there are, aside from the divine promise, natural principles at work to bring about such a result. Sin contains the elements of death. In it is the seed of destruction — which, when it hath conceived, bringeth forth death. *Sin*, the apostle says, *works death*. Its whole tendency and end is death. It is not only true that death, or final dissolution and misery, is the consequence of sin, but disease and all the preliminary steps of sin are to be traced back to death as their progenitor. God has so formed the laws of nature (of which are the laws of our bodily systems) in accordance with the Divine law. Sin as inevitably does violence to the one as to the other. Sin, therefore, is the great shortener of human life. The greater the sinner the less chance for a long life. Every sin does violence to his nature.

He is, too, more exposed to the *casualties* of life — more in the way of violence and danger — more liable to disease and a premature death than the man who is pursuing the even tenor of a pious life.

There are general principles which, when applied to the case of children and youth, afford a very pleasing confirmation of what I have asserted.

Childhood and youth, we know, are the seasons for laying the foundation of a healthful constitution, a good conscience and a wholesome character ; and these are in turn the best possible securities for a long life. Do you ask what is the

most direct method by which to attain to these essential prerequisites? I hesitate not to say that a neglect of parental instruction and reproof is productive of more evil in these respects than any other, or all other causes together. Parents are the natural guardians of their children, and, though the authors of many foolish things, yet they are the authors of nearly all the good which children may expect to realize. Perhaps nine-tenths of the bad, the feeble constitutions with which many persons are afflicted through life — nine-tenths of the bankrupt characters which work death in the physical as well as in the moral man; may be traced back to some early neglect of precepts and precautions so often inculcated by parents. Or, if these things may not be traced back to a direct violation of parental precept or example, they may be found to originate in habits of inattention and disregard of the counsel of superiors.

It is not too much to say, that the child who does not respect the opinion and improve by the reproof, and obey the precepts of his parents, is, in general, unqualified to meet the ever-varying vicissitudes of life in a manner to secure him against its thousand ills and perils, and to give that peace of mind and stability and purity of character, and that practical wisdom and forethought needful to the comfortable prolongation of life. There is more truth than is generally allowed, and more reason, too, in the assertion: "the wicked do not live out half their days." Nothing is so conducive to health, comfort, and long life as a good conscience, a pure and irreproachable character and the undisturbed flow of the religious affections. Of a pure and undefiled religion the wise man says: "Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left, riches and honors."

And there is not a more effectual way of securing the pearl of great price than by first learning to yield the will to parental rule. The child that has never learned to surrender his will to parental authority, is the last to bow in submission to his God. If he can be ungrateful, unkind, undutiful to his earthly parent whom he hath seen—whose care has been unremitting — whose love has been unabated — if he

have never brought his spirit to bow beneath the visible hand of an earthly parent, how shall he yield to the mandates of a Parent whom he hath not seen. There is indeed but little hope that the disobedient child will ever become the obedient servant of his Divine Master. Nor is there more hope that he will become a good friend, a good neighbor or citizen. He knows not how to *yield*.

And not only will good and obedient children contract habits and form a character, or pursue a course of conduct that shall give a warrant for *a longer life*, but they shall possess more, and enjoy more of this world, while they do live, than generally falls to the lot of the opposite class.

HOME AMUSEMENTS.

BY CAROLA WILDGROVE.

AMUSEMENT is the life of the childish and of the youthful mind; it is the very air which the buoyant spirit breathes, and if it cannot be found at the fire-side, it will be sought elsewhere. Parents, would you restrain your children from the corrupting pastimes of the streets? would you hold them aloof from the debasing scenes of fashionable resort for whiling the hours away? Would you have them keepers at home, evenings? Then surround your fire-side with the invigorating atmosphere of pure and healthy amusements. Study carefully the natures, temperaments, tastes and talents of your children, and arrange a well-chosen system of unobjectionable sports and recreation-hours for your home circle; a system in which physical, mental, moral and spiritual vigor and improvement shall be happily mingled with pleasant relaxation, and be yourselves active participators, as well as judicious controllers. Is exercise needed? Do the flagging energies and drooping spirits demand a reviving? There are innocent plays well suited to awaken feelings of gladness, aye, bursts of joyousness. And who is too old or too grave to engage for an hour in these scenes of recreation, for the children's sake?

Let the holidays of the year be observed with fitting and

well-planned diversions which shall render them sunny hours for your children. By little gifts throughout the home circle, and by innocent festivities, make the birth-days of each, days ever to be fondly remembered. Neglect not to mark each Christmas with its beautiful tree, bearing love's valued presents, with becoming ceremonies. It need not be magnificent or costly to fulfil its sacred mission in your household, that of leading the affections to strike deeper and firmer into the home-soil, and to twine their tendrils more closely from year to year.

Encourage your children to find diversion in their peculiar tastes and talents. Has that boy a mechanical genius? Allow him time to whittle in the corner for his own amusement, if he will only fashion something that bears the semblance of art, and aim at improvement. Commend his efforts and instruct him to the best of your ability. Has that girl a taste for drawing? With slate, or paper and pencil, permit her to try her skill as a source of amusement, point out her faults in attempts at imitation, and note her successive improvements.

Is the country farm-house your home? Avail yourselves of Nature's many proffers to afford your family circle sources of refined amusement. Give your children their flower-plats, their vegetable patches, and their fruit gardens to cultivate and tend themselves. Instruct them in horticulture and agriculture; teach them to be scientific, neat and orderly in all their out-of-door arrangements. Grant them the pleasure of planting their trees and shrubs, of training their vines, and encourage them to assist you in ornamenting your grounds, in dotting them over with evergreen bowers, with graceful clumps of shrubs, and with fruitful orchards, and to beautify them with smiling parterres of soft-tinted flowers.

Suggest to them to collect a cabinet of natural curiosities; (everything in Nature, however common, is curious and wonderful.) Assign them a place in some corner of your house, as theirs, for a museum, and as far as you are able, explain to them the properties of each object in their collection. Direct their attention to the individual beauties and peculiarities of the unnumbered varieties of flowers and foliage; propose to

them to collect and press every species of leaf and blossom, within their range. The preparation and neat arrangement of leaf and flower herbariums, the orderly labelling each page therein, and each object in their museum will afford them instructive amusement for long winter evenings or summer holidays. Select for them books of Natural History, which shall divert and instruct by interesting descriptions and explanations of the familiar objects in Nature's kingdom. Give them their pets among the animals of your farm, and the fowls of your poultry-yard, which they may particularly watch over and appropriately train; for there is much amusement to be found in the company, study and teaching of animals.

Neglect not to entertain beneath your roof that sweet solace of care and weariness, Music; give her a prominent sphere, and let her influence pervade the every-day life of your household. Let her notes be warbled by the fire-side voices, and drawn in unison from some sweet-toned instrument.

In your children's studies diffuse a proper amount of the right kind of emulation; then, as they together ponder over the dry theories of grammar, trace their geographical routes, pursue the pages of history, dwell upon the wonderful principles of philosophy and chemistry, or solve the problems of arithmetic and algebra, the hours will flit by as a pleasant pastime. Under the spell of this same spirit of unselfish, affectionate emulation, the still higher departments in mathematics, and the labyrinthine walks of metaphysics, will become to them favorite resorts.

As your children advance in years and in study, they may have their Reading Circles and their Literary Societies, their Music Clubs and their Art-Unions, their Benevolent Circles, too, all at your own fire-side, under your own direction, and in each, all the usual forms of a regularly organized society may be observed. They will be on a small scale, it is true, yet the great principles may all be embodied, and there will be the important advantage of happily mingling amusement and improvement at home, in the dearest and pleasantest of all circles.

They may hold their meetings for advancing and compar-

ing the numerous ideas of different authors, treating of the same subject, whose works they have severally read,—and may have their assemblings, when audible reading for the purpose of practicing, criticising and improving their elocutionary powers, shall be the chief exercise. Home, too, may have its Literary Circle, at whose meetings may be offered orations, declamations, recitations of poetry, essays and papers, and with whose exercises may be mingled discussions of various questions and select readings. It may have its Music Clubs, whose performances may waken praise and gladness in every heart, even if they are not sufficiently classical to prove unexceptionable to the nicely-trained ear. It may have its Art Unions in which the skilful productions of the pen, the pencil, the brush, the scissors and the needle, and even the boy's jack-knife, may find a place. And it may have its Charity Meetings, where the hands and hearts of all are employed for the relief of the poor and the suffering.

To these various home pleasures may be added, at proper times, sails, excursions, rambles, drives, and feats of equestrianism, all calculated to invest home with new charms, and to add new ties to bind the spirit there.

Let such a system of amusements be introduced into an otherwise happy and well-disciplined family, and at once the fire-side will be invested with new and almost sacred charms; there will be a strong spell at the hearth-stone, which must be rudely broken ere there can be a wandering to vice. Let it be adopted in any family, and a new spirit will reign within, a new atmosphere will be breathed, and new life will be enjoyed.

Are there offered as objections to such a system, that it would make too large draughts upon your own and your children's time; that it is too extensive and too expensive? In answer to the time-objection, have you not leisure moments, and hours less profitably employed than they would be in these recreation-exercises at your hearth-stones? Can you not devote such hours to so laudable a purpose,—one which will not only largely conduce to the happiness and improvement of your children, but also to your own? And do not they spend hours in indolence, in mere idle play, or in random efforts that

accomplish nothing? Appropriate only these to the amusements suggested, and you will find time is not wanting.

Is the system too extensive? It is not all beyond your reach; some portions of it, at least, may be available to all; and when once entered upon, you will be surprised to find so much that can be so easily adopted. Do you say your education is too limited for the literary portion? You can certainly encourage and cheer by your presence, and you are never too old to learn; from your children's amusing literary exercises you may derive much improvement. But the thousands of liberally educated parents, who read these pages, cannot offer this objection; you can ably carry out the whole system in your families; and may not time be profitably subtracted from that devoted to genteel calls, fashionable parties and social visiting, for allotment to your children's proper amusements?

Is the system too expensive? Does it really cost more thus to keep your children neat, orderly and happy at home, than to search for them in the street, mend and replace their torn garments, attempt to mend their tattered morals and vicious habits, and perhaps oftentimes open your purse to defray bills presented for their mischievous injuries to your neighbor's property? Cost more than to bind up their numerous wounds and bruises, pay the physician, and yourselves watch over them in fits of sickness incurred by careless exposure, when they run at large in search of amusement?

But suppose such a system really does cost more dollars and cents, can you not afford it for a *happy home*? Is any other luxury equal to it? As your children grow up, bound to their home and to each other by a pure, a holy love — as they go out into the world to be useful members of society, and as they act their part amid life's stern realities, preserving their principles firm, and their morals uncorrupted, will you not feel amply repaid, and more than repaid, when they point back to their childhood's home as the dearest of all places, the spot around which the fondest affections twine, and the most hallowed associations linger? When they declare it the port from which they started for heaven, fully prepared for life's voyage, and felt its favoring winds in every sail, will not your joy be beyond measure?

Seek, then, to adopt at your fire-side, amusements pervaded by a heavenly influence, for they will prove powerful agents in rendering your retreat a *happy home*; one whose influences acting through life with full force, shall be sacredly cherished by each wandering member, and whose strength of attraction shall constantly increase in a multifold ratio.

A BEAUTIFUL SOUL.

EDITORIAL.

A beautiful face has a wonderful charm
 To thousands who think not of worth;
 In street and in court where multitudes swarm,
 For the pleasures or business of earth;—
 But away with the spell, whoever thou art,
 Nor yield to its witching control,
 Choose rather the maid of an amiable heart,
 The girl with a beautiful soul.

Let fashion set off the personal grace,
 With the style and trappings of wealth;
 Silks, satins, and plumes, ruche, flowers and lace,
 To improve the rose-tint of health;
 With jewels and pearls from lands far away,
 Where the waters of Amazon roll,
 Still, fairer than she, we exultingly say,
 Is the girl with a beautiful soul.

A temper both mild and sweet as a dove's,
 And hands ever ready to do;
 Affection that glows on the cheek, and loves
 All things that are noble and true;
 With a heart to deeds of piety given,
 For a mission to either pole;
 With the eye of faith on the goal of heaven,—
 Are the crown of a beautiful soul.

With these in the heart of the dutiful maid,
 To render her life's journey bright;
 Her way is calm as a rill in the glade,
 And her path a pathway of light;—
 And when she reclines in her final sleep,
 And the living her death-knell toll,
 She'll ascend with the just to God — and sweep
 The harp of a beautiful soul.

TEARS.

EDITORIAL.

“Hide not thy tears; weep boldly — and be proud
To give the flowing virtue manly way;
'Tis nature's mark to know an honest heart by.”

Who has not shed a tear? Go ask the proudest and the humblest of the human family, the king on his throne and the beggar in his rags, and no tearless one can be found. Somewhere, some time, and for some reason, all have wept. A traveller, walking through the streets of a foreign city, thousands of miles from his home, saw a poor woman weeping on some steps, and he involuntarily exclaimed, “Do they weep here?” Perhaps everything around him presented so wide a contrast with the objects of his native place, that he thought tears were not shed there. But a glance at the weeping woman reminded him of home. There was one thing in that far-off land which he had seen in the land of his birth — tears.

Another traveller, as he was passing through the churchyard of Ekinnskoy, saw a new-made grave. An aged woman was kneeling beside it, with her head laid thereon; also, a middle-aged female, with her pallid lips touching the consecrated earth, while three sweet children were around them, the eldest prostrate upon the ground. All were weeping. Yes! tears were shed in that dark land, whither the missionary had gone to tell of Jesus, who also “wept.” The traveller went home, and wrote as follows: “I looked on at a distance, for I had no mind to disturb the sorrow of which I partook. How universal the true feelings of nature! I was surprised to meet here such an exhibition of those feelings; but why surprised? True, they were poor — they were rude, and slaves, perhaps; but had they not spirits like me, to feel and suffer; had they hearts less warm, feelings less acute, than mine? I was ashamed of my surprise.” Ah, yes! tears fall in every land, for God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth. It is a small sign of their common origin and humanity — a sly proof of the unity of the human race.

Truly there is much in tears — history, philosophy, eloquence, theology. They are the language of the heart, when deep, unutterable woe holds the tongue in silence. A man who never wept ! Turn his heart inside out, and behold that he is not a man — he is a monster. Tears are a sign of humanity, and he who never shed them is not human.

No land where tears are not shed ! Yes, there is such a blessed land. It is a bright bourne whence no traveller desires to return. Faith has caught enchanting glimpses of that “better country,” and weary pilgrims have sighed for its sorrowless abode. Abraham saw it, in his day, and rejoiced. Moses saw it, and his heart was full. David saw it, and exclaimed, “Oh that I had wings like a dove ! for then would I fly away and be at rest !” Paul saw it, and said, “For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” John saw it in vision from lonely Patmos, and heard a voice saying, “And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”

Who would not go, at death, to a tearless world ? He who never wept on earth is a monster — he who never weeps beyond the tomb is a Christian.

THE HOME OF JESUS.

BY REV. WM. PHIPPS.

Continued from Page 309.

BUT we pass to another incident in the history of the Saviour, that should ever be united in the closest connection with the remembrance of Olivet. It was the *place to which the Saviour retired, when he had instituted that ordinance which commemorates his death.* The Garden of Gethsemane is understood to mean “the valley of oil,” or the place of the oil-presses. It was on that part of the Mount of Olives which was situated nearest to the city of Jerusalem, and, perhaps, was so named because the olives were most abundant there, and of course a thicker shade would be afforded, which might have seemed more desirable to the Saviour, in the chill and

dampness of the night, and in his present state of mind. He had not gone up to the summit to look downward to the city, on which his eye had so often rested when he had visited this place ; but he chooses a more retired and sheltered part, from whence he might look upward to heaven, and seek communion with his Father, in such an hour of agony as was now before him. When the sorrow "even unto death" was now bringing its heavy tide upon his soul, where should he go, but to his accustomed closet, — the dark shade of the old olives ? Though it were in the chill of the night, and so cool that the hardy Roman soldiers, a little time after, needed a "fire to warm themselves," yet Jesus must go to his place of prayer. There he intercedes, prostrate, at a little distance from his disciples. He prays that "If it were possible" the cup might pass from him ; — "nevertheless," he reflects, "if this cup may not pass from me except I drink it, thy will be done." "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." In his agony, mysterious help from heaven is sent to strengthen him ; — an "angel" bears a balm to his soul, and now he is prepared for the worst.

Who can forget thee, O ! Garden of the Mount, that didst witness that strange, that bitter part of the work, by which, alone, a fallen race could be redeemed, — tears and agony, and blood starting at every pore ! And, oh ! that this were all ! But no : there is yet another circumstance which marks the Mount of Olives as a place never to be forgotten.

There the *Saviour of the world was betrayed into the hands of his enemies*. For three years had the vile traitor been permitted to enjoy the company of Jesus, to witness his miracles, to hear his instructions in public, and to listen to those most interesting private conversations which he had often held with his disciples. Even in this very retreat, he had often accompanied the Redeemer. He knew that Jesus loved that spot, and he could readily tell where he might find him, when his business in Jerusalem was finished for the night. The hour had passed on, since he himself suddenly withdrew from the scenes of that "upper chamber," and, in all probability, Jesus is no longer there. He therefore leads the armed band directly towards the Mount, and enters the shady garden upon

its lower side, in search of his Master. Soon his eye strikes the object of his desire, as the moon, (which was always full at the time of the Passover) shed its pale light through the branches of the olives, and aided him in his search. Without waiting for any call from his Master, he approaches him, as a familiar friend. And now, the sign is given to the enemies of Jesus ; — it was but the work of a moment, — and the Saviour is betrayed. He is led forth by the soldiers, to the custody of them who had sent to take him ; but be it never forgotten, that He went to the “judgment hall,” from his *accustomed place of prayer*.

The scenes of that awful Thursday night cast a gloom forever over the remembrance of the Mount of Olives, and yet, who would ever forget it ? The Christian will choose to remember the trials through which his Saviour passed, — suffering for him ; yes, and the sinner, under the light of the gospel, may strive in vain to blot out all remembrance of “*gloomy, sad Gethsemane*,” where the same Redeemer agonized to save his soul.

But there is yet another incident connected with the remembrance of the Mount of Olives. The Saviour is condemned by his unjust and cruel judges, and, on the morning following his arrest, he is led away to be crucified. He dies, and is laid in the tomb ; but the bands of death cannot long retain him. He soon lives again, and returns to the bosom of his disciples to comfort them, and instruct them still farther in the things that pertain to his kingdom. Forty-three days from the time of his arrest in the garden, on the side of Olivet, he stands once more with the “*eleven*,” (for Judas had gone “to his own place”) on the very mount which had been, so long before his death, the chosen place of his resort, for such purposes as we have already named. Here, as he holds his last personal interview with his disciples, — while pronouncing upon them his parting blessing, he rises from the earth, in their full view, and leaves them to follow him with their sight, till he passes the region of the clouds, where he disappears. They look with astonishment, but he returns to them no more. Suddenly, “while they were looking

steadfastly toward heaven, behold two men stood by them in white apparel, which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus who is taken up from you, shall so come again in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." "Then returned they *from the mount called Olivet*, which is from Jerusalem a Sabbath day's journey."

What other spot on the earth can have so many sacred associations clustering around its remembrance, as the Mount of Olives? Yet, adore not the mount, but let its name be the key that will open to you, at once, the remembrance of the Saviour, in some of those most lovely attitudes in which he was ever exhibited, while he abode among men. Mount of Olives! It was there that he enjoyed his private devotions,—holding his most precious interviews with his Father in heaven; and where, dear reader, is the place that answers the same purpose to you, as the Mount of Olives did to Jesus?

Here, too, we can fix upon the place where Christ and his disciples enjoyed the sweetest communion with each other. Here he revealed to them such things as the world knew not of. Here he suffered for the world the bloody agony; and here he was strengthened by the angel, to fulfil the great work which he had undertaken. And when it was accomplished, he ascended up from hence, "To his Father and our Father, to his God and our God," "leading captivity captive and giving gifts unto men."

But while the mention of the Mount of Olives leads the *Christian* to the meditation of the Saviour, in some of those circumstances in which, perhaps, he is too frequently forgotten, what should be the result of such a remembrance upon the impenitent sinner? Reader, if you are such, let me affectionately ask you, to go and view the Saviour, as he wrestles all night in prayer for a guilty world. See him, as he lies prostrate on the cold mount, in that dreadful night of his agony, pleading to be strengthened to endure the bitter cup of scorn, — of crucifixion and death, in order that you might be saved; and then say, "Is it nothing to *you*, all ye that pass by?"

The very remembrance of the Saviour's chosen place of resort, while he continued "A Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," must bring up, in the world of the lost, the most unwelcome associations, and be the means of the deeper misery of those who rejected his work and spurned his love. The very associations of Olivet will be as the flames which memory shall kindle upon them, in that world, where, the Saviour says, "The fire shall never be quenched."

While a proper remembrance of the Saviour will profit you, regard him no longer as "A root out of dry ground." Behold his loveliness and purity, his condescension and power, and his willingness to "Save even to the uttermost, all who come unto God by Him." Receive him now, as the portion of your soul, and he will receive you, to dwell with him forever, in the celestial home.

PROVIDENCE.

BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

SOME months since the great heart of two mighty nations, proud of the achievements of progressive science and enterprise, throbbed with disappointment at the announcement that the cable of the Atlantic Telegraph had parted. Some lamented, while others said cheerily, try again, success is sure at last. True it is, in every great enterprise, that success is usually gained through the teachings of experience derived from mistakes and failures.

Such is human wisdom; but not such is Divine wisdom. There is a cable formed by the great Architect of heaven and earth, in the construction of which there is no mistake, no failure in its application to the purposes for which it is designed.

Two continents there were, wide, very wide asunder. A gulf, dark, fathomless, immeasurable, stretched between. On the one side of this gulf were holiness, and life, and heaven; on the other, were sin, and death, and hell. No bridge had ever spanned it, no cable had ever been stretched across it. True, the fallen sons of light, hurled from their seats in glory

had sunk into the depths of this fearful gulf, and reached its farther shore; but from that fearful abode of outer darkness no fallen spirit had ever returned.

At last there came a time when the question was asked in heaven, can this mighty gulf be spanned? Can a communication be opened between the kingdom of darkness and the kingdom of light? Can the subjects of the former kingdom, the heirs of sin and hell, pass over the fearful gulf, and become heirs of holiness and glory? Can there be a cable, the one extreme of which shall be made fast to the shores of the lake of fire, while the other is linked to the throne of God, a cable over which shall pass God's messages of love and mercy to the lost, and which shall be to the redeemed a highway of holiness, spanning the fearful gulf? When these questions were asked the highest archangel dared not answer them, but veiled his face while he responded, "Oh Lord, holy and true, thou knowest."

Looking at the providence of God as it relates to the individual, how complete and perfect is the wonderful work we behold. That providence finds him a slave of sin, an heir of hell; but he need not fear to trust his all to the cable which spans the fearful gulf between him and heaven. It is perfect in its workmanship, perfect as he who formed it. It will never part in mid ocean. The Almighty Architect well knew that all the strength and skill, all the malice and cunning of the powers of darkness would be employed to part it, but he has made it strong enough to defy all their strength and malice.

The main strand of this cable is God's wonderful work of providence in the redemption of his Son; but there are many minor strands, each one of which has its place and purpose. How sweet to be assured that the minutest strand of this cable has been carefully planned and woven by the infinitely wise Architect. If it were not so, there might be weakness somewhere. In the hour of direst peril the cable might break asunder, and those who had trusted their all to it might find their dearest hopes wrecked forever. But the great Architect will never trust the minutest portion of this work to the skill and wisdom of another.

And yet, dear reader, have you never wished to take into your own hands the weaving of some of these strands? The patriarch Jacob would once gladly have done so. Had he wove that strand, beloved Joseph had never been sold into Egypt. It is only a trifle, you sometimes say, when you would mend the work of the infinitely wise Disposer of events. Ah! there are no trifles in God's plan. The fall of a sparrow and the fall of a kingdom are alike woven into this cable of providence.

A little boy received a present of a small book, bound in red cloth, containing texts of Scripture. One day this little book fell out of his pocket. True, he mourned the loss, but was it not a very little thing? If it was a part of the great cable, was it not an infinitely small strand? Might it not have been left out and no harm have accrued? Ah, no, no!

There lived on a wild common a wretched woman of notoriously bad character. She breathed the atmosphere and spoke the language of the pit. She was rough and violent in speech, wild and untamed in conduct—a smoking firebrand, already half consumed. But this wondrous cable was to come even within her reach, and the little red book was its first link. Her little boy saw it, as it lay by the roadside, picked it up, and carried it home. The mother read it. The Spirit enlightened her understanding and opened her heart to receive its truths, and the lion became a lamb. Her minister found her on a sick bed, gentle, patient, and resigned, with the precious book under her pillow. Soon after, she died the triumphant death of the believer.

Unbelieving one! never again say, "I would weave just one little strand for myself. Here is a portion woven of tears and disappointed hopes. I would not have it there. Here is a mysterious knot. I do not understand its use. Let it be taken out." Ah! beware. Rejoice rather, that the smallest strand of that cable is woven by Infinite Wisdom. His work is perfect. There is not a sigh, not a tear, not a disappointed hope, not a bleeding affection, not a joy, not a sorrow, woven into it that can be spared.

CALL MY FATHER.

BY META LANDER.

In the midnight, lone and dreary,
Late I sought my tearful bed,
Worn with watching, sad and weary,
Sought to rest my throbbing head.

Yet the while my heart was weeping,
Burdened with its sorrow deep,
O'er my child kind friends were keeping
Vigils in her death-like sleep.

Suddenly a voice is falling
On my listening, anxious ear,
Still again—that plaintive calling,—
'Tis my darling's voice I hear.

“Father! father! call my father!”
From her eager lips escapes,
“Call him quick, O call him louder,”
Now my soul within me leaps.

All my heart to her outgushing,
Longing to dispel each fear;
Quickly to her side I'm rushing,
Precious one! thy father's here.

She would have her “father hold her,”
Fainting, weary and oppressed,
Have my tender arms enfold her,
Seeking thus for quiet rest.

With a love past all expressing,
Then I held my gentle dove,

Fondly to my bosom pressing,
Soothing her with words of love.

In a low voice softly singing
To my wasting, drooping child,
While to her my heart was clinging,
In its anguish, vain and wild.

As I rocked her, silent praying
That she might have quiet rest,
Gentle Day came softly raying,
In his golden drapery drest.

Sad, O sad to thee that dawning!
Wasted, weary, sick and wan —
But, my child, another morning
Shall look in and find thee gone,

Where a tenderer Father holds thee
On his kind and gentle breast,
Where a stronger arm enfolds thee,
In thy calm and placid rest.

There, my darling, may I meet thee,
At the setting of Life's sun,
There, my love, in rapture greet thee,
Fought the fight, the victory won.

Then once more, with fond caressing,
I shall press thee to my heart;
Happy meeting! sweet the blessing!
Meet we there no more to part.

THE WIFE'S LEGACY.

BY REV. C. F. FOSTER.

ACHERIUS was born without a heart. Call it allegory, if you will, but let the lesson which it conveys be an actuality. Rumor was busy at the dawn of the child's existence; for, somehow the world seemed to be soon aware of his imperfect organization. His early life was one of strange insensibility. In his infancy and boyhood he never heeded the tokens of parental love which were lavished upon him: he seemed to lack the instinct by which the child turns to father or mother in preference to all others: nothing but an object of earnest desire could induce him to approach the hand that would

caress him ;—in short, his attachments were void of affection, and existed only so long as they would subserve his present wants. The physical and intellectual parts of this strange being were developed in their natural order, but without the attendance of the purely emotional, which in other cases is manifest at the earliest age, and is interwoven in every fragment of the human organization. Philosophers prophesied a great man,—a man of a mind which would never be biased by inferior considerations,—a man in whom reason would attain a glorious triumph over passion. Perhaps he would be a second edition of that Brutus who sacrificed his sons at the shrine of civil justice. Wonder-struck nurses and antiquated dames, said that such a prodigy must necessarily be of short duration, and some even hinted that it might be the maternal duty to strangle the child in its infancy. Whether this sage advice would have ultimately prevailed is uncertain, but as it commonly happens, Providence retained the business of life and death in its own hands, and the mother died, while the child lived. So in spite of the speculations of people in general, Achierius waxed strong, and gradually outgrew all prejudices and suspicions as he outgrew his infant robes. Indeed, like those who are endowed with an uncommon keenness of one sense, as a reparation for the loss of another, his corporeal and mental growth seemed to exceed that of others of his age ; and at four, he presented the phenomenon of a chubby, rosy-cheeked boy, very precocious, but without a heart. It was evident, too, that he was wholly unconscious of any imperfection in his wonderful self, and hence those friends who knew or suspected it, were very careful not to mention it in his presence. Once in a while, to be sure, the secret came near being out. For instance, when he was left alone one day with a maiden relative, who was just peeping over the shady side of forty, into the secluded domain of hopelessness, and who had disposed of the most of her stock of companionableness in trade with transient beaux of the last generation, she could not help looking at him while at play, and exclaiming from the fullness of her heart, ‘ poor fellow :’ — which expression, Achy catching with characteristic quickness, immediately de-

manded who it was that was 'poor,' and could not be appeased with anything short of a falsehood from his unlucky sympathizer.

Now, of all difficulties, it is the hardest to bring up a child in ignorance that he is different from everybody else. Indeed, there will nearly always be carping matrons, and injudicious friends to make the revelation. But in this case it was otherwise. Nature herself apparently soon healed the wound which she had left bare at first; so that those who had not closely observed Acherius before his tenth year, would not have suspected after that period that he was an anomaly. The process by which he became assimilated to perfect humanity is easily and logically conceived. He possessed a superior intellect. Obedience to solemn convictions of rational claims became habitual. As the mind expanded, it prejudged everything. Nothing was undertaken impulsively or rashly. A matter of duty with him was often considered and executed, like a bargain which the world drives in dollars and cents. Nor was Acherius devoid of conscience. It was the cordial nature that was wanting. If conscience said 'do this,' it was law, provided the affections were not involved in the command. So the heartless boy was obedient; the heartless youth was kind,—but never confiding and affectionate. Companions learned to seek him as a play-thing to be thrown aside in a moment and forgotten; not as a lamb to be folded to the bosom in the hours of social sympathy and enjoyment.

As years passed, the intellect ripened. He learned with uncommon facility. His whole tendency was intellectual. To study, to labor, to visit, to be idle, were subjects to be committed to the judgment alone. They involved a question of personal profit or loss. By observation, he learned that certain social qualities are requisite for success in any department of life. He therefore associated with people, as a course of good policy.

At last, a test for Acherius came. The subject, the most important, agitated the community where he dwelt. Religious emotion was extensively called forth. With others, he attended the place of prayer. Strange as it may seem, he too,

became interested. He reasoned himself into the conviction of duty. The question now with the little circle of friends who had witnessed his early peculiarities, was, — ‘can he proceed further?’ It seemed impossible, since true piety finds its seat in the deepest of emotions, love to God. Let us observe the sequel. Acherius became gloomy. People said he was thoughtful. He had clothed his imagination with a thousand horrors connected with the future. He had drawn a dark veil all around himself. He prayed. He rose from his knees a new man. At least, so most people believed; so he believed. He drew back the curtain in which he had involved himself, and the return of light contented him. He had succeeded in believing that he *ought* to be penitent, he *ought* to be trustful and loving, and duped with the belief, he passed on thinking he had felt every genuine emotion.

It was but a few years after this irritation of the pericardium which had so imperfectly performed the office of the heart, that Acherius lost his father. But before leaving the world the parent revealed to the child what he had never before known, and what perhaps he never would have known, if he had not thus learned it from one who had seen his early development. Acherius’ intellect had accomplished much for him. He was now in a prominent and influential position. His ambition craved more, and his progress seemed to be still upward. He had gained admirers, not friends.

“My son,” said the father, on his dying bed, “you are about to lose me. It will affect you but little. You may convince yourself that you ought to weep; but you will mourn as the child mourns when they take away its toys. There will be no broken bond of filial love. You have no heart, no sympathetic affection for your kind. You are not cruel; education has prevented this; — but you, alas! are heartless.”

It was as the father had predicted. Acherius realized the truth of those parting words. He followed the dead to its last resting place, a superficial mourner. At the grave he stood revealed to himself. He could now account for much that had often come to him like the shadow of a suspicion. Then, as he began to study himself, he began also to appreciate the extent of his deficiency. Is there no remedy? He resorted

to seclusion for a while, but this could not repair the difficulty. This cut him off from every means of social improvement. Something whispered to him, 'secure a heart, a loving, trusting heart, from the world around: seek the domestic circle, perhaps even there you may find what you desire. Imagination may work the miracle of joy, which blessed you once before for a moment.' In the circle of gay acquaintances which surrounded him, was one abundantly worthy of the most devoted attachment and love which the human soul can bestow on any earthly object. Peithia was an orphan, bereft of her parents at an early age, and thrown upon the cold world with nothing to take off its chill, but a fortune. This served to gather around her plenty of fawners, — a few faithful ones. But not by intercourse with such, had she cultivated that warm heart which she possessed. She had held frequent communion with Heaven. Her Saviour was there. And there was that almost ideal mother, whose love had been the habitual nutriment of her thoughts. She had remembrance, though faint, of a soul-beaming eye, — of a face lovely, and yet so sad and wan, — of days of sickness and confinement in a dark room, — of a loving kiss upon her own trembling lips, — and then of that cold hand which she had touched with her own at the grave. Peithia's nature was all affection, and it was no difficult transfer from a glimmering spectral object of memory, to the handsome, manly form which she met every day. She came to love Acherius deeply. He knew it, and sighed when alone, to think that the affection could not be reciprocated. Yet no one, to observe him, would deem his fondness feigned. No one would suppose that there was so much of calculation in all his conduct.

The deed was done, and a loving heart and an assenting mind were formally united at the altar. Was there domestic joy from such a union? Yes, Peithia was happy for a time, to be always near him whom she had promised to cherish. But not so with Acherius. He found that his last resort had failed. Even the loving wife, and the domestic hearth could not awaken affection in one who was utterly heartless. He reproached the angel who ministered to him, because she

could not teach him a kindred love. He shunned her society. He visited the gambling-table, the ale-house, and other scenes of dissipation. He became a monster,—an out-cast from every heart but Peithia's. How could it be, that when at last worn down with grief and anxiety, she plead for one look of kindness, and their first-born stretched forth her tiny hands toward the wayward father, that father turned away!

There was another death-scene for the wretched man. Sunset shadows glimmered on the chamber wall, and then faded forever from the sight of Peithia, and with them were fading also all else earthly. "Come to the bed-side, Acherius," whispered the dying wife, "I have a word to say before I die. Stoop low, that I may touch you with my lips." The husband obeyed as if mechanically; and, with her lustrous eyes fixed in their last gaze, she murmured something of a 'lost heart,'—of a 'last bequeathal,'—and of a 'motherless babe.' His lips touched hers. A momentary pang rent his bosom. He sank upon the bed, and the hot tears fell thick upon the corpse before him. He had at last obtained a heart, but O! at what a sacrifice! Now, there was a true mourner in that chamber. 'Seek not, bereft one, to call back the emancipated spirit of her who has gone. It would change thee to a demon again. There is another object for thy new-born affection. Yes! there is another Peithia, to love, to cherish, to bless.'

But the father must suffer one more pang; he must experience one more bereavement, that the cup of affliction may be drained, and that the new-found heart may know its full capacity for sorrow. The grave opens again, and the child rests once more upon the bosom of its mother.

Many years have passed, and the poor, and the desolate, and the sorrow stricken, speak of a dear friend who so kindly administers to their wants,—of a white-haired old man, who has long drawn out his declining years in acts of charity and love,—who weeps with those who weep, and who is a herald of joy to many a lonely habitation. And as he makes his frequent pilgrimage to the silent church-yard, and sits by a grass-grown grave, while he deciphers with his fingers the simple word "Peithia," he remembers *her legacy*, and longs for the

time when he shall be once more in her presence, — a perfect being.

Is this a fancy sketch? Are there not those who never go beyond a cold, calculating charity, a superficial friendship, a politic love? And does not affection sometimes seem to fill in the bosom, that place which was before vacant, and reproduce, if not create, a living sympathy for others?

“NO CURE FOR THE HEARTACHE.”

BY GENEVA.

No *cure* for the *heartache*! Listen! Do you see yonder those delicate little forms, fragile as the May flowers? Do you see the sorrow in those dark eyes as they timidly look up into your face? Do you note the broad expansive brow, those clustering curls shading the blue veined temples? The garb of mourning that adds strange interest to each pale little face!

Willie and Fanny May! Your minister's orphans! Do you remember their father? His faithful ministry, his earnest words of solemn entreaty, his gentle tones of consolation, his sympathy and love. Do you remember how he toiled on in the midst of discouragement? How he bore with uncomplaining meekness the harsh words of the fault-finding and the bitter words of the curious?

Do you remember those precious seasons of grace, when his faithful efforts were so blessed of God, when many came to Christ, your own children among the number?

And oh, do you remember the sorrow you felt when it was said his work was done, and he left his young wife and little ones to obey the glad call “Come up higher?” Do you remember your promise and care for that smitten little flock left so sadly desolate? For years the frail young widow has toiled on amid winter's snows, beneath summer's sun, alone, trying to lead her little ones in their father's steps, and to educate her little flock. And now her hands are folded in very weariness. Stern poverty hath come at last and the

group are desolate indeed. And all these years *you* have forgotten them! Wealth has increased. Your ships whiten the ocean — your goods and merchandise — your houses and lands! Thus you talk! Yet you complain of the *heartache*, of ennui, of listlessness and cares! Oh, fling aside that robe of selfishness! Clasp lovingly to your heart those shrinking little forms, so unfit to breast the cold winds of the world's charity! What has a Christian to do with *self*? Did thy Master think of this in Gethsemane, on Calvary? No *cure* for the heartache! Speak words of gentleness to the sorrowing orphans! Wipe away the tears from the widow's sad eyes! Tell her of Jesus' love and care and tender pity; tell her to hope on, to look up! She shall not labor in vain. A friend shall be hers to counsel, direct, and aid!

No cure for the *heartache*! Oh Christian reader! the Master's heart was heavy! Jesus wept! but it was for others' woe! Go thou and do *likewise*!

THE SILKEN BRAID.

BY P——.

I have a braid — a silken braid
 Of softest flaxen hair,
 With clasp which part of gold is made,
 And part a jewel rare;
 They say the gold is thrice refined,
 And costlier far the gem,
 And yet the simple lock they bind
 I value more than them.

And I have, ah, me! how little priz'd,
 Of all my cherished things,
 Hid in my bosom's deepest nook,
 A heart of passion's strings:
 I have — no, no; I have it not —
 It once was in that cell,—
 But now I fear 'tis flown away,
 Whither — I may not tell.

CHILD'S DEPARTMENT.



THE LLAMA.

BY REV. E. PORTER DYER.

The modest gentle Llama,
The beast which here you see,
Is found in South America
A useful beast to be.

He seems the new world's camel,
His flesh is good for food,
He carries burdens o'er the hills,
Where horses never could.

He climbs the lofty Andes, —
And from his hair or wool,
They spin and weave rich cloth for dress,
Both beautiful and cool.

Quite temp'rate is the Llama,
He drinks no costly wines,
Yet bears great loads of silver ore
From Cerro Pasco's mines.

There is no beast of burden,
More useful or more true,
Than the gentle patient Llama is,
The Llama of Peru.

So be you children, gentle,
Be patient as you can,
And toil for God as faithfully
As Llama toils for man.

'Tis God who feeds and clothes you,
O learn, betimes, his ways,
And let your youthful love to Him
Break forth in songs of praise.

BOYHOOD OF GOOD MEN.

SAMUEL BUDGETT.

EDITORIAL.

A few years since a rich merchant died in England, mourned by thousands who knew his worth. It was Samuel Budgett. On the day of his funeral, the shops in Kingswood were closed, and business ceased as generally as on Sunday. Hundreds of people assembled along the streets, to follow the remains of the good man to the tomb. Said a stranger to a thoughtful looking man in the crowd, "This is a remarkable funeral." "Yes, Sir, such a one as we never had in Kingswood before." After a pause, he added, "the best man in Kingswood has gone to-day." Said the same stranger to another person, "Mr. Budgett has been an important man in the neighborhood," "In the neighborhood!" replied the old man; "There wasn't his equal in all England; no tongue can ever tell all that man did." He had endeared himself to multitudes by his kindness and deeds of charity. He had given away many thousands of dollars to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and send the gospel to the perishing.

What kind of a boy was this good man? In what circumstances was he born and reared? Let us see.

His parents were quite poor, and lived in a humble way

The best thing they could give him was pious counsel. A mother's prayers proved the richest blessing to Samuel. One day, as he was passing the door of his mother's lodging-room, he heard her praying very earnestly for himself by name. At once he said within himself, "My mother is more earnest that I should be saved than I am for my own salvation." He was then nine years of age, and his mind was so deeply impressed by the prayer he overheard that he found no peace until he gave his heart to God. Not long after, his mother was taken suddenly sick, and her life was despaired of. Samuel was sent for the physician ; when he returned, he went away and prayed for her recovery. He was confident that God heard his prayer, and that his beloved mother would be restored. Nor was he disappointed. God blessed the means used for her relief, and she was soon out of danger. She said of her dear boy afterwards, "I have been profited and humbled by Samuel's conversion. Although young in years, he is a companion for age as well as years."

He loved the Sabbath, and after he became an apprentice, his seat was never vacant in the house of God. Other youth of his age might spend their Sabbaths in seeking pleasure—it did not influence him. He tried to serve God, and the Lord's day was a repast to him. He listened to sermons with uncommon attention, and frequently, when he left the sanctuary, he put his fingers into his ears to prevent the entrance of distracting ideas, and hurried away to an old quarry to meditate upon what he had heard, and spend a season in prayer. He spent many precious hours there, and after he became a wealthy merchant, he built his elegant mansion upon that spot.

At one time, in his youth, his mind was much impressed with the duty of becoming a missionary. He made it a subject of prayer, and finally decided that duty required him to follow another calling, that he might be able to assist his poor, but worthy parents. This shows how much he loved his parents. He always served them with equal devotion. When he left his home to become an apprentice, at the age of fourteen years, he had laid up *thirty pounds*, all of which he pre-

sented to his needy father and mother. At another time his sisters were in great need of help. Samuel then possessed only a few dollars, but he cheerfully expended the whole of it to provide them with coal during the winter. His early life was adorned with numerous filial and fraternal acts equally beautiful.

Unlike a majority of boys he spent no money for pleasure. The first cent he ever had, was received of a blacksmith for a horse-shoe, which he found in the road. When he became a man, he wrote as follows, about that early incident. "The first money I ever recollect possessing was gained in the following way: I went to Mr. Milks, of Bilmersden, to school, a distance of three miles. One day on my way, I picked up a horse-shoe, and carried it about three miles, and sold it to a blacksmith for a penny. That was the first penny I ever recollect possessing; and I kept it for some time. A few weeks after, the same man called my attention to a boy who was carrying off some dirt opposite his door; and offered, if I would beat the boy, who was a bigger boy than myself, to give me a penny. I did so; he made a mark upon it, and promised if I would bring it to him that day fortnight, he would give me another. I took it to him at the appointed time, when he fulfilled his promise, and I thus became possessed of three pence; since which I have never been without, except when I gave it all away." How different from most boys, who part with their cents for candy, and other things equally useless and injurious, as fast as they get them! The first article which young Samuel bought with his money was Wesley's Hymns. How much better than to have spent the same for sweetmeats and pleasure!

We have thus learned that the boy, Budgett, was a true son and brother, kind, affectionate, and devoted; that he became pious when a lad nine years old, and ever lived as a Christian should; and that he saved his pennies in order to do good with them. Here we see the reason of his noble deeds when he became a man. These excellent qualities went with him through life, and made him the honest, benevolent Christian merchant that he was.

THE BIBLE A LIGHTHOUSE.

EDITORIAL.

CHILDREN! Do you know what a lighthouse is? It is a tall, substantial structure reared on the shore of the sea, and sometimes on solid rocks in the sea itself, to guide sailors in the right way, when the nights are dark and stormy. There is danger that ships will lose their way in starless nights, and be dashed to pieces upon the rocks; and the lighthouse is a friendly guide to their crews. On its top a light is kept burning through the night, and it can be seen to a great distance. So long as the sailors can behold it, they feel comparatively safe, although the breakers may run very high, and the storm blow fiercely.

Now, what the lighthouse is to the sailor, that is the Bible to every girl and boy. They have just set sail upon the rough sea of life. There will be many times in their lives when they will scarcely know which way to go. Darkness will cover their pathway; and they will be in danger of making shipwreck. The Bible may be their lighthouse in such a time. If they look to it, and allow themselves to be guided by it, they will be able to clear the rocks of evil, and make their voyage in safety. Do they want to reach the port of heaven? They must follow this blessed light which can be seen in the darkest night of adversity. Yes! the Bible must show them where and how to go. It may be a lamp unto their feet, and a light to their path.

LETTER TO A DAUGHTER.

THE distinguished WILLIAM WIRT once penned the following letter to his little daughter:—

“I want to tell you a secret. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield; he cared for nobody,—no, not he—because nobody cared for him. And the whole world will serve you so, if you give them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls ‘the small, sweet courtesies of

life,' in which there is no parade; whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks and little acts of attention — giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting or standing. This is the spirit that gives your sex its sweetest charm. It constitutes the sum total of the witchcraft of woman. Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will spread the solitude of the upas tree around you, in the same way, by the emanation of a poison which kills all the juices of affection in its neighborhood. Such a girl may be admired for her understanding and accomplishments, but she will never be beloved.

“The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners. Vivacity goes a great way in young persons. It calls attention to her who displays it. If it then be found associated with a generous sensibility, its execution is irresistible. On the contrary, if it be found in alliance with a cold, haughty, selfish heart, it produces no other effect than an adverse one.”

THE WORKS OF GOD.

God makes the morning sun arise,
To light our pleasant earth;
And when the midnight darkness flies,
He fills our hearts with mirth.

He makes the mild, the gentle moon,
Shine in the sky above,
The moonlight night, the sunny noon,
Proclaim that “God is love.”

He makes the tiny flow’ret grow
From out the earth in spring,
On hill-top and in valley low,
Their little heads are seen.

He makes the genial showers descend
In summer’s burning days;

He makes the little birdlings blend
Their notes in hymns of praise.

He makes the autumn with its fruits,
So mellow, rich and fair,
And you yourselves have ever been
Protected by His care.

He makes the winter with its cold;
He makes the drifting snow;
His power was made known of old,
His works His glories show.

Then you should love the Lord our God,
To Him your tribute bring;
Your little tongues should speak abroad
The praises of our King. J. C. W.

THE FAITHFUL BOY'S QUESTION.

"Boys, you need not go to Sunday-school this afternoon. The day is pleasant, and you may, if you like, go with me for a walk in the park."

Such were the words spoken by a wicked father to his two sons one Sabbath afternoon. One of them was weak enough to be pleased with his father's invitation. The other, who had learned to respect God's law, looked sadly at his father, and said:

"No, thank you, father, I would rather go to Sunday-school."

"What, my boy, rather go to school than to take a walk with me and your brother?" exclaimed his father with wonder in his looks.

"Father," replied the boy, and his manner grew very solemn and very earnest, "father, *would Jesus Christ like me to go there?*"

The father was angry, and the faithful boy went to Sunday-school. But the question, "Does Jesus like you to be there?" rung in the father's ears all the afternoon and spoiled his walk. He was a wicked man and did not fear the God of the Sabbath. As for the boy, he was sorry for his father, but the smile of Jesus made his heart peaceful and happy.

I MUST TELL OF JESUS.

A girl only thirteen years old, who belonged to a mission-school in Ceylon, was converted to the Saviour. After some time she wished to go and see her mother, who was still a heathen, to talk with her about the salvation of her soul. When she came to the house, her mother, who was much pleased to see her, spread a mat on the ground for her to sit down upon, and said she would go and boil some rice for her; for in that country, if a person wishes to show that he likes you very much, the first thing he should do is to give you something to eat. The daughter answered, "I am not hungry, and do not want anything to eat, but I do very much wish to

talk with you." "Well," said the mother, "you can do that when I have got the rice ready." The child again said that she was not hungry, but that, as her mother worshipped idols, and therefore might lose her soul, she wished to speak to her about Jesus Christ. The mother was not at all pleased with what her daughter said, and as the child still wished to speak on the subject, she threatened to beat her. "Mother," replied the girl, "If you do beat me I must tell you of Jesus," and she began to cry. The mother's heart was softened; she sat down by her side, and her daughter talked to her, and prayed with her. This dear girl was so anxious for her mother's salvation, that she might have been heard all night long praying for her. The effect was, that the mother gave up her gods, became a Christian, and was the means of persuading several others to give up idol worship too. Does not this story teach you that it is worth your while to help in sending the gospel to the heathen?—*Juv. Miss. Mag.*

THE LITTLE BIBLE READER.

- | | |
|---|--|
| "Where are you going, my little girl,
With your basket on your arm?" | And she says, "The sweet and holy words
Are comfort to me indeed." |
| "I'm going, dear ma'am, to read to Jane,
Who lives on the Brookside farm." | "Oh of such as I the Saviour speaks,
When he says the poor are blest;
I am glad that He bids the weary come,
And says that He'll give them rest." |
| "That is her house by the willow tree,
So mossy, and brown and old;
'Tis a pleasant place in summer time,
But in winter 'tis very cold." | "'Tis pleasant to read to poor old Jane,
Of the world where all is light;
There Jesus will wipe away her tears,
And there will be no more night." |
| "What book do you take, my little girl,
To read to the poor old dame?" | "Go on, go on, thou ministering child,
Go on in thy task of love,
Until thou art called from <i>work</i> below,
To <i>praise</i> in a world above." |
| "I always take the Bible to her,
Because she is poor and lame." | |
| "She creeps to the grass-plot by the tree,
To listen to what I read; | |

Bible Record.

"FIGHT hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark will set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all your days."

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

INFLUENCE OF REVIVALS IN CITIES.

CITIES are centres of influence. In a great measure they give character to States. The history of certain cities in our land is the history of commerce, the arts and learning throughout all our borders. Athens, Rome, London, Paris, New York, Boston — how much of interest and value in the past is embraced in their rise and progress! Obliterate from the historic page every record belonging to their existence, and the past presents a wide chasm of the unknown.

What importance is attached to the cities of the Bible! "Babylon the great, the mother of harlots, and abominations of the earth," poured forth streams of pollution that corrupted the nations. Sodom and Gomorrah, Jericho and Jerusalem — were they not sources of mighty influence through long, eventful periods?

There are seasons when this fact in regard to cities is fearful; but, at the present time, when a work of grace is progressing in almost every metropolis, it furnishes reasons for gladness. For streams of sacred influence will flow therefrom into thousands of rural villages, to bless and elevate the people. Country church members visit these populous places, and attend the crowded meetings, where their drooping graces are revived, and then return to revive the church to which they belong. Or, both males and females leave the city for the country, and carry with them the revival spirit which they have caught amid pentecostal scenes, to cheer and stimulate the Christians with whom they come in contact. Or, perhaps, impenitent business men, spending a day or two in Boston or New York, to purchase goods, drop into a meeting in the evening, where the Spirit of God meets and bows them to earth, and they return to their homes to tell what God has done for their souls. Several interesting facts, belonging to one or more of the foregoing classes, have come to our knowledge, showing that God is making the revival of religion in cities, a great blessing to the surrounding country. As in the day of Pentecost a multitude of people were assembled

from all the region round about, and returned to their respective places of abode, carrying the gospel in their hearts to others, thus spreading the tidings of salvation far and wide; so now, hundreds and thousands, converted to Christ in the cities of our land, are going hither and thither, bearing messages of salvation to thoughtless and perishing neighborhoods.

Nor is this the only way that revivals in the city will be a blessing to communities in the country. In the city of Boston, for example, the fruits of this work of grace will be seen in a higher tone of religious life, and the influence of this will pervade every department of human effort. It will elevate the principles of trade. It will carry God into commercial transactions. It will modify the character of fashionable life. It will change the tone of conversation in the social circle. In short, it will exert a modifying, if not a transforming agency, over all sources of power, as commerce, art, learning, and morality, infusing new life into benevolent institutions, and creating new agencies of moral power, so that every rill and river of influence that Boston sends forth into the surrounding country, will be purer, deeper and stronger, thus causing her to become more nearly a real fountain of good to the commonwealth. Like her own beautiful reservoir of clear, sparkling Cochituate, which is dispensed by a multitude of pipes to a hundred and sixty thousand dependent and thirsty inhabitants, a high type of piety may send her elevated and sanctifying influence into every village and neighborhood of the State, blessing the needy and rejoicing all.

LIVING WITH A PURPOSE.

A GREAT many people live with no definite purpose. Observe them at home or abroad, at work or play, and it is impossible to tell what particular aim they have, or whether they have any. Thousands of young men belong to this aimless class, and they bring little or nothing to pass. They are not known for any distinguishing trait, and are perfectly satisfied to have it so. They may be virtuous and exemplary in their lives, lacking only a fixed, definite purpose to render themselves patterns of good living. But, as they are, life runs to waste, in a great measure, and they die, leaving scarcely a mark upon the world. Almost as soon as they are covered with the clods of the valley, they are forgotten by all but their kindred.

On the other hand, notice that youth just starting in life. He

has resolved to be a merchant, and yet he has not a cent in the world. He is an errand boy in a large mercantile house in the city. How faithful he is! How watchful to render himself useful! How observant of all that is going on, that he may learn the art of trade! How rapidly he advances! Within five or six years he is one of the most important clerks in the whole establishment. He is entrusted with the care of much of the business. By the time he is twenty-five or thirty years of age, he becomes one of the firm. At forty he is a rich man, and if his noble purpose has extended to moral and religious things, he is one of the most influential and useful citizens in the whole community. He is looked up to as a leader and benefactor.

Here is the great difference between the men who have accomplished much and those who have accomplished little in the world. Columbus conceived the idea of a Western continent, while yet a youth, engaged in the study of geography. The idea grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. He resolved to prove whether his conception was true or false, yet he was without reputation or money. Not one of a thousand young men would have thought of undertaking the enterprise under such circumstances. But, "where there is a will there is a way." He made an appeal for aid to the government of Portugal, but in vain. He repaired to Venice, but found no favor. Then he proceeded to Spain, where, after several years spent in pressing his application, he obtained the needful assistance. The result is known to the world. Had he not been a young man of firm, unyielding, well-defined purpose, his name might not have been known beyond his native village.

LOW AMBITION.

MEN often disclose their real characters by the type of their ambition. Some are always "grovelling in the dust," and never rise above the most debasing ideas of life. One aspires to the dialect and demeanor of the bar-room, and is never so happy as when he participates in the dram-drinking, and low conversation of this abode of ruin. Another aspires to be known as a "prize-fighter." He covets the reputation of being able to "knock down" any man who dares expose himself in actual combat. Another still, glories in his wonderful walking feats. If he can travel a thousand miles in a thousand consecutive hours, it is the highest glory that he craves. Others may share the fame of bat-

tle, or wear the laurels of the forum, or be known for deeds of philanthropy ; he only wants to be known as a dexterous handler of the feet. Of late this class of aspirants has been quite numerous. Not much nobler is the spirit of the great multitude, who seem content to live with just enough of this world for present comfort, and none of the next, for the soul's everlasting bliss. Only think of an immortal being aspiring to be a great boxer, or a rapid, enduring walker ! Debasing his mind, that was made a little lower than the angels, so as to be content with the meanest object ! Clutching at the fame of walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours, when the way of immortality is open before him, and he is offered the crown of life ! Satisfied to beat and bruise a fellow-mortal in personal conflict, when, with the promised help of God, he might conquer Apollyon himself, and, treading beneath his feet "the world, the flesh and the devil," be welcomed to the court of heaven as an immortal victor ! How low, how very low, has man fallen ! There is nothing worthy of a man in the soul of him whose ambition runs so low as to desire only to be an adept in fighting or walking. His thoughts, plans, aims and hopes are all beneath the notice of our common humanity. And we have sometimes wondered that the public press refer to such examples of low ambition with so much indifference. They are akin to cock-fighting and bull-baiting, and the press ought to hold them up to the scorn and derision of all honorable men. Instead of referring to them as something that is rather to be expected, they should be branded as degrading in the extreme.

FIDELITY IN LITTLE THINGS.

PROFESSED Christians usually begin a backsliding career in small things. It is seldom, if ever, that they become very delinquent all at once. No startling offence introduces them into a corrupt course. Generally a want of fidelity in secret duties starts them off upon a career of thoughtlessness and sin. Then some trifling departure from duty in the home or social relations follows, so small indeed, as scarcely to attract attention. Perhaps it is nothing more than that common levity, or that irritation of temper, that characterize so many, even among the "good sort of people." In this way the adversary plies his arts, and multiplies his trophies among the "sacramental hosts." He would defeat his own designs were he to tempt the followers of Jesus to some heinous breach of covenant obligation. "Get

thee behind me, Satan," would be the merited rebuke that he would meet. Even the offer of all the kingdoms of the earth would not be sufficient to induce them to yield to the temptation.

Here, then, religion must be on her guard. If the believer would lead a holy life, if he would be an honor to the church of Christ, he must be faithful in little things. "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much." If the Christian is careful of his life in the smallest matters, he certainly will be in the more important. On the other hand, if he be unrighteous in little affairs, he cannot be trusted in those of greater interest. If a small temptation carries him away captive, a greater one certainly will. If he is faithful to resist the temptation to do a trivial wrong, he will surely be in no danger of perpetrating a great one. Hence the duty of serving God well in the ordinary relations of life. Extraordinary occasions are of unfrequent occurrence, and even if the saint improves them to the best advantage, the result will be less marked, than fidelity in the more common, every day affairs. It is this watchful living in the daily routine of life's duties, that makes the heart holy, and honors Christ.



EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

FACIOLOGY.

LIFE ILLUSTRATED has a good article on "Faciology" — a study worthy of the reader's careful attention. A perusal of the article will satisfy the most sceptical that the heart looks out through the face, so that if a person would have a well-speaking face, he must cultivate a well-meaning heart: —

"Mighty are the powers of the human face! God has not thus endowed it but for high purposes. According to its expression, the individual is either loved or feared. By obeying the impulses of the better part of his nature, his face manifests that to the world, and he attracts all; or if he indulge the spirit of antagonism, his face will reveal it, and he will repel all by the sharp, glittering spikes of self which bristle all over it. According to the feelings which habitually act on the facial muscles, all hearts either flow out to him in gushes of gladness or are barred against him with bolts of steel.

An intellectual man, who in consequence of violent outbreaks of temper was generally dreaded, met one of conciliating manners, and in reply to

his rational explanation of certain vexatious circumstances exclaimed:—“Oh, yes! you could bear this—you are so popular!” The philosopher looked quietly at the excited man and asked, “Why do you not make yourself popular?” How could he have done it? By radiating sunshine instead of exhibiting frost, kindness instead of antagonism.

Lady reader! have you occasionally seen, in your morning calls, a face of winning loveliness, which welcomed you with melting smiles, while you thought how happy must be the home consecrated by such a charm. Some luckless event disturbed its serenity, arousing dormant passion, and anger flashed from the eyes in which love had nestled cosily with folded wings. Harsh tones and cutting words were poured impetuously from the lips whence before flowed only music. You are appalled—you wish yourself at home. You were charmed by the first phase of the countenance—the second horrified you. Shocked, grieved, disgusted, you leave. As the door closes between you and the discordant spirit you say:—“Two spirits cannot rule in one house, neither in one heart.” Never again can that face charm you.

The merest baby at once feels the difference between a good face and a bad one.

How much of both happiness and misery result from the different use of these little facial muscles! Either the peace of heaven or the misery of hades, may, by their expression, be wrought out in both domestic and social life.

So the man with broad views, with high aims and generous impulses—his face bears the patent of his true nobility of soul. You instinctively trust him; you feel his power. “Tis strange, ’tis wonderful!” you say, but you never think of resisting it. He seems only a man: you can freely approach him, and when talking with him you feel that you are his equal, but you never question his influence, nor dream of resisting it. The best faculties and highest sentiments of his nature have acted on the facial muscles so long and so steadily as to vitalize their very tissue—their contractility becomes an incarnation of goodness, the effect of which is more wonderful than the enchantment of fairy tales.

How differently are you impressed by the face of that mammon worshipper! Servile narrowness is the language bronzed by a sordid spirit into its every lineament. Yet you own the power of his dyspeptic soul, as revealed in the face; potent for evil, it drives your sympathies back upon yourself.

With facial muscles especially endowed for smiling, shall man allow them to become rigid from disuse? Capable of being thoroughly noble and loveable, shall he be satisfied to become a bipedous bear or wolf? Man! you are worthy a better fate! Be conscious of your power; assert it by living to the eyes and souls of your kind. Make your influence a blessed one. Those small muscles about the eyes and mouth so readily receive the impress of the mind, and so promptly respond to its tone, that unless you are trained to deception, your face is the index of your heart. Those muscles accustomed to act more easily and gracefully, the dimples run along their elastic fibres in indulations of beauty, and we can hardly refrain from drinking in their radiance with kisses.

Man! let folks love you! Begin now. You don’t know how happy it will make you. Smile Psha! do you call that distortion a smile? ’Tis an “ear ring of gold in a swine’s snout.” Misled man! God help you to a right spirit; without it you cannot smile. Evil does not smile—anger, malice, wickedness; they are all dark and black, all repelling. Even disquiet and pain, the effects of evil, are unpleasant. They cannot smile. Look now at that *sour* face. Is it amiable? Do you love it? You cannot, ought not to love it. Leave the bad faces to owls and hyenas. Hu-

man beings should be habitually cheerful and attractive, thereby making this earth a sunshiny, glorious place, which the angels of God would bless with their presence.

A PLEASING INCIDENT.

The *Nashville Christian Advocate* contains the following letter, which we have read with deep interest. It shows that the fruits of Christian labor often exceed the expectations of the laborer :

"MR. EDITOR : — In the tract distribution arrangement of the Sunday School Union in our city, there is one district attached to each Sunday School, and that district connected with the Shelby Street Methodist Sunday School is subdivided into sixteen districts, in each of which a teacher of the school distributes tracts. In one of these sub-districts, a few months since, a young lady, in distributing tracts, presented one entitled "The Worth of the Soul," to a gentleman. He accepted the tract, and asked her what she charged for the "little book." On being informed that it was a gift, he thanked her, and promised to become acquainted with its contents. They then separated, and he at once began looking at the tract, and in his first attempt to read it, succeeded in spelling the words, "knowest thou, O man, that thou hast a soul?" These impressive words struck a responsive chord in his breast, and he immediately became interested in the tract, as did also his wife. He had not attended church for a long time, and the reason was, that he could not well understand either English or German. But ere long he concluded to go to the house of God, and consequently, the next opportunity, he and his wife attended Shelby Street church. The first night, his wife was a seeker of religion at the mourner's bench, and was converted. The husband said he felt very bad that night, and that a heavy burden was upon his heart, which indicated that the arrows of conviction were piercing his soul. The next morning, laboring under deep conviction, he sought an interview with the pastor, and had a conversation with him; and the night of that day witnessed him a suppliant for mercy at the mourner's bench, from which he arose powerfully converted to God.

"A few nights ago, in a general class-meeting at Brook Street Church, this gentleman related his experience, and spoke of the means by which he was first aroused from the lethargy of sin. Before taking his seat, he said: "God bless that young lady who gave me that little book; O, I wish I knew who she was, so that I might again thank her for that gift." These words had hardly escaped his lips, ere the young lady herself, who was present on the occasion, arose, went to him, and told him that she was the lady who had given him the tract. Overcome by his feelings, he embraced her, but could not obtain a sufficient command of language to thank her. This was truly an interesting scene, and so affecting that many in the congregation were moved to tears. Surely, that young lady, in this one case, or rather in these two cases, was amply repaid for all her labors of love."

A single tract, though a little thing — four small printed pages — often accomplishes more good than the distributor anticipates. The tract enterprise, one among the several great enterprises of Christianity — is indeed one of vast importance. Those winged messengers of salvation fly hither and thither all over our common country, and penetrating into places where even the missionary dare not go, are read and re-read, unceasingly warning the irreligious of their danger, and persuading them to forsake their evil ways, and to join with the happy host, which, despite of

Satan and his myrmidons, is pushing on to the destiny of the redeemed ! Ye soldiers of the Cross, who labor in the vineyard of Christ, despair not, relax not your efforts for the salvation of the ungodly, for "bread cast upon the waters will, after many days, be gathered." For every soul you have been instrumental in rescuing from endless woe, there will glitter in your heavenly crown a sparkling jewel, an unpurchaseable gem !

JOHN F. JEFFERSON.

Louisville, January 23, 1858.

BEECHER'S LIFE THOUGHTS.

THE new volume by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is filled with gems like the following :—

"As I grow older, and come nearer to death, I look upon it more and more with complacent joy. Out of every longing, I hear God say, 'O thirsting, hungry one, come to me.' What the other life will bring, I know not, only that I shall awake in God's likeness, and see him as he is. If a child had been born, and spent all his life in the Mammoth Cave, how impossible would it be for him to comprehend the upper world ! His parents might tell him of its life, and light and beauty, and its sounds of joy ; they might heap up the sands into mounds, and try to show him by pointing to stalactites, how grass, and flowers, and trees, grow out of the ground, till at length, with laborious thinking, the child would fancy he had gained a true idea of the unknown land. And yet, though he longed to behold it, when the day came that he was to go forth, it would be with regret for the familiar crystals, and the rock-hewn rooms, and the quiet that reigned therein. But when he came up, some May morning, with ten thousand birds singing in the trees, and the heavens bright and blue, and full of sun-light, and the wind blowing softly through the young leaves, all a-glitter with dew, and the landscape stretching away green and beautiful to the horizon, with what rapture would he gaze about him, and see how poor were all the fancyings and the interpretations which were made within the cave, of the things which grew and lived without ; and how would he wonder that he could have regretted to leave the silence and the dreary darkness of his old abode ! So, when we emerge from this cave of earth into that land where spring growths are, and where is summer, and not that miserable travestie which we call summer here, how shall we wonder that we could have clung so fondly to this dark and barren life !"

"Beat on, then, O heart, and yearn for dying. I have drunk at many a fountain, but thirst came again ; I have fed at many a bounteous table, but hunger returned ; I have seen many bright and lovely things, but, while I gazed, their lustre faded. There is nothing here that can give me rest ; but when I behold Thee, O God, I shall be satisfied !"

MINISTER'S SONS.

WE wish to contribute our mite of influence to eradicate that erroneous opinion that minister's children are worse than those of other people. An exchange paper has taken the matter in hand, and published the following incontrovertible facts, which we submit to the reader, confident that it is quite sufficient to establish our point :—

Dr. Sprague's late work is calculated to dispel an illusion which the world has so long delighted in, with regard to the character and destiny of minister's sons. The sons of ministers, we have been told, are proverbially

bad; and the stricter the doctrine and discipline of the parent, the more marked the aberrations of the child. Now in the minute and elaborate details which Dr. Sprague has brought before us, of the lives of several hundred American ministers, we have the opportunity of putting this assumption to a decisive test. These ministers, let it be recollected, belong exclusively to that very school of doctrine which has been selected by the world, under the title of "Calvinistic," as the especial object of its censure and dislike. Now, how did the bringing up of these families by these men prosper? We can only answer by taking the first hundred, of whose families we have any account, and whose lives are given in one of Dr. Sprague's volumes which we refer to at random. Of the sons of these hundred, over one hundred and ten became ministers. Of the remainder, by far the larger proportion rose to eminence as honorable and successful men in business, or in the learned professions. Is there any body of one hundred men, taken at random from any other pursuit of life, of whom the same can be said?

CHURCH ETIQUETTE.

There is an evil at the present day connected with church-going, which receives a merited rebuke in the following article, that we clip from an exchange. It contains suggestions that will lead to happy results if they are reduced to practice:—

"Why don't you speak to that young man over there, who seems lingering in hope that somebody will hold out their hand to him?" said Mrs. A. to Mr. B., in our hearing, as the congregation were flooding the sidewalk in their emergence from church the other day,

"I don't know who he is."

"It would be an excellent way to find out."

"Yes— but suppose I should find out that he was somebody the pleasure of whose acquaintance I should not desire?"

"There would be no great harm done, even then, while, if you can judge from look and act and from his regularity and apparent interest in church, there is small probability of such a result."

"You know the customs of the city are somewhat rigid in regard to the matter of proper and formal introductions."

"I know that men never hesitate, however, to accost any unknown individual when any imagined benefit, of consequence to themselves, is dependent on an interview. Why shouldn't benevolence be as regardless of rules as selfishness, and such a young man's benefit be as considerable an element in the decision of such a question as your own?"

We heard no more, but what we had heard increased our already profound respect for the insight of a clear-headed and warm-hearted woman into the mysteries of essential truth. We have often thought that the comity of the sanctuary ought to override the etiquette of the drawing-room, and that nobody ought to hesitate to make the first advance towards some acquaintanceship with strangers who have become fellow worshippers. Especially do we hold this to be the case with young men and women— particularly the former. They come to the city from their distant homes with hearts that ache at the separation from those to whom their whole wealth of love has been given. While buried in the labors of the week, they do not so much mind the smart of separation, but on the Sabbath they have plenty of time to think of home and old friends, and it seems desolate to them to meet Sabbath after Sabbath with a great congregation,

to no one of whom they are bound by the slightest tie of sympathy. They come awhile expecting that somebody will say a kind word to them; that they may even here find a hand pressure of welcome — they wait and linger on the threshold as if to invite a kind word, but it does not come. They intermit attendance, perhaps fall into the hands of some of Satan's colporteurs who hold out *both* hands towards them, and, in the company of errorists or open transgressors, they commence their descent to swift ruin.

Had they been greeted, in their early attendance upon the sanctuary, with a warm welcome from some Christian man, who should have introduced them into the sympathetic circle of the good of their own age, they might have been saved.

Don't sacrifice the welfare of immortal souls to a poor punctilio about propriety!

ICE-PALACES.

Professed Christians, who are negligent of duty, and whose lives yield little fruit for the Master of the vineyard, may learn a lesson from the following article from the *Christian Intelligencer*: —

"An Empress of Russia once constructed for her amusement an ice palace. Smooth, glittering, polished blocks of ice were fastened or frozen together, until the great white palace rose, in stern majesty, without sound of axe or hammer, quiet and beautiful as an enchanter's dream. How cold it was! How stately! How pure! How grand in its frowning simplicity! The furniture, too, was of ice. There were chairs and sofas, and columns and porticos, colored sometimes with red, and orange, and purple, but all frigid and icy. Torches were lit, and their light flashed back, as it never flashed in hall or palace since, from mirrors and walls, from floors and ceilings, shining here with the soft lustre of the pearl, there, with the sunny gleam of the diamond.

The ice-palace stood a little while, and then the broad sun came out in his splendor and strength. His eye of fire saw its exceeding beauty, and he thought to try it. So he sent down beam after beam, fervent and scorching, and day after day he looked upon the icy arches, and frozen towers. Then the cold hard ice began to melt. It melted and melted, until the blocks began to slide from their foundation, and the gorgeous columns fell, and it lay a heap of sad unsightly ruin.

Some pilgrims to Zion are very much like this ice-palace. Most beautiful to look upon; all built of white marbles of morality, great blocks of discretion, and gleaming towers of science. But they are cold and frigid. They need the warm realities of faith and love to Christ, the polished stones of genuine benevolence, the meekness, temperance, and true holiness, which so gloriously furnish the believer. How will these ice-palaces meet the fervid glance of the Sun of Righteousness? Will they stand, firm and safe on their slippery foundation? The torches of earth have not melted them, but will they lift their pinnacles and flash so bravely, to the lightnings, which shall strike them, when the Master Builder builds again Jerusalem?

Our hearts glow with pity for these hollow disciples. Oh! that now, in this day of grace he might melt them in love, that from their ruins grateful incense might go up to Him. For in that day which shall "burn as an oven," there will be neither mercy nor love for those who have dwelt in ice-palaces here, and trusted their immortality upon a treacherous foundation.

DISEASES OF THE SKIN.

This class of diseases are often very difficult to cure ; and we were pleased to notice, in a late number of the " Boston Medical Journal," the following, in an article upon such diseases, from the pen of Dr. Wm. M. Cornell, of this city, which seems to be of great importance to all who are thus afflicted. The Doctor says :

Dealing with chronic diseases, of various forms, especially with those of the *skin*, I have seen almost all kinds of such cases ; and I have known the most aggravated forms of chronic eruptions, upon the head, face, and other portions of the body, wholly removed, and permanently to disappear, under a treatment without a grain of mercury. In some of these cases mercury had been employed, even to salivation, without any obvious benefit. For a dozen years, I have closely watched these peculiarities of skin diseases, and am satisfied that there is a better, safer, and more eligible method of treating them, than by employing either *mercury*, or *arsenic*. If this be so (and I think it can be proved to be,) I ask, are we justified in using heroic remedies, which may produce serious injury to our patients, without removing the original disease ? Would not their disuse redound to our credit — would it not be another triumph added to the success of our profession, and does not humanity demand a discontinuance of medicines which are really unnecessary, and often productive of the gravest injury to those who entrust their health and life to our hands ?

BOOK NOTICES.

LIFE THOUGHTS, Gathered from the Extemporaneous Discourses of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. By one of his congregation. 12 mo., pp.299. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

Reader ! was you ever on Boston Common on the evening of July Fourth, to witness a grand display of fire-works ? What a splendid sight it was — red lights, and blue lights, and many-colored lights blending their pyrotechnic glories with the hiss of fiery serpents and the rush of blazing rockets ! How you wondered at the scenes, objects, landscapes, and battles executed in fire ! Well, here, in this volume is an equally splendid entertainment. If we were to change the title of the book, we should call it *Pulpit Fireworks*. From beginning to end it is an exhibition of bright, sparkling thoughts, flying off from a brilliant mind, like burning scintillations, to captivate the reader. No such book was ever published, so far as we know. There is much in it that reminds us of Jeremy Taylor, and yet it is not Jeremy Taylor. It has an element also that brings up the memory of South, and yet it is not South. It is simply Henry Ward Beecher, a fac-

simile of whose mind might possibly be constructed out of certain elements of Taylor, South, Addison, and Lyman Beecher, provided all deficiency is made up from Henry Ward Beecher himself.

A member of his congregation commenced, two years ago, to take notes of his discourses, to send to distant friends. The value of these notes was rated so highly by those to whom they were read, that it was thought best to embody them in the present permanent form. We have quoted from the volume on another page of this magazine, and shall quote still more in future. It is now three weeks since the volume was issued, and *ten thousand* copies have been issued.

SERMONS FOR THE NEW LIFE. By Horace Bushnell. 12 mo., pp. 456. Charles Scribner, New York.

This volume contains twenty-three elaborate sermons. They are characterized by Dr. B.'s originality, and vigorous, striking mode of treatment. The first sermon, "EVERY MAN'S LIFE A PLAN OF GOD," is a very practical and thorough discourse. The sentiment of it is a fact of every individual's experience. We have read with unusual interest also, "THE CAPACITY OF RELIGION EXTIRPATED BY DISUSE," and "UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE," and "LIVING TO GOD IN SMALL THINGS," and "THE EFFICIENCY OF THE PASSIVE VIRTUES." Either one of these sermons is worth the price of the volume. Much has been said concerning the theological soundness of Dr. B. These discourses show him to be soundly Orthodox, if we are a judge, and they will be of high value not only to the preacher, but to the layman. At the fireside they will be read with interest and profit. We commend them heartily and earnestly to the reader.

MAGAZINES.

• AMERICAN ILLUMINATED FAMILY MAGAZINE, published in Philadelphia. It contains a variety of fashion plates, with a good amount of profitable reading.

THE RHODE ISLAND SCHOOLMASTER, edited by Wm. M. Mowry. The best monthly to promote the cause of education that we read.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED. — "Error and Results of Weak Family Government" — "Utility of Religious Reading" — "A Jamaica Wedding" — "Plan for a Mansion Farm House" — "Not There but Above" — "A Lesson for Young Men" — "The Lost Opportunity" — "A Sketch" — "Katherine of Aragon, first Queen to Henry VIII" — "Mother, Home, and Heaven" — "Trust in God" — "The Lesson of Sorrow" — "My Two Vacations" — "Little Things."



